

JANUARY

1932

The Slavonic Josephus, 125.

Baptists and M.E. ^{staffs} lead in homicides, 80-81.

MERCURY



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Robert S. Allen

Secretary of Labor Doak

THE STABILIZATION NONSENSE *Abraham Epstein*

A DEMOCRAT LOOKS AT HIS PARTY

Edgar Lee Masters

I REFUSE TO SERVE

Roderick Seidenberg

GOD IN AMERICAN LAW

Harry Hirschman

THE REAL NARCOTIC ADDICT

Joseph Fulling Fishman & Vee Terrys Perlman

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PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG

Translated from the German by Catharine Alison Phillips

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Here is part of the Table of Contents:

DEATH FROM THE SKY

by Arlington B. Conway

Could hostile airships really destroy New York? The aviation fanatics say yes, and fill the newspapers and magazines with sensational tales of skyscrapers falling and thousands gassed and killed. Mr. Conway, a military expert, examines the facts. They are very surprising.

A DAY WITH THE RADIO

by Robert Littell

Acres of space are covered with articles about the radio, but very few writers on the subject take the trouble to listen attentively to what comes over the air. Mr. Littell put in seventeen consecutive hours at the dials. Here is his report.

MEMBER OF BOTH CLUBS

by Owen P. White

The member is Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico. A few years ago he was an obscure Progressive; today he runs both the Democratic party and the Republican party in his State, and is one of the few really intelligent and respected leaders of the United States Senate. Mr. White, an old hand at Southwestern politics, here tells his story.

CENTAUR IN BRASS

by William Faulkner

In a few years Mr. Faulkner has stepped into the front rank of American novelists. Many critics put him in first place. "Centaur in Brass" is one of his most characteristic stories. No one else could have written it.

Five other articles, and two other short stories, beside the usual departments. The American Mercury, now entering its ninth year and approaching its 100th number, is still in the lead.

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXV

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

THE LADY OF GODEY'S: *Sarah Josepha Hale.*
By Ruth E. Finley. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$3.50 9 x 6; 318 pp. Philadelphia

According to Miss Finley, who has combed the sources, Mrs. Hale, as editor of *Godey's*, was responsible for Thanksgiving as a national holiday; she was the first to advocate employing women as teachers in the public schools; she helped organize Vassar College, the first school of collegiate rank for girls; she began the fight for the retention of property rights by married women; she founded the first society for the advancement of women's wages, better working conditions for them, and the reduction of child labor; she started the first day nursery; she was the first to argue for physical training for girls; she was among the earliest to crusade for civic health measures; she raised the money that finished Bunker Hill Monument; she rescued the movement to preserve Mount Vernon as a national memorial; she was the author of two dozen books and of hundreds of poems, including "Mary Had a Little Lamb" (Miss Finley neatly disposes of Mr. Ford's claim for Miss Sawyer); she was the first woman editor in this country, and for more than forty years she edited the most widely circulated magazine of her time. In addition, she possessed great personal charm, and had far more astuteness in furthering the emancipation of women than her more widely heralded contemporaries. The book provides a fascinating picture of Nineteenth Century America. There are nine reproductions in color from *Godey* plates and twenty-four in black and white; and an index.

THE ROEBLINGS.
By Hamilton Schuyler.
\$5 The Princeton University Press
9½ x 6½; 425 pp. Princeton

John August Roebling was born in Germany in 1806, the son of a prosperous tobacco manufacturer. He emigrated to America in 1831, settling in Trenton, N. J. In 1854, after nearly ten years of labor, he finished the Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge, the first railway suspension in the world. He then built other bridges, proving for the first time that spans of a thousand feet and over were possible. In 1867 he was made chief engineer in the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. He died two years later as the result of an accident. His son, Washington Augustus Roebling, who completed the bridge in 1883, spent so much time in the compressed air of the caissons that he

was incapacitated for the rest of his life, and died in 1926. His two brothers, Charles Gustavus and Ferdinand William, carried on the business. They built the Williamsburg Bridge (1903), the Manhattan Bridge (1909), the Parkersburg, W. Va., Bridge (1916), the Rondout Creek, N. Y., Bridge (1922), and the Bear Mountain Bridge, N. Y. (1924), to mention only a few of their works. Charles Gustavus died in 1918, and Ferdinand William became president of the John A. Roebling's Sons Company. It recently completed the cable work on its greatest project, the George Washington Bridge across the Hudson. Mr. Schuyler describes its history fully and ably. There are many illustrations and an index.

JOHN G. CARLISLE: *Financial Statesman.*
By James A. Barnes. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$5 9½ x 6½; 552 pp. New York

John Griffin Carlisle was born in 1834 in Kentucky, the son of poor farmers. He taught school for a while, became a lawyer in 1858, was an immediate success, and was soon elected to the State Legislature. He was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress, and served as Speaker in the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses. In 1890 he was elected to the Senate, but three years later he resigned to accept the post of Secretary of the Treasury in Cleveland's second administration. He did heroic service in behalf of tariff reform and sound money, but as a result he alienated his old-time friends and died in utter poverty; there was not enough in his estate to pay for the transportation of his body from Washington to his home State of Kentucky. Dr. Barnes, who has written the first full-length study of him, says that "Carlisle must be ranked as the outstanding statesman of the South in that long stretch of years between the end of the Civil War and the turn of the century." There are many illustrations, a bibliography, and an index. The volume belongs to the American Political Leaders Series, edited by Allan Nevins.

THE TRAGIC QUEEN. *A Study of Mary, Queen of Scots.*
By Andrew Dakers. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$5 9¾ x 6¾; 319 pp. Boston
THE PERSECUTION OF MARY STEWART.
By Edward Parry. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$5 9¾ x 6½; 364 pp. New York

Mary, Queen of Scots, has been the arch villain of English legend. The traditional English historians

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have accused her of nearly every known crime, from adultery to murder, and they have insisted that she was finally executed on February 8, 1587, for conspiring for the assassination of Elizabeth. Mr. Dakers, on the whole, subscribes to the legend. His sole contribution to the subject is his detailed study of the events that led to Mary's marriage, her third, to the Earl of Bothwell, who had murdered her second husband, Henry Darnley, and then had abducted and raped her, by her own confession. Sir Edward Parry maintains that the Mary of tradition is a myth, "started by Knox and Buchanan and amplified by Puritan prurity, masqueraded as history among those who might have known better." She was really "a good, kind-hearted, honest, and beautiful woman, who had been basely treated by Scots traitors in English pay. . . . [She] was from early life the victim of a criminal conspiracy against her sovereign power, engineered from purely political motives by William Cecil, and supported from politico-religious motives by John Knox and the Kirk." She was a lonely person, out of harmony with the militant ecclesiasticism of her age. The Catholics disliked her for her pacifism, and the Protestants hated her for being a devout Catholic. Both books are illustrated and have good indices. The Parry is the better written.

KNUTE ROCKNE. *Man Builder.*
By Harry A. Stuhldreher.

The Macrae-Smith Company
\$2.50 8 3/8 x 5 1/2; 335 pp. Philadelphia

Mr. Stuhldreher was one of Rockne's most gifted football players and most trusted friends. He is now spreading the Master's ideas in Villanova College, where he is head coach. In the present book he does not attempt a full, connected biography; rather, he gives brief sketches of Rockne as patriot, thinker, and family man. His hero was born in Norway in 1888, and died in a plane crash in April, 1931. Thus he lived only forty-three years, but what years they were! In Chicago, while still a young man, he made a name for himself as a baseball player. Then he came to Notre Dame University and distinguished himself as a teacher of chemistry. Glory enough for any normal man, one would think, but not for the restless, ever-aspiring Rockne. He tried his hand at play-producing. In 1913 he launched "The Monogram Absurdities", a musical show, at the university. It was an instantaneous success, but he yearned for even higher things. His great day came in 1918, when he was made head football coach of Notre Dame. The rest is history. So

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great had his reputation become in 1930 that the Studebaker Corporation, next to Notre Dame University the largest industry in South Bend, Ind., made him chief speaker at its district banquets. What he would have accomplished had God spared him longer, none can say. His death shook the country and the world. The King of Norway, Babe Ruth, Will Rogers, and President Hoover sent telegrams of condolence. The latter said that Rockne's death was "a national loss." There are many illustrations.

JAMES A. GARFIELD: *Party Chieftain.*
By Robert Granville Caldwell.

Dodd, Mead & Company
\$5 9 1/2 x 6 3/8; 383 pp. New York

Dr. Caldwell here makes an heroic attempt to discover a man of real size in the twentieth President. He argues that Garfield had "an innate capacity for hard work," that he was "always scrupulously fair to his most bitter opponent," that he was "a lover of books," and that he was "loyal to his friends, magnanimous to his enemies, a good husband, and a perfect father to his children." But surely it is leaping beyond the facts to say of him that he was "every inch a statesman." He was a party man first and last, as witness his eighteen years in Congress and his brief period as President. He was singularly lacking in courage. He complained of the army of office seekers that stormed the White House, but he did nothing to support the Civil Service Reform movement. He was personally against high tariffs, but the party bosses knew that they could always depend on him for higher rates. There are many illustrations, a brief bibliography, and an index. The volume belongs to the American Political Leaders Series, edited by Allan Nevins.

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL.

By Hamlin Garland. *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 8 1/2 x 5 3/8; 539 pp. New York

The period covered by this chronicle runs from 1900 to 1914. Mr. Garland, in those days, was a considerable literary figure, and led an active social life. He dined with Roosevelt in the White House and with Andrew Carnegie and Col. George Harvey in New York, and met all the contemporary lions. Along with Hamilton Wright Mabie, Robert Underwood Johnson and Edward MacDowell he organized the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The present volume is based upon a diary which he began to keep in 1898. What he has to say about his celebrated friends is seldom very illuminating, and the literary judgments that he offers are often some-

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RENO

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To enter marriage without understanding its legal requirements is to invite trouble. To be married and not know the rights and obligations of husband and wife is to precipitate divorce. To want a divorce and not know where or how to get one is the final dilemma. This book, the only one of its kind ever published, solves all these problems.

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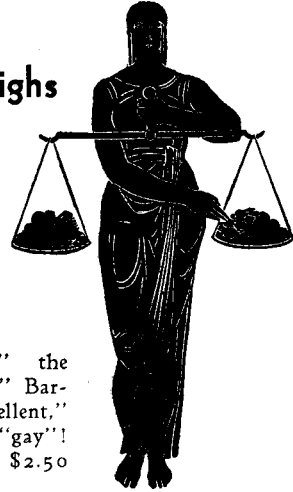
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what naïve. He has seventeen volumes of his diary remaining, and proposes to print another volume later on if there is any demand for it. This one suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

THE GREAT MOUTHPIECE.

By *Gene Fowler.*

Covici-Friede

\$3 8½ x 5½; 403 pp.

New York

Mr. Fowler here tells the story of William J. Fallon, a celebrated shyster lawyer of New York, who flamed up as a star of Broadway in 1918, took \$1,500,000 from the underworld in fees, narrowly escaped going to prison for jury fixing, and then died miserably in 1927, penniless and almost forgotten. The author does not confine himself to what may be called the record. Instead, he boldly reconstructs conversations, and otherwise gives his imagination plenty of range. It must be said for him, however, that he is always plausible, and that his dialogues are often extraordinarily pungent and amusing. Fallon's funeral, as he describes it, was a very impressive affair. The Catholic church wherein it was held was crowded to the doors, eight Jesuits "gathered in black robes about the bier", and a choir of boys sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought". The mourners included representatives of "the bench, the bar, the race-track, and the sporting fraternity".

JOFFRE.

By *Raymond Recouly.* *D. Appleton & Company*
\$3 8½ x 5½; 370 pp. *New York*

The admirers of Marshal Joffre will find nothing to complain of in this biography. M. Recouly explains away all the charges that have been leveled against his hero, and his final estimate is all favorable. Most of the English military critics, particularly Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, have argued that the strategy of the Battle of the Marne was the work chiefly of Petain, who had a terrible struggle making Joffre see any sense in it. M. Recouly dismisses this criticism in this cavalier manner: "If the Battle of the Marne seemed like a miracle, and to a large extent it was, Joffre played the principal part in making it what it was. . . . It was a triumph of will and intelligence." Has he been called doltish, phlegmatic, unintelligent, and uninteresting? The precise opposite was the truth. "He was the highest incarnation of the master qualities of the race: deep thoughtfulness, balance, and a sense of proportion." He was the equal of Foch in every way. "Posterity will put them on exactly the same plane." The book suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

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LYAUTEY

By *André Maurois.*

D. Appleton & Company

\$3 8½ x 5½; 369 pp.

New York

Marshal Lyautey was born in Nancy in 1854, and is now living in retirement in the Lorraine village of Thorey. He received a military education, and rose gradually through the ranks till he was made a brigadier-general in 1903. He was then sent to the colonies, and performed distinguished service in Madagascar and Morocco. He did more to establish the French Colonial Empire in North Africa than any other single man. In 1912 he was made resident-general of Morocco, in the following year he was elected a member of the French Academy, and in 1921 he was made a marshal of France. He was plainly a good soldier and a good administrator, and there was a considerable glamour in his African experiences. M. Maurois, departing for the present from his usual fictional method of biographical writing, tells his story in a straightforward manner. There are four maps, a frontispiece photograph, and an index. The translation is by Hamish Miles.

THE CONSTANCE LETTERS OF CHARLES CHAPIN.

Edited by *Eleanor Early and Constance.*

Simon & Schuster

\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 355 pp.

New York

These letters were written by Charles Chapin, former city editor of the *New York Evening World*, from Sing Sing prison after his imprisonment for the murder of his wife. They were addressed to a young woman in the Middle West who had sent him a fan letter upon reading his biography. Beginning in February, 1924, and continuing into March, 1929, they record the progress of a love-affair which is remarkable only for its extreme banality. The excuse of Constance (she prefers to remain anonymous) for publishing them is that "the world may know the better side of Mr. Chapin . . . a great and gallant man who even in tragedy never dipped his colors." Unfortunately, they reveal him as only a shabby, vain character. There is a short account of Chapin by Miss Early, and an index.

HENRY CHARLES LEA.

By *Edward Sculley Bradley.*

The University of Pennsylvania Press

\$5 7¼ x 5¼; 391 pp.

Philadelphia

Lea was a Philadelphia business man and had little formal education, but by dint of extraordinary industry he lived to become a recognized authority

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upon medieval history. His three principal works, on the Inquisition, on sacerdotal celibacy, and on auricular confession and indulgences, are still standard authorities. Catholic critics have attacked them with great vigor, but like Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," they remain substantially unshaken. The present life of Lea is the first to be printed. It is without literary graces and there is little attempt at criticism, but the facts are set forth in an orderly manner, and so the work has some interest. At the end is an apparently complete bibliography of Lea's voluminous writings.

THE YORK ROAD.

By *Lizette Woodworth Reese*. *Farrar & Rinehart*
\$3 8 x 5½; 292 pp. *New York*

Miss Reese here continues the reminiscences which she began in "A Victorian Village". She discourses, with the same quiet distinction and charm, upon "Fallen Idols," the lost heroines of fiction of the Victorian age; upon the famous bitter home-brews and herbs that were supposed to cure everything from toothache to the vapors; upon the scissors-grinder, the umbrella-mender, the bar'lman, the white-washer, the old Negro fortune-teller, and many another colorful character who travelled the York road in her native Baltimore in her youth. Three of the chapters, "Cornelia's Birthday," "Sanctuary," and "Forgiveness," are in reality short stories, describing, with a minute precision, as many homely tragedies in the suburban village of Waverly. Each chapter, as in the companion volume, is prefaced by a poem. There are decorations by Richard Bennett.

EDMUND BURKE. *A Biography*.

By *Robert H. Murray*. *The Oxford University Press*
\$4.75 9 x 5½; 423 pp. *New York*

The standard biography of Burke is still the one written by Thomas Macknight in three volumes, the last of which was published in 1860. But the present one-volume study by the Rev. Dr. Murray has its uses. It contains some fresh material, and it is compactly and clearly written. It suffers somewhat on the critical side from too lavish praise. To say of Burke that "no one did so much as he to bring about the consciousness of history which had been so lacking in all the abstract speculations of the Eighteenth Century" and that "as Einstein is the discoverer of the truth of physical relativity, so Burke is the discoverer of the truth of political relativity"—to say these things is to be guilty of gross and obvious exaggerations. There is a frontispiece portrait and also an index.

THE SCIENCES

THE INSECT MENACE.

By *L. O. Howard*. *The Century Company*
\$3.50 8¼ x 5¾; 347 pp. *New York*

Dr. Howard, who lately retired as chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, believes that the insects may some day drive the mammals from the earth. There are 2,000,000 species of them, and they are so well adapted to terrestrial life that they have remained substantially unchanged for 400,000 years. The war upon them is full of difficulties, and despite some successes, is not going very well. Dr. Howard describes three of the more recent battles at length—those against the Western grasshopper, the Mexican cotton boll-weevil, and the Mediterranean fruit-fly. All have been impeded by the stupidity of farmers, who still refuse to follow sound scientific advice. Of late some progress has been made by setting one species of insect to preying upon another. Dr. Howard pays eloquent tribute to some forgotten heroes of the long war—notably W. F. Fiske and Frederick Muir. There are many illustrations, and an index.

SNAKES OF THE WORLD.

By *Raymond L. Ditmars*. *The Macmillan Company*
\$6 10½ x 7¼; 292 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ditmars has put in many years studying snakes, and probably knows more about them, practically speaking, than any other American. The present volume, which is addressed to the general reader, is full of curious and interesting stuff. "Poisonous snakes," says the author, "are no more numerous anywhere in the world than in some of the mountainous portions of New York and Pennsylvania, with their rattlesnakes and copperheads—and possibly again the coastal swamps of Georgia and South Carolina, where the water moccasin abounds." Altogether, slightly more than 2000 species of snakes are known to naturalists, of which no more than one-eighth are venomous, and of this one-eighth only 60% are really dangerous to man. The eighty-four excellent plates are all grouped at the end. There is a good index. The author is curator of mammals and reptiles at the New York Zoölogical Park.

THE UNIVERSE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN PHYSICS.

By *Max Planck*. *George Allen & Unwin*
4s.6d. 7¼ x 4¾; 110 pp. *London*

The substance of this little book comes from two pamphlets by Planck, "Das Weltbild der neuen

Continued on page x

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page ix

Physik" and "Physikalische Gesetzlichkeit im Lichte neuerer Forschung." The translation is by W. H. Johnston. There is little comfort in the text for those American reconcilers of science and religion who bring forward the aberrations of Planck's quanta as proof that the universe is ruled by impulse rather than by law. "It is essential," says Planck, "for the healthy development of physics that among the postulates of this science we reckon, not merely the existence of law in general, but also the strictly causal character of that law. . . . I consider it necessary to hold that the goal of investigation has not been reached until each instance of a statistical law has been analyzed into one or more dynamic laws. . . . All studies dealing with the behavior of the human mind are equally compelled to assume the existence of strict causality."

RELIGION

WITCHCRAFT, MAGIC & ALCHEMY.

By Grilhot de Givry. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$10 11¼ x 8¾; 395 pp. Boston

M. de Givry is disposed to take quite seriously that belief in magic which was almost universal in the Middle Ages, and strongly colored Christian theology. He describes the dawn of skepticism in the Eighteenth Century as "brutal", and seems to have no doubt about the authenticity of most of the records he makes use of. His chief interest, however, is not in the evidences of demonism, but in its iconography. He presents no less than 378 reproductions of magical drawings, sculptures and documents, ten of them in color. They are chosen from a wide range of sources, many of them ordinarily inaccessible. They include drawings by Rembrandt and Leonardo da Vinci, and are beautifully printed. Altogether, the book, which is competently translated by J. Courtenay Locke, is of unusual interest. No bibliography is presented, but there is a good index.

THE ETHICAL RELIGION OF ZOROASTER.

By Miles Menander Dawson.

The Macmillan Company
\$2.25 7½ x 5; 271 pp. New York

Dr. Dawson says that Zoroaster, the great prophet of the ancient Persians, was "the discoverer, or at least the uncoverer, of individual morals." A full century or more before the Jews began to formulate their moral code in the Babylonian captivity, and even longer before Socrates, Confucius and Buddha essayed to reduce ethics to something approaching a

science, Zoroaster's ideas were already widely known. Dr. Dawson presents them as far as possible in the prophet's own words. They are sorted out according to subject, beginning with the nature and attributes of Ahura Mazda, the chief Zoroastrian god, and proceeding to public duties and private rights. The book is well planned, and will be useful to students of ethics. Unfortunately, it lacks an index.

"YES, BUT —" — *The Bankruptcy of Apologetics.*
By Willard L. Sperry. Harper & Brothers

\$2 7¾ x 5¼; 185 pp. New York

Dr. Sperry, who is dean of the Harvard Theological School, thinks that all Christian apologetics is unsound, because it is based on "the false assumption that it is possible to love Christianity better than truth. The assumption is false, because what is so loved cannot be a religion." Jesus gave us basic principles, but "He did not give us rules sufficient to cover all the permutations and combinations of honest perplexity." It is particularly useless to try to square the science of the Bible with present-day science. Religion and science, says Dr. Sperry, have little to do with each other anyway. The first deals with matters of faith, of human values; the second is concerned with objective facts. There is no index.

HISTORY

THE UNKNOWN WAR.

By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$5 9 x 6½; 396 pp. New York

Here Mr. Churchill deals with the struggle upon the Eastern Front during the World War. He thinks that next to the fighting in France and Flanders, it was "incomparably the greatest war in history." He is concerned mainly with the military aspects of the conflict, and discusses them with great detail. He is still of the opinion that the years 1914-1918 were glorious ones for human history, that the Allies, especially England, were absolutely in the right, and that the Central Powers were solely to blame for the butchery. He is especially severe in his comments on the Austro-Hungarian diplomats. Of Count Berchtold, the foreign minister, he says: "He was one of the smallest men who ever held a great position. . . . He is the epitome of this age when the affairs of Brobdingnag are managed by Lilliputians." Mr. Churchill has nice things to say about Czar Nicholas II. He deplores the failures of such "great men of action" as Kerensky and Kornilov, and he looks upon the Bolsheviks as "unnatural spirits." There are many illustrations, maps and diagrams, and an index.

Continued on page xii

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Continued from page x

ROME & THE ROMANS.

By *Grant Showerman*. *The Macmillan Company*
\$5 8½ x 5¾; 643 pp. *New York*

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF ROME.

By *Dunbar von Kalckreuth*. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$5 8½ x 5½; 331 pp. *New York*

Dr. Showerman, who is director of the Summer sessions of the American Academy in Rome, gives over his book, not so much to Roman history as to an account of the daily life of the ancient Romans. He is a recognized authority on the subject, and so his discussion is interesting and valuable. His book is lavishly illustrated, and at the end he prints a chronology and bibliographical notes. There are supplemental chapters on the Roman remains in Africa, in Spain and in England. Herr von Kalckreuth rehearses the history of Rome from the earliest days to the present. His book is without illustrations, but there are twenty-three maps. At the end there are fifty-five pages of notes. Both volumes have good indexes.

THE ROMANCE OF TRANSPORT.

By *Ellison Hawks*. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
\$3 8½ x 5½; 333 pp. *New York*

This is one of the best outlines of the story of transport on land, sea and air in English. It should prove very interesting to boys of high-school age. Mr. Hawks is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society, editor of the *Meccano Magazine*, and the author of a half dozen scientific books for boys. He writes very clearly, and illustrates his text with a large number of useful illustrations and maps. There is an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

NEWTON D. BAKER. *America at War*.

By *Frederick Palmer*. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
\$7.50 9¼ x 6½; 2 vols.; 421 + 451 pp. *New York*

The war-time Secretary of War, early in 1930, turned over to Colonel Palmer twenty-one volumes of correspondence, confidential cables, and other documents dealing with his part in the World War, saying, "I should have no wish either to see any part of your MS. in advance of publication, or to know the judgments reached by you." The resulting two volumes take in every phase of the war machinery, from the preparations for the draft to the demobilization of the A.E.F., and from the difficulties with General Leonard Wood and Roosevelt the Elder to the deliberations of the Peace Conference. Mr. Baker was the subject of probably as much criticism

as any other public man of his time. Senators Chamberlain, Frelinghuysen, McKellar, Weeks, and Hitchcock hammered away at him day in and day out, and Colonel Harvey, in his *Weekly*, did likewise. Colonel Palmer takes the opposite view. Baker, he says, was a hard-working public servant who commanded the utmost loyalty from his subordinates, from Pershing down. They all said that "his only weakness was kindness." There are many illustrations, maps, and notes, and an index at the end of Volume II.

THE HISTORICAL EVOLUTION OF MODERN NATIONALISM.

By *Carlton J. H. Hayes*.

Ray Long & Richard R. Smith
\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 327 pp. *New York*

Modern nationalism, says Dr. Hayes, "signifies a more or less purposeful effort to revive primitive tribalism on an enlarged and more artificial scale." In the Middle Ages, with Holy Church standing above all political states, it was quite unknown. Even after the Reformation the universal Christian commonwealth was not succeeded by nations in the current sense, but by a congeries of empires. True nationalism arose in the Eighteenth Century. Dr. Hayes describes the various forms that it has taken, and exhibits the virtues and weaknesses of each. It came to its great test in the World War, and was found to be wanting. But it has survived that disillusionment, and threatens to make more and worse trouble hereafter. The question before the world, says Dr. Hayes, is whether that habit of thinking internationally which has grown of late among the enlightened classes may be extended to the masses of mankind. If so, there is some hope for world peace. If not, the future looks very black. Dr. Hayes's book is well documented and has an index.

THE MAKING OF CITIZENS. *A Comparative Study of the Methods of Civic Training*.

By *Charles Edward Merriam*.

The University of Chicago Press
\$3 9½ x 6½; 371 pp. *Chicago*

This is the ninth and concluding volume in the series of "Studies in the Making of Citizens," which the University of Chicago Press has published with the aid of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation. The preceding eight volumes dealt with the national systems of civic education in France, Germany, England, Italy, Soviet Russia, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, and the United States. In the present volume Dr. Merriam summarizes the findings

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of the other eight investigators. The most important of the conclusions are these: (a) "Regional political feeling is rapidly weakening under the influence of modern communication and transportation;" (b) "On the whole, the influence of religion as an antistate factor tends to decline, . . . but . . . important struggles will occur in the not distant future over the position of religion in the organized party life of the nations;" (c) "If we look at the trend of economic class cohesion, loyalties, and tendencies, the prospects of political solidarity are much more clearly threatened than in the case of region or race;" (d) "It would be a serious error to conclude that symbolism [in the form of flags, national seals, etc.] has no place in civic training under modern conditions. . . . There are emotional values in symbolism that reach below the levels of ideology and tap basic sources of human energy profoundly important in the organization of human behavior." There is an index.

FIGHTING THE RED TRADE MENACE.

By H. R. Knickerbocker. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$2.50 8 x 5½; 295 pp. New York

Mr. Knickerbocker is a foreign correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. He is the author of "The Red Trade Menace," published in January, 1931, in which he gave his observations of the operation of the Five-Year Plan. It was a thorough and able job. His present book is not quite so good, but it is well worth reading. It deals with the manner in which Soviet commerce is spreading over Europe, and particular attention is given to the changes it has wrought in the business life of the following cities: Milan, Rome, Savona, Genoa, Marseilles, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, London, Manchester, Liverpool, Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Riga, and Berlin. Nearly all of the European governments are encouraging increased purchases of Soviet goods, and there is not "the slightest likelihood" that any of them will put down an embargo. Russia is selling grain, oil, and timber at amazingly low prices. The commerce of the United States is suffering because of this, and will probably suffer more as time goes on. An index is missing.

OL' RUM RIVER.

By Ira L. Reeves.
The Thomas S. Rockwell Company
\$2.50 8 x 5¾; 383 pp. Chicago

Colonel Reeves, after a distinguished career in the Army, was appointed administrator of the New Jersey

Prohibition district in 1926. He was, and is, a strict teetotaler, an earnest advocate of temperance, and a member in good standing of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which the celebrated Bishop James Cannon, Jr., is Pope. But his experiences, here set forth in detail, have convinced him that Prohibition is a complete failure. "After months of the most strenuous effort," he says, "I took inventory of what had been accomplished. *I had raised the price of alcoholic beverages and reduced the quality.*" The italics are the author's. His book is the frank confession of an honest man. It will be denounced as wet propaganda by the dry fanatics, but it makes very interesting and instructive reading for more rational men.

FROM CAIN TO CAPONE: *Racketeering Down the Ages.*

By John McConaughty. Brentano's
\$3 8¾ x 5½; 336 pp. New York

Mr. McConaughty begins with a chapter on Cain and the other Biblical racketeers, then treats of the art in classical Greece and Rome, and follows with a chapter on the business crooks of the Renaissance. There are separate sections on Francis Bacon, Jonathan Wild, Mussolini, and Capone. What he says about them all does not betray a tremendous amount of research. The book, in fact, has all the earmarks of a hurried and careless piece of work. The writing is racy, and frequently shows the Walter Winchell influence.

COME WITH ME TO INDIA!

By Patricia Kendall. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3.50 9 x 6; 467 pp. New York

Mrs. Kendall deals with the religions, the social customs, the history, the philosophies, and the current politics of the Indian peoples. She tells her story in a pleasant, informal way, but it is evident that she is very well informed. She thinks that Gandhi is a great deal less than a saint. She pictures him as an opportunist in politics and something of a charlatan, who has much less of a following than the world imagines and who is despised and distrusted by the better class of Indians. To the latter he is "a medieval reactionary, who has a mob mentality." Mrs. Kendall says: "India needs evolution, not revolution. . . . A people bred in the bones of children, born of children, nourished and trained by children . . . [is incapable of] a representative and responsible democracy." A bibliography and an index are appended.

*Continued in back advertising section,
page xx*

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1932

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

ONE may stop far short of Dr. Oswald Spengler's despairs, and yet find one's self forced to admit sadly that the human race has got itself into what, without exaggeration, may be called a hell of a mess. The World War, though it is over more than twelve years, is so little liquidated that its burdens actually increase. Only in France is there any sign of general prosperity and contentment, and even there contentment seems to be corrupted by a shivering dread. If, as their orators tell us, the French launched into the war in order to get security in their exposed position, then they plainly failed in their objective, for they are still bawling miserably for more and more guarantees. Is it likely that those guarantees will be forthcoming? Hardly. On the contrary, it is pretty apparent that their period of greatest safety is not ahead of them but behind them, and that they will be menaced increasingly hereafter by unscotched

enemies and doubting friends. Germany, sweating under a brutal peace, dreams and plans revenge, and the late Allies drift further and further apart. Certainly everyone must see that the French have lost a lot of ground of late in England and the United States. In 1919 most Americans of tender mind thought of them as a race of Galahads, and multitudes of Englishmen took the same view, but today, as Marshal Petain was lately complaining, they are generally put down as little better than a gang of international banditti.

It goes without saying that a country so beset by hatreds and distrusts needs the aid and counsel of its noblest and best, for what the rest of the world thinks about it, in the long run, will be largely determined by what the world thinks of its spokesmen. In this emergency, what sort of spokesmen does France set up? With few exceptions, only professional politicians of the worst species imaginable—Tardieu, Laval, and

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company. For all I know, Laval may be out of office by the time these lines come to print, but as I write he is in undisputed control of the French state, with the President of the Republic under his thumb, poor old Briand no more than his henchman, and all Europe trembling every time he winks. And who is Laval? He is a professional office-seeker who started out in life as a Socialist of the Left Wing, moved over toward Communism when the tide seemed to run that way, and then, discovering suddenly that the Reds were demoralized and impotent, doubled back toward conservatism along the job line. Every time he has slid down the public trough to a better place he has changed his principles. And there is every reason to believe that he would change them again tomorrow, willingly and with loud hosannas, if he could be convinced that there was anything in it for Laval.



This is the champion that France sent to America the past Autumn to enter into communion with Lord Hoover and settle the great problems which fever the world. The meeting between them, though it was treated by the Washington correspondents with solemn gravity, really belonged to comedy in the grand manner. Think of the stakes, and then think of the players! On the one side was a retired stock manipulator turned statesman—and perhaps the most unsuccessful man in that rôle ever heard of in history. On the other side was a political shyster as completely lacking in conscience as a Prohibition agent—a fellow inherently obscure and contemptible, with absolutely no claim to public attention save his skill at party intrigue. Such were the heroes put up by the two richest and most powerful of modern nations to transact their business! Such were the

pantaloons chosen to solve the hardest problem that Christendom has faced in four hundred years!

That nothing issued out of the meeting save hollow words was surely not surprising. What else has ever issued out of *any* meeting to which Dr. Hoover (at least since he deserted England for America, and the Democratic party for the Republican) has been a party? Scouring a singularly retentive memory, especially for prodigies, I can recall exactly nothing. His incompetence for the public business is so vast that it takes on the proportions of a cosmic phenomenon. He is not only manifestly unequal to the higher and more delicate duties of his office; he also appears to be stumped by its most puerile routine. Seldom does he tackle even so simple a job as appointing a new commission without making a howling mess of it, and never does he attempt even the most trivial speech without offending the judicious with platitude and nonsense. Of his deficiencies in character I need not speak here: they are sufficiently certified by the kind of company he prefers. The important thing is his pathetic incapacity for public affairs. It shows itself in his endless vacillations and evasions, his grotesque blunders and even more grotesque efforts to wriggle out of them, his apparently incurable inability to formulate a coherent policy and see it through.



So much for France and England, the model Republics of the Christian world. Let us now turn to the ancient and fast-oxidizing Kingdom of England. Anyone can see that it faces the most serious calamities that have threatened it since the end of the Napoleonic wars, and anyone can also see that avoiding them will take the highest kind of skill. And where

is that skill sought? It is sought, first, in a motley gang of doctrinaires and demagogues—MacDonald, Snowden, Henderson, Thomas and company. And when they fail so appallingly that disaster seems just outside the door, it is sought, second, in a worse gang of worn-out and discredited political plugs—Lloyd-George, Churchill, the two Chamberlains, Baldwin and company, with the turncoat MacDonald carrying over, and the two masterminds of yellow journalism, Beaverbrook and Rothermere, hiding behind the arras.

With few exceptions the American newspapers, echoing the jubilation of the London papers, which are all Tory, depicted the result of the last election in England as a great triumph for wisdom and righteousness, and MacDonald as a shining moral hero. To what extent wisdom really won was shown when the Tory politicians began saving England by clapping on higher and higher tariffs, and how much MacDonald was a hero will appear when they have got what they want of him, and incontinently kick him out. What could be more absurd than taking the character of a politician from his late enemies, to whom he has just sold out? Far better to attend to the view of an old ally, never a demagogue, and even now, in the face of betrayal, devoid of rancor. He is H. N. Brailsford, perhaps the most distinguished of living political journalists. His picture of MacDonald is as far from that of the London newspapers as black is from white. Instead of a statesman, he shows a weak and vacillating politician. Instead of a martyr risking all for a noble principle, he shows a shallow opportunist, seduced and undone by the gauds of office, and by the social flattery that goes with them.

If England's best were actually the MacDonalds and Lloyd-Georges, the Church-

ills and Chamberlains, the Beaverbrooks and Rothermeres, the Baldwins and Hendersons, then her situation would be tragic indeed. But that is by no means the case. The country, as in past ages, has plenty of men of the highest integrity and enlightenment—men who could, if they were allowed, bring sound information, trained intelligence and the most unselfish sort of public spirit to the solution of the national problems. I point, for example, to one I have just mentioned: Brailsford. And to his eminent colleague, Henry W. Nevins. And to Gilbert Murray. And to John Maynard Keynes, whose warnings in 1919 and 1925, though they were disregarded by the politicians, have been borne out to the last jot and tittle by subsequent events.



But such men get into Parliament very seldom, and when they do so they are made impotent by the opposition of the professionals, who club together against all honest and competent men, regardless of party. The normal choice before the voters is simply between two gangs of mountebanks. There is no machinery for bringing forward better men; the cards are stacked against them from the start. Thus in England, as in France and the United States, government becomes the exclusive prerogative of persons whose unfitness for its complicated and onerous tasks is matched only by their impudence and effrontery, and whose passion to serve the nation is always discreetly subordinated to their yearning to bask in fat and glorious jobs.

Consider, for example, the women members of the new House of Commons. There are fourteen of them altogether, headed by the ex-American, Viscountess Astor—a blatant demagogue, chiefly notable for her advocacy of Prohibition. The rest are all nonentities—the daughters of

professional politicians, lady uplifters eager to make more noise in the world, fashionable idlers who tire of fox-hunting, and so on. How many women of voting age live in the United Kingdom I don't know, but the number must run to 15,000,000 at least, and among them, as everyone knows, there are thousands who are of sound intelligence, good judgment, and notable public spirit. But not one of them is among the new M.P.'s. The sex is represented in Parliament, as it is represented in Congress, only by a ridiculous platoon of vacuums.



For these evils two remedies are currently proposed. The first is Bolshevism and the second is Fascism. But that either is any better than the system under which England, France and the United States now stagger is very far from proved. Fascism in Italy has certainly not got rid of professional politicians; it has simply taken all power away from one gang of them and given it to another gang. And pretty much the same thing seems to have happened in Russia. (In both countries the enlightened minority is not only impotent; it is actually outlawed, so that saying a sensible thing has become a criminal offense.) No one, indeed, has any rights at all, save only the politicians of the dominant party. It is as if Lord Hoover and his plugs were not only lords of the national bureaucracy, but also lords of the legislature, and the courts, and even the newspapers. It is as if the difficulty of getting rid of them were made completely hopeless by the impossibility of denouncing them.

It is characteristic of the stupidity of American capitalists and their attendant politicians that they fear Bolshevism on the same ground that the Southern latifundists feared Abolition—that is, on the

ground that it is a wicked conspiracy, hatched in Hell, for the liberation of slaves. (It is, of course, almost precisely the opposite.) If it manages to survive, even with prudent modifications, the Russian masses will be such slaves as not even the late Judge Elbert H. Gary ever dreamed of. For they will not only be enslaved beyond any hope of redemption; they will also be convinced that their slavery is an heroic and even swell estate; they will be slaves by conviction as well as in fact. The Southern planters never pushed the thing so far, nor even half so far. (The best they could ever manage was to persuade their slaves, through the agency of Methodist and Baptist theologians hired for the purpose, that slavery was of supernatural origin, and a just penalty, visited upon the third and fourth generations, for the neglect of Bible reading in Africa.)



Here the Bolshevik bosses, who are capitalists, too, despite the general delusion (and their own disingenuous protestation) to the contrary, are obviously far more skillful than their colleagues on this side of the water. For they know that the chief problem of capitalism is to throw its slaves enough bones to keep them quiet without throwing them enough to make them fat, lazy and saucy, and this golden mean they strike with immense adeptness. How many of the great wizards of American enterprise have ever struck it? Perhaps Henry Ford did so in his palmy days, but if so it was only at the expense of arousing the implacable jealousy and enmity of his fellow capitalists. Who will forget how bitterly he was belabored by Judge Gary, who believed that the twelve-hour day was ordained of God, and how furiously Wall Street tried to kidnap and disembowel him at the time he was caught short of cash?

Ford escaped by shaking down his workmen and his dealers, *i.e.*, his slaves, but it was a close shave. Today he is in difficulties again, and thousands of his slaves are languishing in the Detroit bread-lines, but the more orthodox capitalists have such serious troubles of their own that they are in no condition to rope him.

In this department the Bolsheviks are plainly much cleverer than Ford is. They throw very small bones to their slaves, but they at least keep up a steady supply, and so the slaves are pleasantly occupied, and have neither time nor inclination to hatch rebellion. Moreover, the Bolsheviks are sound psychologists in another way: they know how to play humble themselves, and are thus able to disarm the natural discontent of them that labor and are heavy laden. They are content with the reality of power, and do not reach out absurdly, as their American colleagues do, for its hollow trappings. One never hears of them giving bawdy parties at the Russian equivalent of Palm Beach, nor do they marry opera singers or other such expensive and dangerous females, or keep yachts, or endow colleges of business administration, or play polo or golf, or chase the fox, or collect bogus Caxtons and Rembrandts, or engage in any other form of witless and conspicuous waste.



No American capitalist, so far as I know, has ever achieved the feat of making his slaves burst into cheers for him—not even Ford. Such cheering may be done, on occasion, by the greasy prelates of the American Federation of Labor, gorged upon free banquets and their knees rubbing those of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., but it is never done by the boys in the trenches of labor. The most that can ever be got out of them is a modest whoop for the current Hoover,

whoever he may be. But in Russia the slaves are roaring banzais all the time, for even the lowliest of them, sweating to put through the Five-Year Plan, has been convinced that he is getting as much out of it as Stalin himself. Thus he is purged of envy, the mother of subversion and the witch that rides capitalism.

If I were a professional capitalist, suffering as the whole clan is today, I'd be sorely tempted to move to Russia at once, and join the Bolsheviks. The head men over there have everything that a Rockefeller has in this country—power, glory, public respect, the first bite at every apple—and none of his worries. Every day the capital at their command grows larger, and the chances that their slaves will revolt grows less. True enough, these boss Bolsheviks, in the narrow technical sense, own nothing, but on the other hand it is equally true that they own everything. The one thing they really miss is the fawning of God's ambassadors on earth, but that is a purely voluntary renunciation. If they were so inclined they could set up a new state church tomorrow, order all their slaves to join it, and then wallow in the benisons of its bigwigs.



Unluckily, it is not likely that the average American capitalist, if he presented himself in Moscow tomorrow, could get a job at his trade. The Bolsheviks would laugh at him as a jackass, just as an Osler would laugh at a chiropractor. For American capitalism, with everything running in its favor for years, has suddenly gone bankrupt, both literally and figuratively. It has owned and operated the government since the day Lord Hoover came home from England, and he would no more dare flout it today than he would dare flout the Holy Ghost. Yet it has not only let him go to

ruin; it has also gone far along the same dismal path itself. No one believes in its master-minds any more, not even the reformed Liberals. Certainly the Bolsheviks do not believe in them—or fear them.

What the end will be in this great and glorious country I do not venture to predict, but it must be manifest to all that we are living in a day of change. The professional politicians hold out, but their bosses, the bankers and industrialists, are down with a wasting disease, and may never get up. In a dozen large American cities some of the most eminent of them, once adored this side idolatry, have got into such difficulties of late that all sorts of amateurs have had to go to their rescue. In one city, here nameless, they actually solicited advice and help from certain well-heeled medical men, which was precisely as if medical men, confronting an insoluble eczema, should have called up the nearest trust company. In another city, Philadelphia, as I observe by flaming advertisements in the local papers, they have summoned Cardinal Dougherty to aid them—not with prayers, remember, but with counsel. In the Bible Belt of the South, no doubt, they will soon be howling for Bishop Cannon, and in California they may turn to Sister Aimée McPherson.



Worse, they have begun to look to the politicians. Who could imagine a more dramatic proof of their demoralization?

Three years ago no self-respecting American banker would have any truck with politicians, save only to give them orders. They occupied the lowly position of labor leaders, lawyers and bootleggers. But now one hears of Jim Watson being brought to Washington to help save the banks! And with him a horde of political hacks of his own depressing class. What is worse, they

seem to have delivered the goods. There is an easier feeling. The stock market has days of optimism. The worst, so it is said, is over.

Such episodes, I confess, leave me somewhat sad. I have long denounced democracy as an insanity, but I have always held it to be endurable on the ground that it is subservient to capitalism—that the politicians, in the last analysis, must take orders from their betters. But now we see England going to pot precisely because that has been done, and the United States getting into so dreadful a mess that the bankers are forced to bellow for help to the politicians—and not only to the politicians but also to the doctors and clergy. No wonder I am upset! All my natural prejudices have been outraged. Temperamentally incapable of Socialism, as I am of Methodism or cannibalism, I find myself hanging upon a precarious branch, trying unhappily to figure out what is going to happen next.

Having no talent for prophecy, I do not undertake to carry that figuring to a conclusion. It may be that the master-minds of money will stage a come-back, and that soon we'll be as secure and happy again as we were in 1928. Again, it may be that all the present ones, now so sick, will be eliminated, and that the control of things will be taken over by new and better ones, as yet unannounced by destiny. Yet again, it may be that the politicians will wag the bankers hereafter, as the bankers have hitherto wagged the politicians. From this last, if it comes, I beg respectfully to be excused. It would be safer and pleasanter to go to Hell at once. For though I am very reluctant to believe that bankers are idiots, even in the face of massive proof, I am willing to believe it of politicians at all times and everywhere. And when I say idiots I also mean knaves. H. L. M.

RACKETY RAX

BY JOEL SAYRE

I'LL never forget what a tough time I had getting the Chief to that Yale-Army game.

Six of us—the Chief, Mike, Councillor Sultsfeldt, two of the gorillas, and I—had gone up to Hartford to fix up the fight between Slat Saltorini and our guy. A friend of mine slipped me six tickets to the game. I am a great football bug myself: played on the freshman team at college and in high-school; and I used to cover it every Fall when I was a sports writer. Besides, I get a great wallop out of seeing the West Point Kaydets march. So I wanted very much to get everybody over to New Haven.

At first the Chief wouldn't hear of it. He had the idea that football was a pansy game, probably played with sofa pillows and watched by people who sat around nibbling lady-fingers. Fights, wrestling, horses, baseball, racing dogs, pigeons and ferrets he knew everything there was to know about: rules, form and how they could be framed. He even figured out a way to frame ferrets by betting on the second rat. You know, after the first rat, a ferret would be a set-up for a rabbit. But football—well, football didn't mean anything to him, or rather, it meant only one thing and that was collegiates. As far as he was concerned, all collegiates were goofy punks in big fur coats who'd come into his joints and bust furniture and insist on playing the trap drums and probably end up by being sick. So when

I tried to sell that Yale-Army game to him, he just curled his lip at me.

But the Councillor, it seemed, studied law at the night school of some college that had a football team in the day time; and Mike had had a West Pointer for a company commander during the war and thought he might like to go and give the Army team the bird just for old times' sake. So we finally won the Chief over. But on the way to New Haven in the car, while I sat beside him in the back seat, he would look at me every now and then and shake his head from side to side and go "Tch, tch, tch," and then say: "*Football!*" as though there were no more hope for me.

When we got to New Haven the streets were full of kids in coonskin coats parading around with their girls, and at the sight of them the Chief got the collegiate horrors and almost climbed out of the car.

"Nuts!" he said. "Let's scam back to New York before they all start to playing the traps at oncet."

However, we held on to him until we got to a joint in Church street that a friend of mine runs and had lunch and drank some pretty good rye until it was time to go to the game.

When he caught sight of the bowl from the car, the Chief turned to me with a funny look on his face.

"Am I cockeyed or something?" he said. "This ain't Soldier Field ahead there, because I know we ain't left Hartford only a

while ago. And they don't have only bush fights in New Haven. What the hell *is* this, anyways?"

"Just you wait and get a load of it," I told him.

Well, it was a great game. The Army had the whole Leland Stanford backfield of two years before, and the Elis had one of their wonderful lines, so that it was a terrible battle all the way. You'll recall that Yale won when George Weston Harpinger, Jr., of Broken Cloud, Neb., the sophomore sub halfback, intercepted an Army forward pass with fifteen seconds left to play and pulled the game out of the fire by one point, 20 to 19.

At least it said so in the sports section of the Sunday papers. I didn't see much myself on account of the trouble I had with my party. In the first place, Mike, who had stayed a little too long at my friend's joint in Church street, caused a lot of attention and comment (we were sitting in the Yale stands) with the horrible Bronx cheers he gave when the entire cadet corps marched to our side of the field. This company commander of his in the war made quite an impression on him, and every once in a while he would let out a roar and challenge him to come out and fight.

"Where's Captain Robert N. Smiley?" he would bellow whenever there was a quiet spell. "The such-and-such of a so-and-so! Tell him to come over here and I'll knock his this-and-that face off for him!"

And then the Councillor kept turning around to look at the ankles of the dames sitting in back of us and nudging me and pointing whenever he saw a pretty pair, until finally a couple of guys came down the aisle and threatened to punch him in the nose. The gorillas thought they meant the Chief and were going to give them

a tossing around, and I had to go to work and straighten *that* out.

But the worst of all was the Chief. He kept standing up and counting the house. I guess he hadn't seen so many people all in one place since the second Tunney-Dempsey fight, and he'd grab me by the arm (and maybe you think he hasn't got a grip!) every time I would be trying to follow the players and he'd have some question. If he asked one he asked a thousand. He wanted to know if these were all paid admissions. And then he wanted to know what the seats cost. How much the *ringside* ringsides, and how much just the ringsides? And how much did those mugs back there in the bleachers pay? What became of the dough? How was it cut up? And then he'd stand up (always right in front of me, it had to be, just when something interesting was happening down on the field) and start to count the house all over again.

"Geez!" he kept muttering, over and over again, "geez!"

II

The Chief was a remarkable person. His name, Francis X. (Knucks) McGloin, is probably unknown to you unless you happen to be an old-time Broadway regular; but if you were ever in New York for pleasure you must have drunk some of his beer, or spent an evening in one of his night clubs, or seen some of his fights or wrestling matches. Even if you are a teetotalter and never went near Broadway, but just lived in the town as an ordinary chump, he had quite a lot to do with your existence. That extra cent your missus¹ paid for a loaf of bread or a quart of milk, the nickel increase for that embalmed chicken at the corner delicatessen on the maid's day off, or the sudden reduction

from fifty to thirty-five cents when you went to settle with your neighborhood tailor for pressing your suit—the Chief was behind them all.

You didn't know it, the cops and the D. A. didn't know it, even the baker and the milk man, the chicken puller and the tailor didn't know it. Of course, all of them, including even you, knew that there was racketeering going on. And every once in awhile there would be "exposures" of it in the papers and some arrests. But you know and I know and we all know that it's the punks that get arrested in cases like that: they never get the main guy.

The Chief was smart that way. He ducked publicity. He let Al Capone and Legs Diamond get their pictures and their life histories in the papers. He himself avoided publicity like the pox. And that's where he was smart. If you have your name in the papers all the time, it gets the young cops so excited that one day you'll be trying to get a piece of chewing gum out of a slot machine in the subway and you'll be pinched for clipping the Prince of Wales.

Another contact you may have had with the Chief without knowing it, if you lived in New York at the time, was on Election Day. Maybe you had your mind all made up to vote one way, but after you got to the polls and took a look around you voted the other way. Well, it was the Chief who persuaded you. Perhaps you were a workman in a pants factory where there was a strike. The employers put in strike-breakers and you, as a member of your union, went on picket duty. Somebody tapped you over the head with some blunt instrument, and when you woke up you didn't have a very clear idea of who did it. Well, it was the Chief, although you couldn't have proved it if you had had

slow motion pictures made of yourself getting slugged. On the other hand, maybe your union won the strike all of a sudden, much more quickly than the most optimistic of your leaders expected. The chances are that it was the Chief who helped you to win it. Don't ask me how. Those things just happened, that's all.

In appearance, too, the Chief was remarkable from any angle you looked at him. From the front he resembled a determined fish, because he had hardly any chin to speak of and his forehead was low and narrow; in profile, his nose made him look like a little eagle; from three-quarters you noticed that not only his eyes but his whole face seemed heavy-lidded; while from behind you wondered how anybody could be so smart and have so little back to his head.

I could sit and look at him by the hour, fascinated by his hideousness. His hair was jet-black and plastered down, and he had neither brows nor lashes. The most terrible part of him were his eyes, which were blue and, in clear weather, visible for a city block. That is, when he was angry or smoked-up about something. When he was amused or just kind of mentally lying-back, they seemed clouded over. Down his left cheek, from about an inch back of his eye to the corner of his upper lip, was a scar. The tip of his right ear was snipped off. (No blunt instrument there, you thought to yourself when you saw it for the first time.) He was just five feet two inches tall, but between shootings weighed around 170. Somehow, after a few minutes in his presence, you got over the idea that he was a runt: not only was he built like a fire plug, but from the way he panthered about when he moved you got the impression of tremendous physical power. And there was none of the banty rooster about him that goes with most

short men. Just from seeing him come into a room full of people and lay his hat on a table, you knew he was a killer. You did if you were smart, anyway.

When I think back to those days when editorial writers used to thunder about Legs Diamond and his twenty-five arrests and bellow for action by the authorities, I have to smile. Why, when he was going through what you might call his apprentice and journeyman periods, the Chief was pinched fifty-seven times by actual count. And except for a couple of months on the Island for ringing doorbells or breaking windows or being cruel to cats or something like that, he never did any time behind the bars except maybe a few minutes waiting for a bondsman.

The first three things a smart operator learns is: don't kill a cop; keep your racket clear of the U. S. mails; and stay out of the papers.

The wops have taken over Chicago, but New York has always been an Irish town. If you dig into its history for the last hundred years, you'll find that there's been a harp on the heap pretty near the whole time. And so, naturally, the Chief was a West Side fellah, as the boys say, for the West Side is where all the big shots come from. Born in West street, he naturally joined the old Wiper gang after having brought notice to himself, first as a kid package-thief and pickpocket, and then as the leader of his own little mob that specialized in kicking in docks and warehouses and the box cars in the old New York Central yards. At sixteen he had killed his man. By the time he was eighteen he was leading the Wipers in their never-ending skirmishes with the Ground Hogs.

Those days before the war were the Golden Age of Hoodlumry. Gangs went around fighting each other out of sheer

joie-de-vivre and were happy to live on the shakedown from little gambling houses, intimidation of small merchants (mostly under the guise of "watchman service" or a "protective association" with a fancy name), strong arm labor in a precinct or two on Election Day, and the petty cash from robberies and holdups. It was really a very innocent era.

III

Like Monk Eastman, Wild Bill Lovett and a number of other Manhattan and Brooklyn gangsters, Knucks McGloin fought a very fine war, indeed. As I said before, the gangs in those days enjoyed fighting for its own sake alone; and when war was declared against Germany, Knucks, with nearly his entire mob behind him, joined up at the first bugle blast. When he stood stripped for his medical examination one of the doctors, noticing the golf links of knife and bullet scars on his body, said: "I see you're a veteran." "Yeah," said Knucks with a grin, "I been through a few campaigns." The Wipers, almost entirely intact in a platoon, fought together in the 27th Division, with Knucks as their sergeant. During the Argonne show the platoon silenced three German machine-gun nests by the simple expedient of sneaking around and shooting the gunners in the back, a manoeuvre at which they were highly skillful before the World War was ever thought of. Knucks was wounded and received the D.S.C. for gallantry under fire. Of course, all the Wipers had enlisted under phoney names.

The war made Knucks McGloin, transformed him from merely an excellent gorilla and hoodlum into a Man of Vision. The mightiness of the conflict stirred his imagination and gave him a new set of values, accustomed him to doing things

on a large scale. From tactics he learned that an offense is the best defense; and that you can't gain a position without risking the possibility of losing the one you already hold. He learned how to conserve dash and bravery until the moment they would be most effective. He learned to store up his resources and to think ahead for the future. The great value of discipline and organization also seeped into his skull and stayed there.

When he got back to New York some time in July after the Armistice, he found a different town, a different civilization. There was a thing called Prohibition, and all the old corner saloons were being dismantled to make way for soda fountains and chain groceries. Everybody was wondering what was going to happen and putting stuff in his cellar to guard against the sand-storm.

It didn't take Knucks long to figure things out. He and Mike, who was a cousin of his, bought a place in Greenwich Village for almost nothing at all and started to run it exactly as it had been run before, only you went in by the side door instead of by the front, and ladies were welcome at the bar. By 1922 the joint was a radium mine, and Knucks and Mike owned three more places and a brewery which supplied every other speakeo between Fourteenth and Canal streets.

Now, you know and I know and we all know that you can't deliver beer in any satchel. Beer comes in barrels, and barrels are hauled around in trucks, and trucks can't be smuggled up and down the streets in the tassel of a lady's garter. To run beer you've got to have protection all up and down the line: and that's where Knucks McGloin showed his genius as an organizer. So well did he grease the wheels of government that by 1930 all competition had been shot, stabbed, taken for a

ride or raided out of business by the authorities. Don't ask me how. Those things just happened, that's all.

Just as in the days before Prohibition breweries sometimes owned not only saloons but hotels and cabarets as well, so Knucks McGloin (who soon achieved the title of the Chief and thereafter no more cared to be addressed as Knucks than Mr. Capone cared to be called Scarface to his scar face) found himself at the head of a chain of gaudy hotels, apartment houses and night clubs. The hotels, which were all in the Times Square district, he named after notable American battles in the World War: there was the Chateau Thierry in West Forty-fifth street, the Belleau Wood on Eighth avenue, and the Argonne on Broadway just above Forty-seventh. The apartment houses, which were all in the West Seventies were christened for the attorneys who had successfully defended him at various times: the Fallon Mansions, the Sultsfeldt Arms, Schlotkin Terrace and the Goldsword Towers; while the night clubs had more or less regional names according to the districts in which they were situated. In Harlem were the Club Hotcha and the Club Whambam; three swanky spots just off Park avenue were known as the Club Delish, the Club Gigolo and the Club Crêpe Suzette; in the Broadway belt were the Club Pat and Mike, the Club Whoopee (specializing in the out-of-town-buyer trade) and the Club Heh-heh-heh (named for the gag in Walter Winchell); on the lower East Side was the Roumanian Robot, where Joe Moskowitz performed on the dulcimer; while a place that never went very well which the Chief, for sentimental reasons, insisted on trying was the West Side Riding and Riveting Club over on Tenth avenue.

In addition, the Chief owned or had a

piece of virtually all the fighters, wrestlers, racing dogs and fancy pigeons in the Metropolitan area. He was supposed to have been behind Abe (Weasles) Epstein when he fixed the International polo matches the year England, to everyone's vast surprise, took the trophy back to Hurlingham. From a news angle, perhaps the most sensational innovation he made during this period was the killing of an enemy from a helicopter while he sat in his bathtub. The practice is as common now as was murder by machine-gun during the 20's; but it was the Chief who first thought it out. Don't ask me how.

IV

Mike, whose full name was John Michael Dumphy, had been born in the same tenement as the Chief and they had been together all their lives. He was a tremendous tall man with thick red curly hair and very pleasant ways about him, although he still retained some of the old West Side Wiper's love of a fight purely for its own sake.

Mike was the front man for the Chief. He handled all his sporting enterprises and looked after the speakeasies and night clubs. One of his duties was supervision of the Central Switchboard. As I said before, the Chief brought a lot of ideas back with him from the Western front that he was able to use in building up his organization, and one was that modern warfare is conducted by platoons. To guard his interests about town he employed the platoon patrol system. The town was divided into districts, and each district was patrolled by a platoon under a sergeant of gorillas. Each gorilla had a beat in which the Chief had a night club or a speakeo or a big crap game.

The gorilla's job was to patrol the beat

and see that everything was O. K. Every hour he would call the sergeant of gorillas, usually stationed in a poolroom in the district, and report. Every hour and fifteen minutes the sergeant of gorillas would call the Central Switchboard at the Argonne, where the Chief's headquarters were situated. Then there were the emergency calls. Say there had been an arrest somewhere. It would be reported to the Central Switchboard within a few minutes after it had occurred, and in five minutes a bondsman or a lawyer or an alderman or a district leader, whichever was required, would be on his way to whatever station-house, magistrate or United States commissioner the prisoner was to be taken before. Say there had been a shooting. Within a few minutes there would be either a physician or a reinforcement of gorillas or both on the way to the theatre of action.

Mike had the inspiration of dressing the gorillas as mail-carriers. A mail-carrier is the most innocent-looking person in the world and he can go anywhere he wants to: "Make way for the U. S. mail" stuff. And those leather bags were found to be splendid Mills bomb containers. Both the Chief and Mike had achieved a great fondness for the Mills bomb during the war and were great believers in its efficacy. "One Mills bomb properly threw," Mike often used to say, "can wipe out the toughest truck load of machine-gun choppers that ever come out of Chi any day."

And it proved to be true. A machine-gun is an unhandy instrument, even one of the little Thompson subs, and is bound to attract attention under the most favorable circumstances. Whereas, one of the Chief's letter-carriers could walk right up unmolested to the desired position, or get in some barricaded place by pretending he had a special delivery for somebody, and

then, after fishing around among the property postcards on the top of his bag, pull out a bomb, jerk the pin, throw the lever—and curtains for the opposition.

It got so that the gorillas used postal terms for their various operations. "To drop a card" meant to toss a black powder bomb that wouldn't hurt anybody, merely blow the porch off his house and let him know that if he didn't pay up or lay off it would be just too bad. "Second class matter" was a pineapple loaded with screws and old nails that might cause some pretty serious flesh wounds, but probably wouldn't kill. "Special delivery", however, was one perfectly good Mark III Mills bomb that meant business; while "registered letter" meant a couple. "Air mail" was the works, a regular over-the-top bombardment by prize bombing teams.

Mike had a funny way, just when things were getting really crucial, such, say, as the time to sign the articles for a million-dollar Battle of the Century for the World's Heavyweight Championship, of letting a glaze come over his eyes and a dead look come over his pan and bursting into a sentimental ballad. Some sharpshooter would unlimber a fountain pen and say: "Now, Mr. Dumphy, how about it, let's close right now, huh?" And Mike would look out of the window and sing in a voice that would knock all the pictures crooked on the walls:

"Oh, Ireland must be Heaven, for my muth-aaaw come from there."

Councillor Sultsfeldt was the best criminal lawyer in New York and a big shot in both the Republican and Democratic parties. He was head of the Chief's legal staff and general officer commanding the bail bondsmen; and he took care of the Chief's enormous business interests, seeing that they were all properly registered and incorporated according to law. He was a

great trial lawyer, one of the best in the business: I never saw any attorney who could get a jury weeping faster about the constitutional rights of a mug who was up for shooting somebody in the back. The Councillor's only weaknesses were liquor and ladies; but they were great weaknesses, indeed, for he spent all of his huge takings on them and was always needing a buck to pay for his taxi.

The Chief, Mike and the Councillor were really the whole mob: the rest were like the supers in one of the old Morris Gest productions, say "The Miracle". If you had drawn up a cast of characters you would have put the three of them, with the Chief at the top and then: head waiters, members of the floor show, musicians, managers, book makers, hostesses, gunmen, etc.

While I am at it, I might as well say a few words about myself. I was press agent for the Chief's stable of fighters and wrestlers. Before I went to work for him, or nominally for Mike, I was a sports writer for three New York papers and before that I worked in San Francisco, Denver and Chicago. I worked for the Chief on straight salary and attended to the ballyhoo that always goes on before a fight or a wrestling match; and at the training camps I took care of the sports writers and saw that they got everything they wanted in the way of information or alcohol.

It was a swell job. Naturally, I saw and heard a lot of things I had to keep under my hat, but it was very fascinating to be on the inside of matters that only a few knew about. I always tried to do what the boys call "keep a clean nose", and I flatter myself that I enjoyed a reputation around town for being on the up and up. If I hadn't I should have been fished out of some ditch a headless torso long ago.

V

Well, the next day was Sunday and I was having some breakfast and trying to find out from the papers who won the game I had watched through the Chief's legs, when the telephone rang. It was the Central Switchboard calling and Miss Hoolihan, the chief operator, told me I was urgently wanted at No. 1. That meant the Chief had something on his mind, so I got dressed and scrambled right up to the Argonne.

I went up in the elevator we used when we wanted to get to the Chief's suite on the top floor. It was marked: "To the Grand Ball Room Only", and there wasn't any ball room at the Argonne. Frank, the starter, said: "Hahzit, Mr. Schatz?", and I said: "Hahzit, Frank?"

A bench full of gorillas dressed as bell-boys were on guard outside the Chief's door. The sergeant in charge touched his monkey cap: "Hahzit, Mr. Schatz?" "Hahzit, Tommy?" There used to be some funny mistakes at the Argonne when an out-of-town school marm or some W. C. T. U. grandma stopping there through innocence would run into one of the gorilla bellhops in the lobby or a corridor and ask him to fetch icewater or take this canary bird right up to 709. The management had to exercise great care to keep the gorillas sequestered.

Tommy got right on the 'phone and announced me. There was a sound of chains dragging and the big door, which looked like oak and had carvings and a knob and everything but was actually made of armor plate, started to slide upwards like a portcullis. Inside were more gorillas in the little ante-chamber like a doctor's waiting room. I said: "Hahzit?" to the mug in charge and he said: "Hahzit?", and then the Chief himself, in

flame-colored pajamas with black polka dots, opened. "Hahzit, kid?" "Hahzit, Chief?" There were specks of talcum powder on the blue beds of scraped whisker on his chin and in the scar. I walked in.

The Chief's suite took up the whole floor. Mike and the Councillor shared the floor beneath. The room I walked into was the Chief's living-room. It was full of overstuffed chairs; floor lamps that look like the kind you win at Coney Island throwing things, but are really very expensive; onyx ash-trays on stands with rounded bottoms; three gilt statuettes of Italian urchins plopping cast-iron cherries into their mouths (you see them in the lobbies of all the big talkie temples); and a huge teak table with mother of pearl inlay and an alabaster top. On the walls were holy pictures; signed photographs of big politicians of both parties and sexes; the Chief's D.S.C. citation: "Sergeant H. T. Robinson . . . gallantry under fire . . . Montfaucon," and his discharge papers; heads of moose and elk he had shot on hunting trips; and eight oil paintings of cows standing in different positions in puddles. There were many bear-skin rugs on the floor. Four casement windows with bullet-proof panes gave on to Broadway. The Sunday papers and Voine were strewn all over the bearskin in front of the fire place.

Voine, the Chief's lady friend, was known by several other names, by any of which she would have smelled the same. To some of the boys she was the Princess, while others simply called her Peaches—all behind her back, of course. Mike, in rare moments of anger, referred to her as Knucksy's Pig. Voine was a big girl. There was a world of gold in her front teeth and she had that phoney blonde hair that always reminded me of the chicken soup

they serve in the Jewish restaurants—you know, that terrible bogus colored stuff.

"Why, Mister Schatz!" she gurgled and started to get up. She was wearing black lace pajamas with plenty of open work and a pink ribbon around the waist.

She wound her arm about the Chief's neck and started to play with his ear, that game ear, with her fingers.

"Duzzum wannum baby to weaveum? Divvum ittle tiss, firs', den."

Voine spoke that way most of the time. When she really got going, she broke into what the Holy Rollers call the Gift of Tongues.

"*Scram!*" the Chief roared and gave her a push that knocked her over and sent her sliding along the floor. She rose, glared at him for a second, and then picked up one of those squiggly dolls and went into the bedroom.

The Chief poured a couple of shots, took the big chair by the fire and motioned me to the one drawn up opposite. I noticed that all the sports sections were scattered over the bearskin. He tossed off his shot and then for a whole minute looked at me with that face of his. I remember thinking that he probably could have peeked through the keyhole of a doll's house with both those terrible eyes at once.

"I suppose you know everything about this here football," he said finally, lighting a cigar.

"Sure."

"Why ain't I been told about it before?"

"Well, I don't know. I, uh, guess, I thought you weren't interested in amateur sports."

"Amachers! You ain't setting there telling me them's amachers draws all them gates?"

"Sure."

"Whataya trying to do, kid me or sumpen?"

"No, Chief, I'm levelling. I'm levelling, honest to God."

"The hell you are. Well, go ahead and gimme the payoff on the racket."

"Well, let's see . . . The game is played on a field 360 feet long including end zones and 160 feet wide, which —"

"Nuts! Forget about them end zones, and all that stuff, and let's have the payoff on the racket."

"Well, there are eleven players on each side —"

"Nuts!"

"Well, football is quite a thing —"

"Aw, *nuts!* Do you figure I'm deaf and dumb or something?"

"Why, of course not, but I'm trying to tell you something about the game, and you keep cutting me off. Well, there are about four hundred odd universities and colleges in the United States that play football. The season starts generally on the fourth Saturday in September and is supposed to end on Thanksgiving. Some teams start their seasons earlier and some end later. But eight games, one every Saturday, is the average schedule. Besides the universities, the prep-schools and high-schools have teams, too."

"Never mind them punks. What about the gates?"

"Well, the gate depends on the attraction. It's just like the fight racket. If two little schools with no class are playing, the crowd is small. But when two traditional rivals—I mean when there are two colleges playing with plenty of class that have it in for each other like two fighters—say like Mickey Walker and Harry Greb, or Dempsey and Tunney, you know, a grudge fight—why, then, they pack 'em in. They fill up the stadium, as you saw yesterday. But that gate was just so-so for two big teams. When the Notre Dame team plays in Chicago, for instance, they always fill

Soldier Field, eighty, ninety, maybe even a hundred thousand."

"The hell they do!"

"Honest to God, Chief, I'm levelling. Now you take Harvard and Yale —"

"Them was the Yales we seen yesterday, wasn't it? Geez, what a house! Well, go on, but what I want to know is who does it to who and who pays?"

"Well, Chief, that's kind of hard to explain. First of all —"

"Wait a minute. Do they play this here football in our territory here?"

"Sure. Columbia has a team, and Fordham and N. Y. U. and little Alfred and —"

"Who's this little Alfred?"

"Well, never mind about little Alfred. Over in Jersey, there's Rutgers and —"

"What's the leading stable here in town?"

"Well, I don't know, let's see: I'd say it was N. Y. U. or maybe Fordham. They have the best teams and draw the biggest gates."

"What's this N. Y. U.?"

"It stands for New York University. It's up in the Heights."

"Well, who's the main guy up there?"

"Why, uh, Chancellor Brown."

"Chancellor Brown, eh? Well, anyways, what's to keep me from going up there tomorrow and punching him right in the nose?"

"Punch him in the nose?"

"Sure. Maybe I won't punch him in the nose unless he gets tough. I'll treat him nice and just scare him a little. I don't look for no trouble, though. He can't be very much of a hood or I'd heard of him before and I guess he's heard of *me*, if he's in the racket. Chancellor Brown, eh?"

"Geez, Chief, I don't get you at all."

"You *don't*? Why, I thought you was smart. The gag is this here football. Why,

it's the sweetest thing I heard about since Prohibition."

"Yeah, but what's it all got to do with Chancellor Brown?"

"What's it got to do with him? Why, I'm gonna muscle in on his racket, that's what it's got to do with him. He's the main guy at this N. Y. U. jernt, ain't you just told me?"

It would have given me a bellylaugh if I hadn't known the Chief so well, and what he was capable of.

"You've got me all wrong, Chief," I said. "This Chancellor Brown hasn't anything to do with football. He's the head of the university: he looks after the professors and students and the affairs of the university."

"Well, football's part of the affairs of the university, ain't it?"

"It is and it isn't," I said, beginning to realize what a tough spot I was in.

The Chief thought that one over a while.

"Well, who *is* the main guy in football up at this here N. Y. U., then?"

"It's Chick Meehan."

"Chick Meehan, eh? Never heard of him. I heard of Fat Willie Meehan, and plenty of other Meehans, but I never heard of no Chick Meehan. Well, what's his take?"

"He doesn't get any take, he works on a straight salary. I don't know how much it is, but I suppose around ten, twelve, fifteen grand."

"Well, who *does* get all the dough? I see at New Haven last Saturday they was selling hot dogs and programmes and feathers and all kinds of stuff. Whose racket is that? *Somebody* must get it, and if I can find out who it is I'm gonna drop around and see him."

"Well, it's kind of a hard thing to explain. There's the college Athletic Associa-

tion which is sort of the governing body of all the teams the college has ——”

“Oh, I see. They cut up the take, eh?”

“Now, wait a minute. At the head of the Athletic Association there is what is called a graduate manager. He’s on a salary, just like the coach. Then there’s the expenses of the team. It costs about \$100 to equip each player and a big college will have thirty or forty or fifty players. Then ——”

“How much do they pay the players?”

“Well, they don’t pay them anything, but sometimes the players get it made easier for them—they have scholarships or they find jobs for them if they are poor, and ——”

“Sure, I get the idea. But where does all this dough go? These here expenses ain’t nothing.”

“Well, at the end of the year the football team at any big college will have a profit of a couple of hundred thousand—some of them show a profit of a million or more—and this money is turned over to the Athletic Association.”

“Ah, now we’re getting somewhere.”

“And the Athletic Association uses it to pay the expenses of the college’s other teams.”

“The hell it does!”

“Honest to God, Chief. Football is about the only college sport that shows a profit at the end of the season, and all college athletic associations use the football profits to pay the expenses of the sports that always go in the red, like hockey, baseball, rowing and so on. Anything that’s left over is used for intramural athletics, that is, promoting sports among students who aren’t good enough to represent the university against other universities, but need to work up a sweat once in a while.”

“To hell with all that! What’s gonna keep me from muscling into this here foot-

ball? I muscled into the fight racket and the wrassling racket and the dog racket and plenty other rackets, didn’t I? What’s gonna keep me from cutting myself a piece of this? We’ll find out who this graduate manager up at N. Y. U. is and work out on him. I don’t look for no trouble: we’ll treat him nice. Mebbe if we drop a card on his steps and jest take the porch off, it will be all we need.”

The Chief smiled horribly. I got out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead. I was beginning to sweat.

“Now, listen to me, Chief, and get this straight, for God’s sake. *You can’t fool with this football racket!* You can kick the head off the Constitution, bust all the laws in the book and run this town to suit yourself, but lay off fooling with college football. It’s got too many angles, more’n you ever heard of. You may think you’ve had headaches in your life, but you won’t know what headaches are if you try to muscle in on football. It’s the only serious thing in the United States any more—an absolute death or glory proposition. Why, listen, if you try to fool with the football team of any college, no matter which one, you’ll have the Army and the Navy and the Marines out hunting you down and they won’t quit until the croakers are cutting you up in the morgue and the mob is run down rat holes. If you ever trusted me, trust me now. I’ve been to college and I know what I’m talking about. Lay off, see, lay off. You’re bucking the one racket in the world that can’t be bucked.”

“But, why?”

“Don’t ask me why,” I said, realizing that it was hopeless to go into alumni associations. “It’s just one of those things, that’s all. Just do me and yourself and the mob a favor and lay off. You’re doing all right. You’ve got plenty of dough and less than your share of headaches. Just lay off.”

The Chief thought it all over a long time.

"Well, kid," he said, "it's a brand new gag to me, this here football, and, as you say, I'm doin' all right. But there must be *some* way to cut in. Mebbe you know what it's all about, but I ain't done with it yet."

VI

Well, the Chief didn't have time to think much more about football that Fall, for there was an election coming on and although the wise money was unanimous that it was in the bag, he was worried about it.

And he was right, for when the mugs that make up the body politic went to the polls on the first Tuesday after the first Monday that November, Tammany Hall took an awful tossing around. Every once in about a dozen years it does, you know. The Peepul rise in righteous wrath and sweep 'em out and the reformers get in. The reformers always chew each other to pieces, and at the end of four years there are hardly enough of them left to run again, so Tammany always marches in solidly and gloriously for another dozen years or more.

It's funny that Tammany ever does get licked, even that seldom, considering the wonderful organization it has, working twenty-four hours a day every day in the year. And the opposition has hardly any organization to speak of and kicks up a little dust only before elections. But Tammany does get licked and this was one of the times. Don't ask me how. It just happened, that's all—mayor, district attorney, alderman, all the judges that were running, the whole horse, foot and guns. It wasn't an election: it was more like a census, an anti-Tammany census.

And that anti-Tammany census started

what will always be known on Broadway as the Year of the Grand Headache. Old regulars today are just as boring about it ("Let's see, that was back in the Headaches, wasn't it?") as the previous generation was about the blizzard of '88, so I'll just tell how it affected the Chief.

In the first place, he had to make a complete new set of protection arrangements; for, after the first of the year, there was a new police commissioner who blew his whistle and shifted inspectors, captains and even the cops on the beats around until we all got dizzy; and the inspector he put in charge of our district was old Kitty Cochran, a Carrie Nation in a blue coat and brass buttons.

Kitty started off his administration with a regular Olympic games of raiding. And they weren't just ordinary raids. On these raids they always took axes and crowbars and backed hustle-buggies up to the entrance and moved out all the stock. Poor Mike almost went daffy shagging back and forth between cop houses and U. S. commissioners' offices and hardly took his hat and coat off for months. And, believe me, it cost plenty before it all got straightened out.

And then fights and wrestling went all to hell. It just seemed that the customers couldn't be bothered, and crowds became so pitifully small that the fighters and wrestlers used to talk to each other for company. It was so scary all alone there in the great big Garden that they would almost whistle to keep up their courage. I got orders to bear down on ballyhoo, but I might as well have been broadcasting household hints over the radio. Here was the Chief's stable of fighters, including the champion or the leading contenders in nearly every division, doing nothing but sitting around on chairs in his front office. And maybe you don't think the fodder for

those wrestlers runs into dough! It was terrible.

And then some kind of bug got into the beer. The Chief was always proud of the quality of his wet goods: he never went in for needled stuff (except, of course, in the early days after the war, when he was getting started) and his booze, although all synthetic, was perfectly healthful, no acetone or any of that kind of junk in it. Well, somehow or other, this bacillus found its way into the malt and made it taste as though it was full of old harness buckles and salamanders. That microscopic animalcule was responsible for more than a score of murders, for after old customers began to squawk and walk out, a number of speakeasies started to take beer from the Jersey mob and some discipline had to be enforced.

Then the new district attorney, a young Harvard millionaire from the silk stocking district on Park avenue and therefore hard to get at, started to cut up. He traced \$5,000,000 worth of hot bonds to Eddie (Fingers) Hogan, a cousin of the Chief's, and then Fingers lost a decision and had to take a five spot up the river, although the Chief did everything in the world to chill the rap for him. And what was even worse, the D. A. opened up that helicopter killing and started an investigation that had the Chief worried plenty.

And then, as if all these headaches weren't enough, Fanny McGloin, who is the Chief's legally wedded wife, walked into the Crêpe Suzette one night when he was there with Voine.

Everybody in the joint scrambled when Fanny began to tear Voine to baby ribbons, and, after that was over, she declared herself to the Chief.

The Chief begged for mercy and took her to the Argonne. It ended in a cash settlement and booking passage for her on

a big liner that was making a world tour. For weeks after, the Chief spelled out the ship news in the papers, in the vain hope that unseen icebergs might cross the liner's path in the dead of night.

Well, all that Spring and into the Summer it continued: raid after raid, flop after flop, headache after headache, until we were all ready for strait-jackets. And finally Popchick, the Esthonian Edelweiss, our heavyweight who was scheduled to fight Schmeling for the championship of the world on June 28 in the Yankee Stadium, was killed right in Times Square two days before the battle. A safe he was watching hoisted dropped on the big ape and squashed him flatter than yesterday's *Racing Form*. After that, the headache was to keep all razors and edged tools out of the Chief's reach.

But what a guy! He just locked himself in his suite with a couple of cases of rye (Voine was still in the sanitarium) and battled it out alone.

And when, on Fourth of July night, Miss Hoolihan called me and said that I was wanted very urgently at No. 1, I knew he was all right and had figured out some more angles, and that it would be no time at all before we were out of the red and into the blue. Don't ask me how. I just knew, that's all.

VII

Mike and the Councillor were there, too, and both of them were looking happy. Mike smiled and nodded his great red head and made a little flip of greeting with an enormous right paw, while the Councillor rubbed his hands together and said: "Hah, Mr. Schatz, a pleasure." They were sitting at the big teak table on which stood a bottle of rye, plenty of glasses and a large pitcher of ice water.

The Chief didn't say a word, but I could tell from his eyes and the way he panthered around that he was all smoked up. I got a glass from the sideboard, poured myself a shot, drew a chair up to the table and sat down.

"You tell him," said the Chief over his shoulder to the Councillor.

"I should tell him, when it's your inspiration," said the Councillor, beginning to wave his arms. "Why ——"

"Tell him, tell him!" said the Chief, pacing up and down.

"All right," the Councillor shrugged, "but you shouldn't be so modest." He turned to me. "Before you, Mister Schatz, you see the founders of a great educational institution, the layers of a cornerstone that shall prevail down the corridors of time, that shall ——"

"It's a gag to muscle into this here football racket," interrupted the Chief, sitting down on the arm of his big chair. "Since you and me had that talk last year I been figuring angles and now I think I got a way. And with all the headaches this year, we got to try *something*. You say it ain't possible to go up to Columbia or N. Y. U. or Fordham or Harvard or Yale and just muscle right in. I still don't see why, but if you say it means more headaches, why we got plenty right now. Well, see if here ain't a way to do ourself some good."

The Chief slipped into the seat of his chair, put his left elbow on the table and brought his hand gently over the scar. He didn't look straight at me, but out of the corner of his eye. His voice got soft and sleepy.

"What do you say we open a university of our own?" he said, shooting his eyes away and then back at me again. "The Councillor tells me that opening a university ain't much different to opening a speakeasy. All you do is send a couple

bucks to Albany and the guy sends your incorporation papers back just like it was a gin mill." (All of the Chief's joints were incorporated as clubs, and on all their walls were the framed papers signed and sealed by the Secretary of State.) "Well, we think up some name for our University and get the papers from Albany. Hahzat?"

The terrible eyes crept round to me again.

"That's swell," I said, "but where are you going to get the team?"

"Team!" he said. "Why, the team ain't no trouble at all. It's a wonderful chancet to get some use out of that mob of palooka fighters and wrasslers I got eating their heads off. And it don't make no difference how many of 'em gets killed, because there's more coming up from the amachers every day. Do you think maybe that would work out?"

"Hmmm . . . well, I guess they'd make wonderful material all right. You could use the wrestlers for your line and the fighters for your backfield, although they'd have to be taught to run forwards instead of backwards. You'll need a coach. But what about a stadium?"

"Well," said the Chief, "we thought the first season we'd play all our games away from home."

"Hmm, that's a good gag. Notre Dame, the place where the best football in the country is played, didn't play a home game for the first forty years. They used to call 'em the Ramblers before they got a stadium of their own—in the early days they travelled around the country with their toothbrushes and spare collars parked in their derby hats. But you'll have to have a place to practice in. It's going to be quite a chore to get these mugs into shape, or rather to teach 'em the game."

"What's all the gyms for?" said Mike just prior to tossing off a shot.

"No, you've got to have dirt. Football players wear cleats in their shoes and Stillman wouldn't like to have his floor scratched up."

"Well, what about one of the cavalry armories? We can have our pick of them."

I thought this over a moment.

"Well, an armory might do in a pinch, but those wrestlers tumbling around would tear such holes in the dirt the horses might fall in and bust their legs. What you've got to have is a field somewhere, and as I guess we don't want the New York sports writers to nose around too much at first, the field ought to be somewhere they can't get at."

Everybody pondered for a while.

"I got it," said Mike, "that place back of the warehouse in Canarsie. It's out of the way, and nobody to bother us. The ground is kinda swampy, so nobody could hurt theirself if they took a bad fall. Mebbe we could clear out the warehouse and make it a regular training camp."

In case you don't know, Canarsie is a section over on the Long Island water front that everybody has heard about but nobody has ever been able to find the way to. Consequently, it makes a wonderful place to land booze, and that's how the Chief happened to have the warehouse over there. It's a terribly lonely place: there is a lunch wagon, and the cop house is a rose-covered white frame cottage. I once fell asleep on a subway train and landed there at the end of the line; but I couldn't do it again in a million years.

The Councillor was smiling up at the ceiling. "You got a wonderful name for the university right there," he said. "Canarsie, Canarsie University. It sounds swell. Good old Canarsie."

Everybody said Canarsie over to himself a couple of times to see how it sounded, and it sounded fine.

"Now, what about games?" said the Chief finally.

"Well, that's going to be tough," I said. "In the first place, most schools have already made their schedules up long ago. And in the second place, nobody ever heard of us, so we can't have our pick of the schools we play. But I'll look around and see what open dates there are and get in touch with anybody I can, and I'll hunt us up a coach, and as soon as I get him lined up he can have a talk with you and let you know how much you'll need for equipment. We won't know what our travelling expenses will be until we get our schedule made up. But this is going to take a lot of my time. What'll I do about the fight and wrestling ballyhoo?"

"Oh, to hell with that," said the Chief. "Get some good guy you know is all right and turn it over to him. I'll pay him whatever you think he ought to have. You bear down on this here football. You'll have to front for us, knowin' the collegiate racket and all. I guess you better be that guy you told me about last Fall, you know, the main mug in the racket?"

"The graduate manager of athletics? All right, I'll have to do some travelling around making connections and I'll need some dough."

"How do you want this university incorporated?" the Councillor put in. "You'll be president, of course. What'll I and Mike be?"

The Chief turned to me.

"What monikers would youse give 'em?"

"Well, let's see. Mike can be dean of the College of Liberal Arts and the Councillor, mmm, the Councillor can be—uh—dean of women."

"Why can't I be dean of women?" said Mike.

"Shut up," said the Chief. "Okay, kid. Draw on me for whatever dough you'll

need. You take care of it so's it's all legitimate, Councillor. You better use the usual monikers, Smith, Jones and Brown, hey?"

"One thing more," I said. "What colors do you want? Every college has got to have its colors. What are old Canarsie's? Most places have two."

"Well, so long as one of 'em's green, I don't care about the other," said the Chief.

There was a long silence.

"I seen some mighty pretty stockings on a little lady at the Suzette the other night," said the Councillor. "They were kind of a, uh, egg-plant color and looked fine. I wonder what they call that shade?"

"Puce," I said. My girl was the fashion editor of the *Times*, and one Sunday I was reading her stuff and I came across "puce." It struck me as a funny word and when I asked her what it meant she said it meant egg-plant color.

"Puce! Geez. Puce, eh? Puce and green. Well, maybe you know what it's all about. Puce!"

The bottle was passed around.

"Gentlemen, I give you old Canarsie," proposed the Councillor. "May the puce and green never falter."

Everybody drank.

"I think this education is gonna be quite a gag," said the Chief. . . . "Puce . . . puce . . . geez . . . !" "

VIII

Well, I got Canarsie University a coach and I fixed her up with her first schedule.

The coach was Brick Gilligan, the old Michigan tackle, who turned out some fine teams on the Coast until he got in a little trouble. Poor Brick tried to saw a street car in half early one morning with his car. And when the cops came they found a co-ed with him and some bottles. The whole thing was hushed up, but Brick

had to resign "for business reasons." I heard from a sports writer that he was in town and when I tracked him down he was selling typewriter ribbons and accessories from office to office in the financial district. Of course, he was delighted to get the job at ten grand the first year.

I'll never forget that August when the candidates for the Varsity answered the call. Brick and I had spent the last two weeks in July superintending carpenters, painters and plumbers in the conversion of the ramshackle building in Canarsie from a booze drop to a field house with showers, lockers and rubbing tables. We set up a tackling dummy and charging machines and laid out a field that would do to practice on, although it was pretty swampy and full of gulleys, and we never did get the busted bottles and old barrel hoops and dornicks out of it.

It was the strangest array of gridiron material ever assembled: fighters running all the way from world's champions, in the best clothes that Bille Taub turns out, to palookas just graduated from the Golden Gloves with hardly any seats to their pants; heavyweights, light heavies, middleweights, welters, lightweights, feathers, bantams and even little Shrimp Stein, the king of the flies. There were cauliflower ears, squashed noses and swollen cheekbones. Save for the lumbering heavies, they all moved with superb grace.

And the wrestlers! All heavyweights, all around 300, great, fat, good-natured guys, most of them bohunks or grease-balls whose only English was an obliging: "Sure, boss!" There was Nick Tossilitis, world's champion of the week, wearing the gargantuan diamond which unscrewed from his championship belt and could be fitted easily into either ring or stick pin; Hazos, the Horrible Hun, a middle-aged Slav with old-fashioned side whiskers;

Baliban, the Neckless Wonder; and dozens of others, panting and sweating. Like faithful domestic animals, they wondered what it was all about, but were eager to perform any task ordered by their masters.

The Chief, Mike and the Councillor stood in the background to see that everything started O.K. Brick, dressed in baseball pants and cap and a sweat shirt, was in command.

Brick had coached teams on the Coast where they produce plenty of Paul Bunyans for football players, but, he told me afterward, he had never seen such material. However, he thought he'd better begin in the usual way by showing them what was what.

"Siddown, everybody, and get the wax outa your ears," he began with a nasty bark. "You've all answered the call to play football for Canarsie, and that's what you're gonna do—play football. Now, in the first place, while you're playin' football for me you're gonna play it the way I want it played, not the way you played it before you come here. And while you're learnin' to play it you're gonna learn it the way I give it to you. Where you come from you may a been the world's champion of this and that and I dunno what all. But now you're gonna start from the bottom. The first thing you gotta do is learn to *use your head*! It don't matter how big you are or how fast you are. If you don't *use your head*, you won't ever be a football player.

"And the first thing about usin' your head you gotta learn is *pay attention to what I say*. Now look at those two men over there. One's pickin' bananas and the other's pickin' his nose while I'm *talkin*. Hey, you!"

He was addressing two Hungarian wrestlers, who, not understanding a word of his discourse, had begun amiable conversation with each other in Magyar. As

he shouted at them they looked in his direction and smiled like children. Somebody among the boxers let fly a long juicy razzberry, which started the wrestlers laughing, and in a second there was a whole migration of birds in the air. It looked very bad for the general's introduction to his troops until the Chief cuffed a few of the ringleaders, and said a few words, and restored order.

"Get this, you mugs," he shouted, "this here genneman is representing me, see, and anything he tells ya to do, you do it, see, same as if it was me telling ya, see? Go ahead, Mac, and any of 'em gives you any trouble when I ain't here, jest lemme know."

There was a deep silence and a lowering of eyes all around.

"Well, report to Mr. Schatz in the store-room for your suits," Brick resumed, trying to keep his voice hard, but not quite succeeding, "and leave your names with him. When you get dressed, report to me at the field."

It was quite a chore issuing suits to the squad of sixty-one on account of all the different lengths and contours in it, and we ran short of out-size pants for the wrestlers and shoes for the heavyweight fighters. But when they all assembled on the field there were fifty-two players completely outfitted with headguards (\$15 each), jerseys (\$10 each), shoulder pads (\$14 each), hip and kidney pads (\$15 each), pants (\$17 each), shoes with screw-on cleats (\$16 a pair), and stockings (\$4.50 a pair). As it was August I had not issued any blankets (\$13.50 each) or side line shirts with hoods (\$12 each).

The first thing that Brick found out was that he had three former college players among the wrestlers on his squad: Switz, of Notre Dame, a fullback; Oolaafsen, of Dartmouth, a tackle; and Schwulkopf, of

Nebraska, a guard. After some calisthenics and duckwaddling up and down the field a couple of times by the whole squad, Brick divided his candidates into three groups and set them to falling on the ball.

The boxers took to it right away, being so used to fake fouls, but I wish you could have seen those wrestlers putting the divots in that swamp land! It looked like Flanders Field after they were finished. The people that lived out that way must have thought they were blasting for a new subway.

After that they all worked out on the dummy, and Brick had a terrible time explaining to some of the grease-ball wrestlers that they mustn't put the scissors on it. There were more reverberations when they worked out on the charging machines. I don't know if you ever saw a charging machine, but it's a kind of a frame on wheels with a platform in back of it. A bunch of guys stand on the platform and the linemen put their hands on the top bar of the frame and push the whole contraption at a signal from the coach. When they get to the end of their push, they all fall flat at full length—*bam*. Then up, charge and *bam*, all the way up and down the field and over and over again. When you get about half a dozen wrestlers at 300 pounds each all hitting the dirt at once it makes quite a shake.

Well, there was plenty of trouble with that squad. The fighters couldn't be taught at first not to sock instead of using the open hand, and the wrestlers would grab and hold. Brick divided them into Varsity, Second and Third Teams and had them scrimmaging every afternoon with the three collegiate wrestlers helping him as assistants. At first, the boxers wouldn't play on the same teams as the wrestlers, having such a mean opinion of them; and they wanted us to put up another field house for the wrestlers on a kind of Jim Crow

system, so that they wouldn't even have to look at them. You know, most fighters are very swell-headed and consider themselves above wrestlers. The wrestlers, however, have no false pride and are willing to take whatever comes their way with no complaints. That is why they all look well-fed, while fighters nearly starve to death most of the time.

Although of course he never let them know it, Brick was enthusiastic about the possibilities of the squad.

"I think we can get a great club out of this bunch, Mr. Schatz," he used to say to me after practice. "We'll get a club this year that'll do all right, but just wait till I've had 'em a couple of seasons. There's awful power there, Mr. Schatz, awful power. God, if they could just learn not to use their hands on the offensive! But we'll see, we'll see."

I had terrible trouble and a couple of breaks, but here is the schedule I drew up for old Canarsie for its first year on the gridiron. The Navy game came through one of those severing of relations it has with the Army every once in a while.

Sept. 27.—Alfred University at Alfred, N. Y.

Oct. 4.—Temple University at Philadelphia.

Oct. 11.—Duke University at Durham, N. C.

Oct. 18.—University of Buffalo at Buffalo.

Oct. 25.—University of Detroit at Detroit.

Nov. 1.—Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland.

Nov. 8.—U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Nov. 15.—St. Mary's College at Oakland, Cal.

"There ain't no harm in trying," said the Chief when I showed him the schedule, "we're all aiming to make a buck, but if we don't do nothing but get off the nut this first year, it's eggs in the coffee."

IX

<i>Canarsie</i>		<i>Alfred</i>
Oolaafsen	L.E.	Angley
Radeswicz	L.T.	Matoon
Hazos	L.G.	Porter
Tossilitis	C.	Schmidt
Baliban	R.G.	Haggerty
Schwulkopf	R.T.	Sessions (c)
Woola	R.E.	Priestley
McGloin	Q.B.	Santorello
Cello	L.H.	Fellowes
Flanahan	R.H.	Stein
Switz (c)	F.B.	Hardell

That was the starting lineup of our first game. We had some debate about whether we should give out fake names for the team, making them all 100% Anglo-Saxon or Celtic, but I pointed out that football players all over the United States have the goofiest names ever heard of anyway, and nobody would think Switz, Radeswicz and Woola anything out of the ordinary. So I sent out the lineup to all the New York papers, and each of them gave us an inch or two, while three up-State sheets ran as a box a phoney interview in which Coach Gilligan said he expected a terrible battle with Alfred. I remember I was kind of ashamed when I sent them out: we averaged 285.8 pounds from tackle to tackle.

Switz was our threat man: he could run and pass, and as he had learned football under Rockne you can imagine what his blocking and tackling were like; but he couldn't punt, not more than twenty yards. Nobody on the whole squad could, as a matter of fact. Schwulkopf was a pretty good place kicker and was all right for kick-offs. Oolaafsen, the old Dartmouth tackle, a product of the great Doc Spears, we had to make into an end to catch forward passes and turn in the opposing backfields. Woola, the other end, was a professional basketball player Brick dug up in

a moment of desperation when he found so few of his players could catch a ball. Woola could catch anything thrown anywhere in the park, but he was afraid to tackle; so they made big Schwulkopf play defensive end and go down under punts; while Woola, as a defensive half, was great at intercepting passes. The guards, Hazos and Baliban, the center, Chomp Tossilitis, and big Radeswicz, the other tackle, were all wrestlers.

Cello and Flanahan, the halfbacks, were two middleweights, famous for their speed and footwork. McGloin, the quarterback, was a nephew of the Chief's, a little rat-faced guy that used to stand on corners. Brick figured him as the best possibility for a field general.

Signals, early in the team's training, had to be given up as totally unintelligible to the vast majority of the members of the squad. The huddle system of communication was substituted. It used to look very funny from the sidelines with all those wrestlers' cabooses sticking out.

I will say this for Brick Gilligan: he was a smart coach. He realized that with the material he had he couldn't turn out for the first game any N. Y. U. Violets, all doing the Meehan military shift like so many Prussian Guards. What he aimed for was something simple and elemental. Knute Rockne used to say that if every man did his duty perfectly on every play, a touchdown would result. Well, for that first game with Alfred, Brick pointed for an uncomplicated application of that principle. He figured that if those wrestlers could just be made to squat down and push, and then, after they'd waddled forward a few steps, to lean against Alfred's secondary defense and lie on them for a few seconds, somebody in the backfield could carry the ball for a gain. Which wasn't such a bad idea.

Switz won the toss and Schwulkopf kicked off to Santorello, who was downed in his tracks on the thirty-yard line by Flanagan. On the first play Hardell bucked center and gained thirty yards through no fault of his own, for Tossilitis seized him by the waist as soon as he had reached the line, twirled him thrice about his head just as he used to do before he pinned an opponent to the mat, and then slammed him to the ground, knocking him cold. Hardell was removed in a stretcher, Tossilitis, weeping, was banished from the game, and old Canarsie was penalized half the distance to the goal for unnecessary roughness. Tossilitis's place was taken by Nixi, the Finnish champion, a formidable matman, but less showy.

As far as I am concerned there ought to be a law against football games in which one team outweighs the other more than ten pounds to a man, so I hasten to say that we took eighty-four points off Alfred, making three touchdowns each quarter. The Alfred boys were plenty game, but they didn't have a chance, because in every American sport but murder a good big man is always better than a good little man.

What Gilligan knew after the game was that he had the possibilities of an impregnable defense against everything but a forward passing attack. There were possibilities there, too, of a marvelous offense; for if most of your opponents are lying on their backs and looking up at the sky, why you don't need to worry much about losing ground.

The Chief sat on the bench with the squad and was greatly interested in the Alfred cheering section. Outside of the roars of our own squad, we had had no one to cheer us on.

After the game I took him for a walk around the Alfred campus. He was impressed by the buildings.

"Geez, ain't they got a plant here!" he said. "This here is quite a jernt . . . Say, about them scholars there today with their barks and all . . . we got to have something like that if we're gonna be in this racket. I'll try to figure out some gag this week when I get back to town."

"Oh, don't bother about that, Chief," I told him. "If you get a good team and some decent publicity, you'll have plenty of following. Look at Notre Dame. In the old days they were always playing away from home and couldn't bring their own mob with them; yet whenever they played in New York they always had plenty out there pulling for them to win."

"Well, mebbe so, but we got to have our own mob next week down in Philly. That's Boo Boo Hoff's town, and I wouldn't want him to get the idea we was a bunch of pikers or no class D mob. You leave it to me. I'll figure out some gag. What else do we need beside a mob of scholars to get out there and bark?"

"Well, the big schools usually have a band, too."

"Oh, they have a band, do they? Well, I guess we can pull a connection on a band, all right. A band, eh?"

X

So I was not surprised the next Saturday when a band appeared on the field clad in puce uniforms and green shakoes. It marched out playing "The Maine Stein Song", and playing it surprisingly well for a college band. There was something vaguely familiar about the sways and wiggles of the drum-major twirling his baton, but his enormous bearskin busby was so far down over his face that I couldn't make him out. Curious, I went from the press box down to where the Chief was sitting with Mike and the Councillor.

"Swell, but who's the drum-major?" I asked. "I've seen him somewhere from the cut of his jib."

"Sure, you have," said the Chief. "It's Ernie Norvelle from the Suzette, and them's the bands from all the clubs and hotels massed into one. We tried to get Paul Whiteman, but he's playing a date in Chicago. Ernie's been working out on the boys all week."

The Councillor beamed and rubbed his hands together.

"Fine like silk," he purred.

"Get a load of our scholars," said Mike, motioning over his left shoulder.

I looked into the stands behind me. There, row upon row, were fat, bland, blue-chinned faces—each with a set of large, slightly protruding horse-chestnut brown eyeballs. On each head was a soft hat with the brim turned up in front, and overhead floated Canarsie's puce and green pennants on canes. Our student body, all smoking cigars, was mostly inclined to portliness and seemed between thirty-eight and fifty years of age. Presumably many of them were old alumni. Scattered among them were many metallically-pretty girls, also waving Canarsie pennants on canes. Our student body looked strangely familiar. I turned inquiringly to Mike.

"The boys wanted to come down and lay a little bet with the Philly mob," he explained, "so I made 'em all go around to Sizzbaum's and get fixed up."

Sizzbaum was the costumer who outfitted all the floor shows of our night clubs.

"I hope everything's O.K.?" Mike continued anxiously.

"And co-heds we got!" purred the Councillor.

"Yeah," said Mike. "I thought it wouldn't do no harm to give the gals the trip down for the day, so I sent them along to Sizzbaum's to get fixed up, too."

Evidently our entire entertainment staff had been enlisted to help out with our appearance in the City of Brotherly Love; for a few minutes later six masters of ceremonies appeared in sweaters and with megaphones and began calling for "a locomotive for Temple and get hot, folks!"

The gamblers removed their cigars and the girls took reefs in their gum, and the cheer was given, given with quite a respectable volume, considering our numbers and lack of practice. Mike nudged me: "Get a load of the little specialty we got between rounds," he said with a wink as the Temple stands roared back a cheer for Canarsie. The band struck up "The Maine Stein Song" again.

Temple had a good club that year, built around McNaboe, their cave-man end. McNaboe weighed 196, was five feet seven inches tall and uglier than a wrestler. He could punt seventy-five or eighty yards, drop or place kick forty-five from any angle, forward pass sixty, and when he tackled, it hurt. They used him as full-back on the offensive, and there wasn't anything he couldn't do in the way of running with the ball.

All right. We kicked off. Their left half-back ran the ball back twenty yards, for we hadn't yet learned to get down under kick-offs as fast as we should. Oolaafsen smeared an end run. On the next play, McNaboe tried an off tackle buck. They picked him up with both hips dislocated. Don't ask me how. It just happened, that's all. And we won another ball game: 29 to 0. They couldn't stand that terrible pounding our line gave them.

The big feature of the Temple game was what Mike called the between rounds specialty, which occurred between halves. Ernie Norvelle blew his whistle, spun his baton and the band, playing "The Maine Stein Song" paraded out on to the field

and spelled out: "TAKE TEMPLE." After this pretty effect, Ernie again blew his whistle and the band started back toward our stands. Mike, very much excited, nudged me and said: "Let's scam around to the other side so we can catch this right," and led the way, with the Chief and the Councillor and the gorillas following, to a position in front of the Temple bench. I noticed a great shifting and moving among our loyal student body. The band kept pumping out "The Maine Stein Song" softly. Ernie blew his whistle and held his baton, with both hands high above his head, parallel to the ground. The music ceased in the middle of "To the gods, to the fates, to the —"

A double row of co-eds, all in white dresses, stood up and formed a very fancy giant C. Ernie blew his whistle. They sat down. He blew his whistle. All the co-eds crossed right knees over left and the C turned to puce. Ernie blew his whistle. The C turned to green as the co-eds crossed left knees over right. It seemed that each was wearing a puce right stocking and a green left.

Ernie again blew his whistle and the afternoon sun emblazoned a giant C that kaleidoscopically shifted from puce to green to puce to green and back again scores of times, so fast that it dazzled the eyes. The effect was tremendous, and the Temple supporters seemed almost reconciled for the loss of their great McNaboe, so loudly did they cheer.

"A nifty little novelty," was the Chief's comment.

The Duke game, which we won 64 to 0, in spite of the heat, was notable only in that the entire Duke backfield was removed from the game with dislocated hips, and our new anthem, "Dear Old Canarsie o' Mine" was introduced. It was a little thing that Ernie Norvelle had worked out

during the week. The tune was a waltz, and, by turns, strongly reminiscent of "When It's Moonlight in Kaluha" and "The Merry Widow." The words were:

Alma, Alma, Alma Mater,
Every son of yours and daughter
Far above Canarsie's water
Looks to thee,
Sweet Varsity.
As underneath these stars
We pledge this loyalty of ours
To
Oh, oh say Can-ar-sie,
Old Canarsie o' mine!

After the student body had finished singing it (and it was a little strange to observe the large number of bald pates among our undergraduates as they stood with their hats off in the Southern sun), Ernie led a double quartette of crooners from the band over in front of the Duke stands where they cooed it through little megaphones, and on the second chorus the tenors rendered it in double time with plenty of "dooden-deepum-boden-eaten" and spasmodic waggings of the hips. It made a great hit with the Southern crowd, as, of course, did our co-eds with their pretty letter effects.

Buffalo is a great sporting town and the Chief had his betting commissioners foraging through the pool parlors as early as Monday, taking all the local dough in sight, and there was plenty. Football was a kind of new gag to the Buffalo boys, at least our team was, and by playing on local pride the commissioners were able to line up plenty of even money. Our club took 112 points off Buffalo without even getting up a sweat, and the local smartenheimers swore off football for life. I told Ernie early in the week that every college had not only an alma mater but a special football song as well, so this is the little number he dashed off:

FIGHT-CHA

As the Puce and Green sweeps down
the field
To that five yard line;
Can we make our groaning rivals yield
To a touchdown sure this time?
You will hear Canarsie's rooters yell
For their team to do or die:
"Fight-cha, fight-cha,
They won't hoit nor bite-cha"
[Spoken] "Get in there, you mugs!"
Rah, rah, rahl

XI

The University of Detroit was the first tough game on our schedule, and one we had to win. The Chief doubled his flying squadron of commissioners and sent them ahead with a roll of about 250 grand, so it looked as though there would be a lot of dead wrestlers if we came out on the short end. Gus Dorais, the old Notre Dame quarterback who used to throw passes to Rockne, had a big, fast team, brilliantly coached in the Notre Dame system, seasoned and well-balanced. Brick was worried.

"We'll win if we can get some breaks," was the best he would predict as he saw me off on the Wolverine early in the week.

It was our first attempt at big time football, so I bore down on the advance publicity; and as the town is very proud of the university's team, the Detroit papers gave me a nice play. Every college football aggregation that amounts to anything must have a zoological or meteorological name, such as Bulldogs, Tigers, Panthers, or the Golden Tornado, the Crimson Tide, the Maroon Monsoon. I christened our boys the Thundering Pachyderms, making rather a neat combination of both schools, I prided myself.

Brick had scouted the Detroit club thoroughly. Their first string backfield, Dugan, Wachtmeister, Nalti and Joyce, was an-

other set of Four Horsemen: they could do anything and were lightning fast. What's more, Dorais had two other backfields almost as good as his first stringers that he could run in there. For fear that he would recognize Switz as a former Notre Dame player, we changed his name to Murphy and made him wear a nose-guard so big that his own mother would have been doubtful about him.

After Brick had given the squad a long dressing-room harangue on watching out for the Detroit hidden ball plays, and how to meet their shifts and overhead attack, the Chief, who had been sitting there listening, got up and glared around at the assemblage.

"Which is the five mugs?" he asked Brick.

"Schwulkopf, Hazos, Tossilitis, Radeswicz, Baliban, stand up," barked Brick at the line from tackle to tackle. The five monsters rose abashed.

"Listen, youse," said the Chief, putting the bad eye on them, "I want ten tackles this half from each of youse, and if I don't get 'em . . . well, it'll be just too bad, unnastand, just too bad."

Brick said, "Let's go," and the Thundering Pachyderms rushed out of the locker-room, eager to die for the old Puce and Green.

Detroit won the toss and kicked. In about nine seconds they wished they hadn't, because little McGloin caught the ball on our twenty-yard line and made a touchdown. It was the damndest thing I ever saw, although later on it became famous all over the country as the Canarsie Funnel. It seems that Brick had been working the boys at it all week.

The flying wedge was abolished in 1905, after a disastrous season in which eighteen players were killed; but what Brick uncorked that day on the first play against

Detroit was nothing more or less than the old flying wedge, only executed with perfect legality. The idea was simply that as soon as the other side put a boot to the ball, big Tossilitis, our center and world's champion of the week, ran back to a few yards in front of where the ball was to come down and the whole team formed in a wedge behind him. Flanking him to the rear were the guards, Baliban the Neckless, and Hazos the Horrible, with his whiskers tucked into his headguard; back of them the tackles, Radeswicz and Schwulkopf; back of them the ends, Woola and Oolaafsen; and back of them, the backs, the whole forming an enormous V, several tons in weight, that moved like a giant tank. Into the mouth of the funnel dashed little McGloin with the ball. None of the ten men touched one another, but so Gibraltar-like was their ability to keep their feet that the Detroit tacklers bounced off like food shot from guns. Oolaafsen kicked goal.

Then we kicked off to them and they ran the ball back to their forty-yard line. Right away they started to hammer the tackles with that marvelous hidden-ball play of theirs, and the first thing we knew it was their first down in mid-field. What a beautiful backfield Detroit had, and how perfectly their line functioned! Signal, shift, snap-back, gain; signal, shift, snap-back, gain; signal, shift, snapback, gain. Short punches, but the ball kept moving up the field. The shifts were running our wrestlers dizzy.

Brick began biting his nails when the referee signalled to the head linesman and they measured on our five-yard line. The referee blew his whistle, waved toward our goal. First down, goal to gain. Just then the quarter ended, and they started to move the ball to the other end.

As the two teams followed the officials

down the field, it was easy to note the difference in morale; the Detroit players bridled and capered, eager for a score; our boys dragged slowly along with bowed heads, unresponsive to the back-slappings and pants-kickings of little McGloin.

Detroit would have had a dozen touch-downs, had it not been for the omnipresent Switz-Murphy. He plugged up holes in the line. He knifed through perfect interference and ended end runs. He dragged down off-tackle bucks, and, on our ten-yard line, he intercepted a short lob, aimed at their left end, when the Detrouiter all but had his nails dug into the ball.

By this time, our line was on the ropes, and the Detroit forwards rushed through and hurried poor little McGloin so that his punt went only twenty-five yards.

I looked at Brick inquiringly, wondering why he didn't rush in some subs; but he was still at work on his nails and had got them practically down to the moons. Then the referee blew his whistle. Time out: one of our wrestlers was lying on his back.

Doc Dreeny, the Chief's chiropractor and physician to the team, doubled out on the field with his little black bag, the water boy after him. It seemed that Tossilitis was hurt. Our other linemen lay on their backs exhausted. I could see Doc bending over the huge Greek. The water boy was swiftly carrying his bucket from player to player, plying his sponge.

Something queer was happening out there. Our exhausted linemen seemed suddenly electrified with energy. They had leaped up from the ground and were pounding one another on the backs and kicking one another's vast pants; they hopped up and down and several of them began shadow-boxing. When the referee blew his whistle for time in, they lined up in a flash. A miracle had happened. Doc and the water boy doubled off the field.

I looked more closely at the water boy and a great light dawned: beneath the cap pulled far down over the ears I saw the long, wicked knife-lash that somebody had given the Chief in his early days. Doubtless, he had been telling the boys it would be just too bad.

And on the next play Dugan was carried off the field with his left leg broken, after a ferocious tackle by Tossilitis.

From then on, bones began snapping like popcorn. Joyce was taken out a few minutes later with a broken wrist, and it was *our ball*. This time McGloin didn't have to hurry to get his punt off, and the kick sailed thirty-eight yards. The ends got down under it, neck and neck, and when the Detroit safety man came to, a couple of his ribs wouldn't work.

We were out of danger, and when the whistle blew for the end of the half, Baliban, Hazos, and Tossilitis were about to put headlocks on one another in a dispute over who should get credit for the tackle which had just dislocated both of the Detroit quarterback's hips.

We made four more touchdowns the next half, two in each quarter; for the Chief crouched on the sidelines in his water boy make-up the whole time, and whenever a puce and green warrior looked his way, there he was shaking his sponge at him as though it were a pineapple. The leg drive produced by this simple gesture was enormous. Score 33-0.

XII

No sooner were we back home than Brick started to point for the Navy game by spreading anti-Navy propaganda. By the middle of the week, so many sailors, innocently walking along the streets and minding their own business, had been suddenly slugged, that Brick had to declare a three-

mile limit around the Navy Yard and put Riverside drive out of bounds to the entire squad.

Tossilitis was particularly bitter, as he claimed his sister had been betrayed in Athens by a sailor during the war. That this sister's betrayer was probably some able-bodied seaman from the Dutch her-ring fleet, and that the approaching game was to be against American naval cadets made no difference to the world's champion of the week; sailors were sailors, whatever their nationality or rank. His sister had been betrayed and, with his left hand on his heart and his right whipping many times back and forth across his throat in simulation of a shivaree, he swore a great oath that she would be avenged.

That Saturday we went to Cleveland and played the Case School of Applied Science. Case didn't have a particularly strong team, and the Navy had beaten them 47 to 13 in the second game of the season. Well, after a few minutes of play, we marched down the field to their one yard line and McGloin sent Switz into the heap for the scoring play. The game was such a foregone conclusion that I began to wish I had brought a good book along. There was a pile up and then the referee's whistle. Switz had fumbled and Case had recovered on their one-yard line. Hawkes, their halfback, tried to punt from back of their goal line, but he was flattened in his tracks by practically everything on the field in a puce and green jersey. We were off to a two-point lead.

And that, to the amazement of the football world, was the score at the end of the game. The Case team fought like tigers, and got to within our ten-yard line four times, once in the second quarter, twice in the third and once in the last. We, on the other hand, seemed to have lost our leg drive after that safety at the start of the

game: there were so many fumbles and incomplete forward passes that I got sick counting. McGloin, a remarkably smart field general for (so to speak) a freshman quarterback, seemed to have gone completely daffy. When it was third down on our own ten-yard line he himself tried to buck center. Another time we lost the ball to Case on our twenty-five yard line after two straight tries at forward passes that went nowhere.

Gilligan sat on the bench chewing his nails, as usual, and making horrible faces; while the Chief, in his water boy make-up, squatted on the sidelines shaking his sponge. The entire squad was sent in the game, but we couldn't score. After the game, the Case team was carried off the field on the shoulders of their rooters, a snake dance was held and their own goal posts were pulled up in celebration of a more than moral victory.

As the game ended I turned to Mike and groaned: "Oh, those poor mugs!"

"What poor mugs?"

"Why, the team. Lake Erie's gonna be strewn with the corpses of murdered wrestlers. Can't you do something with the Chief?"

"Why, what's wrong with the Chief? It all come out like he wanted, didn't it? Two to nothin's the lowest score we could win by. Ain't that O.K.?"

"The lowest score? I don't get you."

Mike looked at me curiously.

"You don't figure angles, do you? Well, the Chief does. We play Navy next Saturday, don't we? Well, the Navy win from these here Cases 47 to 13 early in the season. Here we are, s'posed to be at the top of our form, and we look lucky to take two points off of 'em. What do you s'pose all these here football experts in the papers is gonna say about our chancet of hanging it on the Navy next Saturday?"

It began to glimmer into the old skull. "They'll say we haven't got a chance, and the Navy will look on us as something soft."

"Sure they will, and it'll blow the odds higher'n a kite. The Chief's got guys in Washington and in the Navy yards and as far as the Pacific fleet, and on Monday as soon as all the sports sections get read, they'll start layin' out our dough. After we finish playin' the Navy next Saturday, the Chief'll have a first mortgage on all the battleships Uncle Sam owns. The Councilor has picked out the submarine fleet to throw parties in, and I got my eye on that *Akron* airship."

"And so the Chief issued orders for the team not to bear down on Case?"

"Sure. That's why he was on the sidelines there, threatening to take anybody for a ride that made a touchdown. And the word was passed around to let the Cases have the ball all the time, so's it wouldn't look like we was stalling."

"God," I said, "what a man!"

"Yeah," said Mike, "he sure is. Always in there, figuring angles."

And sure enough, the sports writers doped the game just as Mike predicted. As we had played all of our games on the road with comparatively unimportant teams, none of the New York experts had seen the team play; and as Admiral Byrd himself would have a tough time finding Canarsie, none of the experts had seen us practice. So they all picked Navy.

As I said before, the only reason the Navy had given us a game was because they had had one of their periodic rows with the Army. When they cancelled their annual classic with the Kaydets, they shifted Pennsylvania up to the last game of the season and substituted us in the Saturday originally scheduled for Penn. When I thought what swell people the

Navy had been to deal with, and then listened to our baboons planning to give them the works, I kind of felt ashamed of myself.

Because the Navy was the classiest team on our schedule, the Chief was anxious to make as good a showing in the stands as on the field, so a chorus call was put in all the want ad sections of the papers, and Ernie Norvelle worked for two weeks with 300 chorines in puce and green stockings, teaching them to make the giant C.

Then one night the Chief happened to drop into the Newsreel Theatre, and there was a shot of the middies' cheering section at one of their games. Each midshipman had a piece of colored cardboard and went through a regular drill with it, so that the whole cheering section made those monster pictures. When the Chief saw that, he decided right away we had to have something like it ourselves.

On the morning of the day of the game four special trains were run out of the Penn Station to Baltimore: the Nick, the Greek and the Gigantic Ginsberg Specials hauled all the gamblers; the Texas Guinan Special hauled all the co-eds; while the Puce and Green Special carried the squad and the board of strategy.

I figured we'd win all right, although the Navy had a swell team, big and fast, that had already beaten Princeton, Georgetown and Ohio State, all ace clubs that year; but I was sure they'd be overconfident after that Case game. And in football, when two teams are pretty evenly matched, the one that's out for blood can always hang it on an opponent looking for something soft. And were we out for blood!

However, Brick surprised me with his dressing-room talk. Instead of the usual fifteen minutes of liquid fire, he pulled the old hearts-and-flowers; and in place of that

man eating shark sneer it generally wore, his face looked like a politician's at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. His voice got all choked up.

"Fellows," he began, and the baboons all looked at each other in amazement, "fellows, we're here on the threshold of our big chance. This is the day we do or die. Today we're fighting for the future of old Canarsie—your future, my future, the future of all of us.

"Now, the first thing I want to insist on is clean play. The Seckatary of the Navy and plenty more Washanun big shots is gonna be out there in the stands looking us over, and I don't want to see any dirty play. And that goes aspersely for you linemen: no toeholds, no head locks, no dislocated hips. Do you get that, Tossilitis? No, never mind about your sister." (For the Greek had risen from his seat and begun to roll his eyes and saw his throat with his imaginary shiv.) "We want to play the Navy again next year, and if we don't show 'em plenty sportsmanship they'll cut us off their schedule. That don't mean, though, that you're not to hit *hard* when you do hit. I wanna see those *guards*, you, Hazos, and you, Baliban, swing out into that interference on those end runs and *take those tackles*. But when a Navy man is knocked cold, the man that did it, get over there and help him up. Pat him on the back and shake hands when he comes to. Remember, this is just a friendly game between two schools. . . . But lemme see lotsa *leg drive*.

"Well, fellows, our future is at stake. All Broadway, your Broadway and mine, is out there in the stands, watching you, praying for you. Your old Prexy here" (the Chief, leaning against a blackboard, glared around him) "is looking to you to win and will be *mighty dis-app-o-int-ed if you don't*. Mr. Dumphy, Councillor Sultsfeldt

and Mr. Schatz here and I have given all our time and money, wearing ourselves to the bone, teaching you every l'il detail, to get you ready for this game. And we'll all be watching you and praying for you.

"But, fellows, never mind about old Canarsie, never mind Broadway, never mind the Prexy, never mind Mr. Dumphy or the Councillor or Mr. Schatz or I. Just listen to this."

He pulled a yellow envelope from his pocket.

"Fellows, I don't mind what Broadway would say, or the great disappointment it would mean to you and me and all of us. But just listen to this telegram I got here. It just now come and it's from my little six-year-ole girl and it says: 'Daddy, bring me back the Navy. Elsie.' 'Daddy . . . bring . . . me . . . back . . . the . . . Navy . . . ' There you see, fellows, the real reason why I don't want you to lose this game. I don't wanna break the heart of a li'l six-year-ole kiddie. Course, we can't bring her back the Navy like she says, but we can bring her back the football we'll take from the Navy, *if we win*. Can you break the heart of a li'l six-year-ole kiddie, fellows? It's for her. I'm asking you. Are you gonna disappoint a li'l six-year-ole kiddie? Are you?"

There was a mighty roar of "*No!*" as the squad rose with wet eyes and rushed out of the room. I was the last to leave. I noticed that Brick had left Elsie's telegram lying on the table. I glanced at it.

"Nosegay in the fourth Belmont," was all it said.

XIII

Our band made a great hit before the game with its rendition of "The Maine Stein Song" and "Anchors Aweigh" and the spelling out of "Hahzit, Navy?" complete, with comma and question mark.

It was terrible the way we took the Navy—58 to 0. That score, I guess, is the worst they've ever been licked by since they've had a football team. McGloin caught the kickoff and was funnelled over for an immediate touchdown. Not a Navy tackler laid a finger on him; and from then on it was a rout. Our plays—we had only about ten that first season—clicked perfectly almost every time; and our wrestlers tore huge holes in the Navy line and cleaned out their secondary with such regularity that a paralytic could have rolled his wheel chair through for touchdowns behind them. The Navy team seemed in a terrible daze, and the score at the end of the first half was 30 to 0.

When the whistle blew and the two teams went to their dressing-rooms, the midshipmen in the stands got out their colored cardboard rectangles and started to make pictures. First they made the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the breeze. We gave them a great hand on that, and our band favored with a quick refrain of "The Maine Stein Song." Then they made a gigantic anchor. More applause and "Anchors Aweigh" from our band. Then the left half of their cheering section made an enormous puce elephant which got up on its hind legs and waved its green trunk. Our stands went crazy. Then the right half of their cheering section made a field gun out of which spurted a cloud of smoke.

As the score was then 30 to 0 in our favor, the stunt that Nick Norvelle had worked out for our cardboard wielders seemed all the more appropriate. He blew his whistle. There was a frantic shifting and stirring. And then our rooters spelled out in colossal puce and green letters very rapidly: "NUTS, NAVY! NUTS, NAVY! NUTS, NAVY!"

An ominous growl came rumbling out of the Navy stands, but the spirit of good

feeling was restored a few seconds later when our co-eds made the old puce and green C.

As usual, I was sitting next to Mike on the bench.

"I thought we'd win all right," I told him some time in the third quarter as our apes were rushing up and down the field almost unimpeded, "but I didn't figure on anything like this. I've been watching Army and Navy teams play football for years, but I never saw one that looked like that one out there. The service teams are famous for their wonderful shape, and when they hit they hit like a million dornicks. They've always got all the leg drive in the world. But those boys out there are stale, they're sluggish, and they haven't got any more leg drive than a plate of oysters. I can't figure it out."

Mike took a comb from his pocket and ran it through his curls.

"When Irish eyees are smileeeing," he sang under his breath.

"No, sir," I said, "it's a mystery to me. I don't see how that club out there ever hung it on Princeton and Georgetown."

Mike put his comb back in his pocket and winked at me.

Later, I found out that two weeks before the game a little spade waiter at the Club Whambam turned up at the Naval Academy and got a job as scullion or something in the kitchen that prepared the steaks for the football squad. Whether he did anything to that food, I don't know. All I do know is that the Navy was incredibly sluggish that afternoon against us. I got the story from the Councillor at the Club Whambam one night when he was pretty cockeyed. I know, also, that the little spade had been made headwaiter. And it was a Broadway proverb the way the Chief always took every precaution to insure his wagers.

We made four more touchdowns the next half. The way our mugs picked up the Navy boys and dusted them off after they had been knocked cold made a fine impression in the stands, and nearly all the sports writers commented on it the next day. We got a fine play, by the way, in all the New York papers; and in his Monday column in the *Sun* Grantland Rice said our line would recall to old followers of the sport the 1901-1905 point-a-minute juggernaut teams that Michigan put on the field.

After the game there was a big tea dance at the Belvedere Hotel in Baltimore, and eighteen of our co-eds became engaged to midshipmen. What the Councilor did when he got full of that Maryland rye was plenty, too.

Brick pulled a fast one in the St. Mary's game. St. Mary's had a corking team which had come to New York earlier in the season and licked a fine Fordham eleven 28 to 12; but Brick figured he could beat them if all the odds were even. When an Eastern team goes out to the Coast for a game it has not only got a rival to lick but the change of climate as well.

So when the squad got back to town that night from Baltimore they were rushed right off the train to the hot room of the Turkish bath at the Argonne. The bath was cleared of customers, and the squad was put right to bed. The next day they were made to run through signals there, the day after that, all bundled up in sweaters and blankets, they were taxied in limousines to the Grand Central Terminal, where three specially heated Pullmans on the Twentieth Century were ready for the word. Every member of the squad had an electric hot water bottle and extra blankets in his berth. Did those mugs sweat!

But when the train reached San Fran-

cisco, and they got out in the air, they were shivering. And sore! They took it out on St. Mary's. Bones snapped like garters on a Coney Island Saturday night, and there seemed a never-ending procession of stretcher-bearers interrupting the game. We won 46 to 0. It was the worst any Coast outfit had ever been beaten by an Eastern team since the war. All the New York papers sent staff men to cover the game, and there were play by play accounts in the late editions the same afternoon.

As a special treat for our undefeated, unscored-upon gladiators, the Chief threw a banquet at the St. Francis Hotel that night at which everybody down to the lowest sub made a speech. Brick talked of next year and Spring training; Mike sang "Mother Machree"; while the Councillor brought tears to all eyes by his disquisition on "Football As a Character Builder." After the banquet he spent the rest of the night hunting for the Barbary Coast.

Altogether, it was a wonderful season for a first year. We had beaten the pants off three major teams and scored 426 points. Nobody had been able to cross our goal-line or even score a safety against us. To be sure, 426 points weren't as many as those Michigan juggernaut teams used to run up. For five consecutive years they averaged 526 points a season. But they used to play ten and eleven game schedules, while we had played only eight.

Of course, blocking is the quintessence of winning football. And our wrestlers, with their tremendous strength and specialized knowledge of how to throw an opponent off his balance or on his back or even dislocate and break his bones, made probably the best linesmen that ever played football. And the boxers, with their speed and wonderful sense of coördination, became excellent ball carriers. Of course, their defensive play, especially

against a forward passing attack, was crude that first season. But whenever an opponent successfully executed a forward pass, the successful executants—the back who passed and the end who caught the ball—would be out of the game after the next play with dislocated hips, and there would be no more of *that* nonsense for a while.

But the actual end of the season was not yet. One night two weeks after the St. Mary's game I was at the Chief's suite when Mike and the Councillor came in. The Councillor was carrying a brief case.

"O. K.," said the Chief, glancing at the brief case.

He led the way into an adjoining room. The Councillor opened the brief case. And there on the bed before my goggling eyes were counted out one million, one hundred dollars in \$5,000, \$1,000 and \$100 bills, and the whole was cut up 50-25-25.

The Chief counted his cut once more, opened a little wall safe behind an oil painting, tossed the hippo-choking roll in, twirled the knob, and carefully set the picture straight.

"This here education is gonna be all right," he said. His face was very serious.

XIV

As soon as Spring came Brick had the whole squad out plus about twenty young fighters who had turned pro that Winter and a couple of dozen young wrestlers. The new arrivals he herded off into a freshman squad and began to break them in on fundamentals. Last season's players were drilled in kicking and passing.

Brick realized he'd have to teach his team something to vary the bone-crushing, slaughter-house game that came to them so naturally. If he could develop a skillful, spectacular forward passing attack, it would be a better draw at the gate, and

something had to be done to cut down the terrible casualty lists we had left in our wake the first season, or the sports writers and the Rules Committee and the various college athletic authorities might get suspicious and mark us for lousy, as the boys say; that is, refuse to give us a game, and then we'd have to play the barber colleges or the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

So all that Spring and Summer, Brick had the squad catching and throwing passes. He taught the boys to grab the ball with their arms relaxed from the elbows down and their fingers limp; and he taught the passers to throw a few yards ahead of the receivers away to hell and gone down the field. Brick didn't believe in short, flat passes: what he liked were the ones that looked as though they came out of the Bosche 70-mile gun and flew right over the heads of the secondary defense into the paws of some galloping end or half.

Those were the plays that made the turnstiles click, so we concentrated on them. By the time Fall came around every member of the squad, even Tossilitis, could collar a forty or fifty yard pass almost behind his back.

Then he concentrated on kicking. In the Spring the Chief sent over to France and imported three *savate* fighters, Colcluche, Plon and Moustiquaire, figuring they ought to make great kickers. You know, the *savate* fighters do all their boxing with their feet. Well, the Chief's hunch was O. K.: they turned into swell kickers right off, averaging sixty and seventy yards each and Moustiquaire could sometimes stretch his punts to eighty, but they were all such little guys that they were broken to pieces before the first week's scrimmaging was over and had to be shipped back to Paris. Anyway, they

weren't needed, as Brick had developed both Switz and Flanagan, a left-footer, into a pair of fine punters by the time the season started.

Then the Chief decided that this season our opponents should be allowed to do some scoring, as it would make the games more exciting and benefit the gate. So it was agreed that every time one of the opponents threw a pass of fifteen yards or more he should be allowed to complete it (providing, of course, that it was not muffed or grounded) and we were ahead far enough so that a touchdown wouldn't matter.

This system led to almost uniform results. The Thundering Pachyderms would go to work and run up about four touchdowns in the first half. We still used the Canarsie Funnel, as it was a sure fire gag to bring the customers to their feet; but after a while rival coaches warned their captains not to kick off to us if they won the toss, so we couldn't start the game with it unless the coin spun our way. (If we had made our four touchdowns in the first half, we didn't use it if it was our turn to receive.) Then, in the second quarter, we'd let our opponents run the ball up to midfield, if we had kicked to them, or purposely fumble the ball, if it were ours, and let them recover.

On or about the fifty-yard line, however, we'd turn into a stone wall, so that they'd be forced to open up and start passing. Then we'd let them make about three touchdowns and all the customers went home with a warm glow, each satisfied that he'd got his money's worth.

I'd done a lot of travelling that Winter and we had a fine schedule. Whenever a school didn't have a stadium of its own or wasn't in a big city where a good gate would be assured, we used the nearest big league ball park. That New Year's Day

we played Southern California in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena before 80,000, beat them 28 to 21 and won the Erskine trophy, emblematic of the National Intercollegiate Football Championship.

These were the scores of that second season:

Canarsie 28—Washington	and	Jefferson	
21	(Polo Grounds)		
Canarsie 28—Pittsburgh	21	(Forbes	
Field)			
Canarsie 28—Colgate	20	(Yankee Sta-	
dium)			
Canarsie 28—Michigan	26	(Ann Arbor)	
Canarsie 28—Ohio State	18	(Columbus,	
O.)			
Canarsie 28—Missouri	21	(Columbus,	
Mo.)			
Canarsie 28—Navy	21	(Baltimore)	
Canarsie 28—Army	21	(Polo Grounds)	
Canarsie 28—Southern	California	21	
(Pasadena)			

Some time in the middle of January we gathered around the Chief's bed, and on this occasion the roll they cut totalled \$1,900,000, including gambling returns, or, as the Chief put it: "With tips and all."

That Winter and Spring passed pretty uneventfully. There were the usual murders, but nothing outside the routine killings that always come along. Legs Diamond was shot for the eleventh time as thousands yawned. Professional boxing and wrestling were virtually non-existent; but nobody seemed to notice. The only fights of any account that year were the finals in Paul Gallico's Golden Gloves Tournament, which were postponed until the Summer and moved out to the Yankee Stadium and substituted for the usual Milk Fund Heavyweight Battle of the Century. Every one was more pleased, including the Milk Fund.

The Councillor was doing a good deal of lushing. Most of his days were spent in his rooms, snoring off hangovers; at night

he teetered about more or less in the gauze. It was certainly a break that there were no big cases up just then that required his personal attention, cases that couldn't be taken care of by his assistants—say the trial of some important member of the mob for murder—because there was no telling what might have happened. The guy was so irresistible to any dozen mugs he ever faced in a jury box. If he'd had a case, he probably would have pleaded with them to send his client to the electric chair. And it would have been curtains for the client, all right, if the Councillor had asked for it.

A funny thing happened that Summer. The Chief had opened up a new joint, the 'Varsity Inn, on part of the take from that second season. It was decorated with more college seals than there are in the gents' only at the Paramount Theatre and became a great hangout for gamblers and hustlers of all kinds. One day a big strapping apple-knocker with a straw suitcase came in and asked the bartender if he could direct him to Canarsie University. He said he was from some high-school out in the sticks and wanted to enroll as a student. Mike, who happened to be there at the time, gave the bartender the office, and the apple-knocker was told to take the subway. All Summer long kids kept coming to the joint, wanting to know how to get to Canarsie. They'd looked in the telephone books and asked the 'Travelers' Aid, but although everyone had heard of the place, nobody had actually *been* there. We just told them to take the subway. Nothing was ever heard of them again. They're probably still wandering around, lost in that vast labyrinth.

I had arranged a great schedule for the coming season. Not only did we have games with the Army and Navy again and Notre Dame and Leland Stanford, but we

were taking on Princeton, Yale and Harvard in the order named, merely for tune-ups at the start. We weren't going to wind up the season on the Coast again, but instead we were to finish off at Soldier Field in Chicago with Lake Shore Tech, a new school that had had a fine first season the year before. They were so anxious to get a game with us that they guaranteed us seven-tenths of the gate. Obviously they wanted to play us for the prestige.

The Chief jumped at the chance, as our troupe had never played Chicago; and ever since that Tunney-Dempsey fight back in '27 it had been his ambition to count the house there some day. The stadium was then still the largest in the country. So I wrote the Lake Shore graduate manager that we should be delighted.

The Councillor kept right on lushing. I was stopped one night at Forty-first street and Seventh avenue by a letter-carrier who told me I'd better come along with him. We went over to the other side of Eighth, and he led the way up some stairs to a door and rang a bell. A peephole opened and he said: "O. K., Jerry."

It was one of those little neighborhood joints that smelled of yesterday's beer and had a bowl of cole slaw on the free lunch counter. The cole slaw changed three colors if you forked it around a little. A knot of taxi drivers and laborers in shirt sleeves was gathered at one end of the bar. At the other was the Councillor. He was shaking his finger at his reflection in the mirror. It made your flesh creep as he began trying to break the reflection down, just as though it were a prosecution witness in a trial. Every now and then he would turn to the terrified bartender and speak to him as though he were the judge.

"You'll be open with me, won't you?" he said to himself with a horrible sneer on those thick lips. "Now, what do you do

for a living, Mr. Julheim? Oh, a tailor, eh? A tailor. You don't mean a pants-presser, do you? No, never mind that, answer yes or no. Yes, you're just a pants-presser, aren't you? Not a tailor at all, are you? Isn't it a fact Mr. Julheim, that you couldn't sew a button on, and as for a lapel—you'd be *lost, wouldn't you?* Answer yes or no. You would, wouldn't you? Yes, you're really not a tailor at all, are you—just a pants-presser."

"Geez, mac, take it easy," pleaded the bartender.

"All right, Your Honor, I'm just attacking the credibility of the witness. Very well, Your Honor, we respectfully except. . . . Now, Mr. Julheim, you say the defendant's face was white when you saw him come out of the room. You testified before Magistrate Wilson that his face was as white as a collar, didn't you? Well, did you or didn't you? Yes, you did. Well, was it *this white?*"

And the Councillor ripped off his starched collar and shook it at his reflection in the mirror. His big brown eyeballs rolled. "*Here's a collar! Was it this white? Was his face as white as this?*"

The postman and I led him out brandishing the ripped-off collar and jabbering about subornation of perjury. We finally got him back to the Argonne and in bed. The house physician gave him a stab.

It seemed the Councillor was cracking up.

XV

The Chief, after looking over the team at the end of the Summer workout and seeing what superb form it was in, decided on a new plan of strategy for the third season.

As I said before, during our second season we allowed our opponents to score

three touchdowns in the last half after we had scored four in the first.

For the third season, the Chief thought it would improve showmanship if we allowed the other teams to score four touchdowns in the first half; and then we'd get in there and score five in the second. It is always more thrilling when a team comes from behind and wins out, especially if it is from 24 to 28 points behind. And it turned out to be a great gag. In addition, the system had wonderful gambling possibilities: between halves, with the score four touchdowns to nothing against us, the betting commissioners could get wonderful odds.

We opened the season with Princeton at the Palmer Memorial Stadium and took them 35 to 27, coming from behind in the last thirty seconds on a long pass, Switz to Woola. The following Saturday we beat the Elis in the Bowl 35 to 28. The next week Harvard fell 28 to 19. The score was lower than usual because the Crimson suffered from a bad epidemic of fumbling in the first half and couldn't score four touchdowns, no matter how hard we tried. Then we cleaned the Army (35 to 27) and the Navy (35 to 26).

Brick was taking no chances with Notre Dame, however, and we opened up with the old Canarsie Funnel right at the kick-off and ran up five touchdowns in the first half. Hunk Anderson had an unusually weak team that year, and they were able to score only a field goal. But what a field goal: a tremendous long boot from the sixty-one yard line and worthy of the immortal Gipp! Switz did not make the trip to South Bend.

On the next three Saturdays we restored the virility of the effete East by toying with Leland Stanford (35 to 0), Southern California (35 to 0) and Oregon (35 to 0) before vast crowds in the Yankee Stadium.

The Chief figured that plenty of Eastern fans would be willing to pay dough to see some of those Coast teams take a good shellacking, for a change. And he was right.

The Sunday after we hung it on Oregon, Brick and I were at the Chief's waiting for Mike, who had gone to Chicago to scout the Lake Shore-Nebraska game. The Chief was in his big chair. Voine, black-lace-pajamed, was sitting on the arm. One of those goofy dolls with the squiggly legs she held snuggled up to her. Every now and then she would make a pass at the Chief, and he would duck and spar her off as though she were some kind of fly. He was discussing the future.

"I been figuring," he was saying, "if there ain't some way to make a buck out of these other college sports. It strikes me there ought to be something in this here basketball for us. I figure there is if we could get a big enough house, say if we could fill up the Garden oncet a week. They tell me basketball ain't made a dime since the rules was drawed up. Maybe, if we put on a swell floor show in between halves, or had a dance afterwards with plenty of our dames mixing in the crowd."

"Oo naughty sing," purred Voine, trying to muss his hair. "Oo wet dose dirls awone. Don't be finkin' about 'em so muts."

The Chief gave her a look and parried with his left. He pulled out his watch.

"What's keeping Mike?" he said. "He ought to show any minute now. It's ten after eight. The big loogan musta stopped somewheres to grab a few shots. Well, anyways, I'm trying to figure some new angles on this education racket. Basketball maybe, if the public will go for a side show. Hockey's all sewed up by the pros, and ain't no good anyways. College baseball's a laugh. There might be something to this foot racing, if you didn't have to cut the

gate with so many people. When one school runs another, there ain't anybody there but the towel-holders. When there's a big meet you got to cut the gate fifty ways. Now this rowing, maybe if you could fence off a couple miles of the Hudson on both sides——"

The ring of the door buzzer by the gorilla outside cut into this discourse. Voine got up and got a cigarette off the ebony table.

"There's Mike, now," said the Chief. "Let him in, Kid."

Without bothering to ask over the 'phone who it was I opened the door.

On the threshold, swaying slightly, stood the Councillor. He was stiff as a plank. There was a wide smile on his face. On his arm, Fanny McGloin, presumably just back from her world tour.

"S'prise, s'prise!" the Councillor muttered.

Fanny took four steps into the room and then paused, unable to make up her mind whether to go to work on the Chief or Voine. Finally, she chose Voine, but during that brief pause Brick and I rushed and held her.

"I knew it'd be like this," she screamed, struggling fiercely. "I knew I'd find that trollope here! Lemme at her till I pull that yellor mop offen her ugly head! Lemme at her!"

Voine had backed up against the table, frozen.

"Willya listen, Fanny," pleaded the Chief, "willya listen!"

Then she tracted her fingernails down my cheek as she tried to get at *him*.

"And as for *you*, you doidy bum, you," she squalled, "wait till I get my hands on you! You doidy bum, you! You come outa the gutter and that's where you belong, you doidy bum, you! I'll give you night goils, you doidy beast!"

She stopped her struggling for a little to catch her breath. Then she tried to spit on Voine. Women are lousy spitters. Suddenly Mike was in the room.

"Why, hahzit, Fannee!" he roared, coming over to her and forcibly taking her hand and pumping it up and down. "Hahzit, bebee! Geez, it's great to see you. Whenja get in? How ya doin' in there, palleee?"

"You get outa my way, Mike Dumphy," Fanny yelled. "Lemme at that doidy bum. Him and that thing of his. I'll give 'em a honeymoon. Lemme at 'em!"

Mike was pumping her hand up and down and patting her shoulder.

"Why, there ain't nothin' wrong, is there, bebee?" he bellowed. "You ain't sore at the tomato here, are ya? Why, this here's Voine, my gal. I'm just after comin' up here to fetch her. I been outa town, same as you have, and she got lonesome and come upstairs here to wait for me, didn't ya, bebee?"

He shot a tremendous burlesque show wink at Voine, who rallied and managed to nod her head up and down, like a counting horse.

"Nobody got a girl frien' for me?" the Councillor put in thickly.

Mike went right on roaring.

"Did you think Voine was Frankie's tomato, Fanny? Geez, that's a laugh, ain't it Voine? Why, Voine's my little gal, ain't you, bebee? You got Voine all wrong, Fanny. Why, say, if I caught a mug like Frankie McGloin foolin' with Voine I'd punch him right in the nose, wouldn't I, Voine? I'm levellin', Fanny, honest to God. Ain't that the truth, boys? Well, Fanny, it's great to see you again. I know you got plenty to talk over with Frankie about your wonderful trip and all, so I'll say good night. We better scram, boys, and let the happy pair get together."

He walked over to Voine, grabbed a couple of arms and hands full of her, and gave her a long noisy kiss that ended with a bang.

"Glad to see me, bebeee? Was you a good gal while I was out in Chi?"

Brick and I had let go of Fanny. She was looking at Mike and Voine with everything she had. Mike went into his act harder than ever, and used everything but a knife and fork on his partner.

"How'd you make out in Chicago?" asked Brick.

"O.K.," said Mike, pausing a moment. "Come on downstairs, bebbeee," he said to Voine, "I brought you a present."

He started for the door with her under his arm. She was afraid to look back at the Chief, for fear Fanny would see.

"What's the payoff on Lake Shore?" Brick yelled to him.

He stopped on the threshold and turned around.

"Geez, that's a pip," he said, and went into a loud laugh. The Councillor started to laugh, and we were all in such a state that we laughed, too. The Chief laughed and even Fanny smiled. It sounded crazy as hell.

"Yes, sir, that's a pip," said Mike. "*The jernt belongs to Capone!* Well, good night, all."

He dragged Voine out with him.

It was like a quick first act curtain.

XVI

There was a large solid block of gray-blue almost exactly in the middle of the Capone stands which I was trying to determine the cause of. Mike, beside me in our box on the fifty-yard line, had brought a pair of binoculars, the kind the bookies carry at the tracks.

"Take a squint through your glasses,

Mike, at those people over there. It looks like a bunch of French soldiers."

With great gravity Mike raised the binoculars to his eyes and adjusted the micrometer screw. He chuckled softly.

"It looks from here like they was mail-carriers," he said. "Must be the boys from the Postal Workers' Union givin' their dogs a holiday."

"Aha, mail-carriers!"

"Yeah, that's what it looks like from here they was. Must be havin' a convention or sumpen. And the little Doctor heard about it and sent 'em all to the ball game. That guy always did have a yen for the U. S. mail."

He passed me the glasses.

"Yeah, they're mail-carriers, all right. But it doesn't look as though they were here on any outing. They all seem to have brought their leather bags along, and the bags look full."

"Mebbe they got sumpen for somebody. Get a load of the little Doctor."

The Chief was standing on his iron chair, carefully counting the house of 110,000, trying on his fingers to deduct the non-paying customers from the paying.

There was a roar from the Capone side of the field as a long stream of black-helmeted, black-jerseyed, black-panted, black-hosed, black-booted players, most of them of swarthy complexion, flowed out on to the field from a tunnel under the stands, divided up into four teams and began running through signals. Their band struck up "Giovanezza, Primavera." But a moment later there were four puce and green teams on the field and our band was blaring the buttons off its instruments in a counter-rendition of "Old Canarsie o' Mine."

You could smell the stink of trouble beginning to spread as soon as those bands started to out-umpah each other. And mat-

ters weren't helped when the Lake Shore band spelled out: "Kill Kanarsie" in the middle of the field a few minutes later. Immediately after they had finished, Ernie Norvelle blew his whistle and our band came back with a bit of clever repartee: "Louse Up Lake Shore."

Our rivals had worked out a novel variation of the old skyrocket: instead of giving the long whistle rising to a crescendo and the conventional *Boom!—aaaaah!*, their rooters, teeth clenched and eyeballs wild, would slowly swell from their seats with horrible cries—half hiss, half growl—saw their necks with imaginary stilettos, à la Tossilitis, and then point to our stands with wild yells of: "Canarsie, Canarsie, *tutti, tutti, tutti!*"

Such black curses would have jelled our blood had not the ingenious Ernie devised a sure means of passing them off lightly by plucking from the band half a dozen double bass tuba players and forming them into a battery which greeted every massed Sicilian imprecation with pre-historic birds.

The two captains were in the center of the field. The referee spun a coin. Switz won the toss and chose to kick with the wind. Oolaafsen teed the ball; the team ranged itself on either side of him along our thirty-five yard line; a whistle beeped; there was a dull thump. The ball flew in a beautiful high parabola straight to the arms of the Lake Shore quarterback.

Imagine our dismay when he ran ninety-five yards for a touchdown behind a perfectly executed Canarsie Funnell!

They kicked goal.

But then we received, and little McGloin was funneled a hundred yards just as perfectly for a touchdown in return, and Oolaafsen tied the score by putting the ball straight between the posts.

This time, after a huddle in which apparently Oolaafsen was instructed not to

kick to the Capone backs, the ball went to their left tackle on their thirty-yard line and he was down before he had run three steps.

Lake Shore opened with a wide end-run around Oolaafsen, which he smeared; but before the next play began Tossilitis, world's champion of the week three years ago, was removed from the game with a pair of dislocated hips. A little later, Hazos the Horrible was similarly afflicted, and had to be hauled off.

Mike whistled.

"The Capone mob always was famous for stealin' the other guys' stuff, but I never expected nothin' like this. Well, I ain't surprised. They got the whole Pacific Coast troupe of wrasslers on their club, and all the fighters around this here section. It's a laugh on the little Doctor, at that. He give Gilligan orders before the game, to hell with the customers, but give them Capones the woiks. You know, plenty of that old slugaroo, like we done the foist season. It's all on account the way he hates Capone. Capone ain't a bad guy, but the little Doctor's been after him ever since he got outa Levingwoith. He clipped the Doc in a deal. So he orders the woiks from Gilligan, and here they are lettin' us have it. Ain't that a laugh?"

But just then Lake Shore punted, and on the next play we put their left tackle out of the game with a broken instep. Two plays after that the casualty list was neck and neck. The Chief leaned over to Mike. His eyes were on fire:

"Mike!" he yelled, cupping his mouth with a hand, for the Canarsie cheering section was roaring delightedly as the body of our enemy was borne from the field, "scram down to Gilligan and tell him to take all them fighters outa that game and put nothin' but wrasslers in there 'til I tell him to stop. And tell him to make

them wrasslers plenty big and tough. And tell him to tell them mugs to get in there and give them Capone guinzos the woiks or I'll be down and cut their heads off. Tell 'em no holds barred. Now, scram."

"O.K., Frankie," and Mike had disappeared.

So that was why, when the half ended, twenty-nine of our baboons and thirty of theirs (we put two out on the last play) had been dragged wounded from the field. Stretcher-bearers on both sides certainly earned their pay that day. And that was why the football that first half, after what the Chief ordered, was not very interesting to watch. For with 300-pound wrestlers carrying the ball and directing the field generalship (Lake Shore had quickly followed our lead in bringing out the mastodons) the ball remained almost stationary in the middle of the field. At the whistle the score was still 7 to 7.

We all went down to the dressing-room between halves, so I don't know what unpleasantnesses took place in the stadium or how the cops kept the rival factions from climbing out of the stands and going to work on each other.

There was enough unpleasantness in our dressing-room, filled as it was with stretchers of the groaning. Doc Dreen and a corps of trainers, rubbers and towel-swingers were rushing about ministering to the patients. It was like a base hospital after a heavy bombardment at the Western front.

"Get all these mugs outa here and on the train," was the Chief's first command.

Brick was standing in a corner, pale and shaky.

"How we fixed?" The Chief looked him over with a hard eye.

"God, Chief, I, uh, we're running outa wrasslers. That's hell on 'em out there."

"Nuts!"

It was the old Wiper war cry. You could feel the voltage in the voice.

"All youse mugs 'at's in shape, c'mere."

He swept the quick and the able with those terrible eyes as he began panthering up and down, his hands folded behind him.

"Now listen, youse. Foist of all, the fighters goes back in this half. Switz! Flanahan! Cello! McGloin! And you Oolaaf, you big screwy Swede, and you, Woola! We're gonna pass 'em to death, see, pass 'em to death, right from the bell, see? And youse mugs inna line, give 'em plenty protection, see or *it'll be jest too bad*. And 'at goes for youse ends and backs, too, sec. The mug 'at muffs a pass or heaves one wild—well, *it'll be jest too* —"

The Chief broke off, scrambled to the top of a locker and clawed at a tiny wire cleated to the wall. There was a ripping and a banging of metal against metal, and then, up over the locker's top, he reeled in a little japanned box that looked like the bottom part of an electric bell.

"A dictygraph, hey, the doity, double-crossin' grease-ball rats! Well, let 'em get a load of it."

He began screaming frantically into the little box.

"*Nuts! Nuts! Nuts!* And 'at goes for you, too, Capone, you big guinzo grease-ball! This here's McGloin speakin'. Yeah, Knucks McGloin, you big Bohunk, you! And get this —"

Mike touched him on the arm and pointed to the broken-off end of the dictograph wire lying on the floor.

Brick looked at his stop-watch and said in a weak voice that it was time to return to the field.

They kicked off to us, but a Canarsie Funnel failed to put the ball back farther than the middle of the field. We just didn't have the wrestlers for it. On the first play

Switz whipped a short pass to McGloin which gained eight yards. Another to Woola brought us six more and first down. A long heave to Flanagan was batted down by a Lake Shore halfback. Then McGloin tossed a short one to Cello that was good for nine. By way of variation, Switz went off tackle for three, and it was first down again. Switz lobbed another to McGloin for seven.

Half a dozen consecutive plays without a single casualty! Evidently, they, too, were running out of wrestlers.

Switz cocked his arm and threw one a mile down the field to Oolaafsen, who caught it and had started for a touchdown with a clear field when two Lake Shore backs hit him at once—and he fumbled.

Up in the box we had to hold the Chief to keep him from climbing right out on to the field and cutting that Swede's head off.

Lake Shore got off a beautiful punt to our twenty-yard line, and their ends nailed McGloin as soon as he touched the ball. The kick had come down near a sideline, so on the first play McGloin ran himself straight across to the center of the field.

Switz was back with his arms outstretched, the ball was snapped, he cocked his arm, and there, clear, away down the field was Woola, good old basketball Woola, who could catch anything that stayed in the park. A sure touchdown!

And then, suddenly, like a wild goose shot in mid-flight, the ball stopped dead in its arc and dropped straight to the ground, right smack on the fifty-yard line. It was as though it had struck an invisible wire. But when it hit the ground it neither bounced nor bobbed, just parked where it landed, like a coffee-cake.

White-knickered officials and players had run up to it. There was much arm-waving. Mike was gazing through his binoculars.

"It's Switz," he said. "Switz has got it in his hands. He's stickin' his fingers right through it."

"Through what, you muzzler?"

"Right through the ball. They's a hole in it big enough to jump through."

The Chief's curses could be heard clearly above the roar of the crowd.

"We been jobbed!" he roared, ripping off his hat and tearing his hair. "Them lousy wops shot it down. They put it onna spot. It was inna bag for a touchdown and they put it onna spot. Oh, them lousy wop grease-balls!"

Down on the field the white-knickered puppets were fluttering rule books. Evidently they found no provision for assassinated footballs; for, after a great deal of argument they procured another from the sidelines and the referee marched with it back to our twenty-yard line. "Second down. Ten yards to gain. Incompleted forward pass," announced the scoreboard.

Lake Shore's cheers were equalled by our boos.

"Maxim silencer?" I asked Mike, remembering there had been no report when the ball pancaked.

"Sure," he said. He was sweeping the Capone stands with the binoculars.

"Lookit! There's the mug done it. There, see? Right where I'm pointing at."

He handed me the glasses and, sure enough, in the top row about the center of the stands I saw a tall, slender man, dark and moustached, with a rifle to his shoulder at the ready. The rifle had a telescopic sight, I noticed. The dark sharpshooter turned to make some remark to a man beside him and when he smiled I noticed he had beautiful even teeth. Over the muzzle of the rifle was a pear-shaped silencer.

Three consecutive short passes brought the ball from our twenty-yard line to the

middle of the field. Switz tossed a beauty to Oolaafsen for twenty more.

Then the dark sharpshooter spoiled another sure touchdown when he murdered a long pass just before it reached Flanagan standing well over the goal line. It was a beautiful heave and a beautiful shot. After a terrific squabble, the referee ruled that the ball had grounded over the goal-line, and therefore it was a touchback and Lake Shore's ball on their twenty-five yard line.

The Chief was fit to be tied, and I remember wondering why blue flames were not pouring from his palpitating noseholes.

"Mike," he bellowed, "go over there to that mob and tell them Capones, them bohunk so-and-so's, that if they don't lay off they get the woiks, see, the woiks!"

Mike looked at him curiously for a second, patted the armpit holster under his breast pocket, laughed, handed me the binoculars and departed, singing softly:

"'Tis the most distressful country that I have ever seen."

Lake Shore punted immediately, long and high, and little McGloin was again flattened by their ends on our twenty-yard line.

Once more three short flat passes brought us to the middle of the field.

I trained the glasses on the dark sharpshooter and caught him in the act of changing the rifle with a telescopic sight for what appeared to be a double-barreled shotgun.

Switz had cocked his arm. There was Woola loose again and running as though all the fiends of hell were chasing him. And there went the ball after him as though all the fiends of hell were in its leather casing.

I saw the dark sharpshooter aim, and I saw the fingers of his right hand contract as though he were slowly squeezing a sponge.

The ball in mid-flight had suddenly vanished. He had scored a direct hit with both barrels!

I turned in horror to look at the Chief. He had disappeared.

After much puzzled gazing up into the sky, followed by a molten debate between the rival captains, the officials decided to penalize us for unsportsmanlike conduct in having concealed the ball.

Our winded warriors lay on their backs panting, while the referee with the new pigskin under his arm began pacing off the fifteen-yard penalty. The Lake Shore team was drawn up in a huddle.

Suddenly, a dumpy figure in an old black sweater and battered cap darted out from our bench on to the field with a water bucket. Instead, however, of making for the spent forces of old Canarsie he hared straight for the huddle. A few paces from it, he groped in his bucket for his sponge, found it, seemed to give it a squeeze and then tossed it straight in the hub of the human wheel.

There was a flash, and a terrific explosion went echoing through the stadium. The little water-carrier was tearing back towards our bench. It was the Chief.

"Scraaaaam! Scraaaaam!" he screamed, waving the bucket he was still holding by the handle. "Scraaaaam!"

The field was strewn with black-helmeted heads, black-jerseyed torsos, black-hosed legs.

Another moment and the Capone machine-guns had opened on the puce and green figures on the field which had suddenly sat up when the bomb went off. One after another they all lay down again.

Then the block of blue figures in the middle of the Lake Shore stands rose as one man and began to bomb all points of the compass.

The crowd stampeded.

XVII

Don't ask me how I ever got out of that thing alive. Somehow I did, but just how I couldn't tell you. I remember being carried all the way out of the stands to the ground without once putting a foot down. I remember the dames screaming and the yells of the wounded and I remember the furious ringing of ambulance bells and the bombs roaring and the machine-guns rattling away like riveting hammers. I remember the cops losing their heads and starting to club anybody they could reach. One big bull reached over and caught me one on the head with his billy and I went out like a light.

When I came to I was standing outside the stadium, wondering how I got there and supposing I had been sardined out in the crowd. The Chief was standing in front of me. He was drenched with sweat and dirt, and most of the old sweater and shirt were torn off, and the peak of his cap was around way to one side. He was helping two letter-carriers load some big canvas sacks into a black car with the curtains up. The Councillor was parked in the back seat.

"Hahzit, Kid?" he said. "You O.K.? We're just after kicking in the main box-office. This here's the gate. I'm taking it on the lam to Deetroit 'til this blows over. Tell the boys I'm O.K. and I'll be back in about a month."

He opened a back door of the car and put a foot on the running board.

"Listen," he said, "it looks like Canarsie University was all washed up for a while. Did you know they got Mike, them lousy bohunks?"

"They did? God, that's terrible."

"We'll see 'em for it. Tell the mob I'm O.K."

"Sure, Chief. Geez, I'm sorry about poor old Mike."

"Yeah, 'at was tough. Tell Voine I'll drop her a card. All set, boys?"

"O.K., Chief," said one of the gorillas as the last of the day's gross proceeds were sung into the tonneau over the Councillor's feet. "You wanna drive?"

"Yeh, I'll drive," said the Chief, climbing in behind the steering wheel. "We ain't got room for you, Kid. Tell you what you do. Ed Grogan is just leaving over there, look, by that ambulance. See where I'm pointing at? Scram over there, now, and he'll give you a lift. So long, Kid. Hurry up, now."

I started to run over to where the Grogan car was just starting, waving over my shoulder to the Chief.

He stepped on the starter. There was a flash and a terrible explosion. Some of the heavy metal work of the car came down, but they never found a button of the Chief or the Councillor or the letter-carriers. The Capones had fastened an extra special bomb on the starting mechanism of the car. An old gag, but effective. So that's why Canarsie University hasn't had a team in the field for the last couple of seasons.

OUR BACKS ARE TO THE WALL!

BY OSWALD SPENGLER

EVERY high Culture is a tragedy. The history of mankind as a whole is tragic. But the sacrilege and the catastrophe of the Modern Age are greater than all others, greater than anything Æschylus or Shakespeare ever imagined. The creature is rising up against its creator. As once the microcosm Man revolted against Nature, so now the microcosm Machine is revolting against Nordic Man. The Lord of the World is becoming the slave of the Machine, which is forcing him—forcing us all, whether we are aware of it or not—to follow its course. The victor, crushed, is dragged to death by the team.

At the commencement of the Twentieth Century the aspect of the “world” on this small planet is somewhat of this sort. A group of nations of Nordic blood under the leadership of British, German, French, and Americans command the situation. Their political power depends on their wealth, and their wealth consists in their industrial strength.

But this in turn is bound up with the existence of coal. The Germanic peoples, in particular, are secured by what is almost a monopoly of the known coal-fields, and this has led them to a multiplication of their populations that is without parallel in all history. On the ridges of the coal, and at the focal points of the lines of communication radiating therefrom, is collected a human mass of monstrous size, bred by machine-technics, working for it, and living on it.

To the other peoples—whether in the form of colonies or of nominally independent states—is assigned the rôle of providing the raw material and receiving the products. This division of function is secured by armies and navies, the upkeep of which presupposes industrial wealth, and they have been fashioned by so thorough a technic that they, too, work by the pressing of a button. (Once again the deep relationship, almost identity, of politics, war, and economics discloses itself.) The degree of military power is dependent on the intensity of industry. Countries industrially poor are poor all round; they cannot support an army or wage a war; therefore they are politically impotent; and the workers in them, leaders and led alike, are objects in the economic policy of their opponents.

In comparison with the masses of executive hands—who are the only part of the picture that discontent will look upon—the *increasing value* of the leadership-work of the few creative heads (undertakers, organizers, discoverers, engineers) is no longer comprehended and valued; in so far as it is so at all, practical America rates it highest, and Germany, “the land of poets and thinkers,” lowest. The imbecile phrase “The wheels would all be standing still, Did thy mighty arm so will” beclouds the minds of chatterers and scribblers. (The truth is that even a sheep could bring that about if it were to fall into the machinery.) But to invent these wheels and set them

working so as to provide that "strong arm" with its living, that is something which only a few *born* thereto can achieve.

These uncomprehended and hated leaders, the "pack" of the strong personalities, have a different psychology from this. They have not lost the old triumph-feeling of the beast of prey as it holds the quivering victim in its claws, the feeling of Columbus when he saw land on the horizon, the feeling of Moltke at Sedan as he watched the circle of his batteries completing itself down by Illy and sealing the victory. Such moments, such peaks of human experience, the shipbuilder, too, enjoys when a huge liner slides down the ways, and the inventor when his machine is run up and found to go splendidly.

But it is of the tragedy of the time that this unfettered human thought can no longer grasp its own consequences. Technicology has become as esoteric as the higher mathematics which it uses, while physical theory has refined its intellectual abstractions from phenomena to such a pitch that (without clearly perceiving the fact) it has reached the pure foundations of human knowing. *The mechanization of the world* has entered on a phase of highly dangerous over-tension. The picture of the earth, with its plants, animals, and men, has altered. In a few decades most of the great forests have gone, to be turned into news-print, and climatic changes have been thereby set afoot which imperil the land-economy of whole populations. Innumerable animal species have been extinguished, or nearly so, like the bison; whole races of humanity have been brought almost to vanishing-point.

All things organic are dying in the grip of organization. An artificial world is permeating and poisoning the natural. Civilization itself has become a machine that does, or tries to do, everything in mechan-

ical fashion. We think only in horse-power now; we cannot look at a waterfall without mentally turning it into electric power; we cannot survey a countryside full of pasturing cattle without thinking of its exploitation as a source of meat-supply; we cannot look at the beautiful old handwork of an unspoilt primitive people without wishing to replace it by a modern technical process. Our technical thinking *must* have its actualization, sensible or senseless. The luxury of the machine is the consequence of a necessity of thought. In the last analysis, the machine is a *symbol*, like its secret ideal, perpetual motion—a spiritual and intellectual, but not vital necessity.

II

It is beginning to contradict even economic practice in many ways. Already their divorce is being foreshadowed everywhere. The machine, by its multiplication and its refinement, is in the end defeating its own purpose. In the great cities the motor-car has by its numbers destroyed its own value, and one gets on quicker on foot. In Argentine, Java, and elsewhere the simple horse-plough of the small cultivator has shown itself economically superior to the big motor implement, and is driving the latter out. Already, in many tropical regions, the black or brown man with his primitive ways of working is a dangerous competitor to the modern plantation-technic of the white. And the white worker in old Europe and North America is becoming uneasily inquisitive about his work.

It is, of course, nonsense to talk, as it was fashionable to do in the Nineteenth Century, of the imminent exhaustion of the coal-fields within a few centuries and of the consequences thereof—here, too, the materialistic age could not but think materially. Quite apart from the actual saving

of coal by the substitution of petroleum and water-power, technical thought would not fail ere long to discover and open up still other and quite different sources of power. It is not worth while thinking ahead so far in time. For the west-European-American technicology *will itself have ended* by then. No stupid trifle like the absence of material would be able to hold up this gigantic evolution. So long as the thought working inside it is on its heights, so long will it be able to produce the means for its purposes.

But how long will it stay on these heights? Even on the present scale our technical processes and installations, if they are to be maintained, require, let us say, a hundred thousand outstanding brains, as organizers and discoverers and engineers. There must be strong—nay, even creative—talents, enthusiasts for their work, and formed for it by a steeling of years' duration at great expense. Actually, it is just this calling that has for the last fifty years irresistibly attracted the strongest and ablest of the white youth. Even the children play with technical things. In the urban classes and families, whose sons chiefly come into consideration in this connection, there was already a tradition of comfort and culture, so that the normal preconditions were already provided for that mature and autumnal product, technical intellectuality.

But all this is changing in the last decades, in all the countries where large-scale industry is of old standing. The Faustian thought begins to be sick of machines. A weariness is spreading, a sort of pacifism in the battle with Nature. Men are returning to forms of life simpler and nearer to Nature; they are spending their time in sport instead of technical experiments. The great cities are becoming hateful, and they would fain get away from the pressure of

soulless facts and out of the clear cold atmosphere of technical organization. And it is precisely the strong and creative talents that are turning away from practical problems and sciences and towards pure speculation. Occultism and spiritualism, Hindu philosophies, metaphysical inquisitiveness under Christian or pagan coloring, all of which were despised in the Darwinian period, are coming up again. It is the spirit of Rome in the Age of Augustus. Out of satiety of life, men take refuge from civilization in the more primitive parts of the earth, in vagabondage, in suicide. *The flight of the born leader from the Machine is beginning.* Every big entrepreneur has occasion to observe a falling-off in the intellectual qualities of his recruits. But the grand technical development of the Nineteenth Century had been possible only because the intellectual level was constantly becoming higher. Even a stationary condition, short of an actual falling-off, is dangerous and points to an ending, however numerous and however well schooled may be the hands ready for work.

And how is it with them? The tension between work of leadership and work of execution has reached the level of a catastrophe. The importance of the former, the economic value of every real personality in it, has become so great that it is invisible and incomprehensible to the majority of the underlings. In the latter, the work of the hands, the individual is now *entirely* without significance. Only numbers matter. In the consciousness of this unalterable state of things, aggravated, poisoned, and financially exploited by egoistic orators and journalists, men are so forlorn that to revolt against the rôle for which the machine (not, as they imagine, its possessors) earmarks most of them is no more than human nature. There is beginning, in numberless forms—from sabotage, by way of

strike, to suicide—the *mutiny of the Hands against their destiny*, against the machine, against the organized life, against anything and everything. The organization of work, as it has existed for thousands of years, based on the idea of collective doing and the consequent division of labor between leaders and led, heads and hands, is being disintegrated from below. But “mass” is no more than a negation (specifically, a negation of the concept of organization) and not something viable in itself. An army without officers is only a superfluous and forlorn herd of men.¹ A chaos of brickbats and scrap-iron is a building no more. This world-wide mutiny threatens to put an end to the possibility of technical economic work. The leaders may take to flight, but the led are lost. Their numbers are their death.

III

The third and most serious symptom of the collapse that is beginning lies, however, in what I may call *treason to technics*. What I am referring to is known to everyone, but it has never been envisaged in its entirety, and consequently its fateful significance has never disclosed itself.

The immense superiority that Western Europe and North America enjoyed in the second half of the Nineteenth Century, in power of every kind—economic and political, military and financial—was based on an uncontested *monopoly* of industry. Great industries were only possible in connection with the coal-fields of these Northern countries. The rôle of the rest of the world was to absorb the product, and colonial policy was always, for practical purposes, directed to the opening-up of

new markets and new sources of raw material, not to the development of new areas of production. There was coal elsewhere, of course, but only the white engineers would have known how to get at it. We were in sole possession, not of the material, but of the methods and the trained intellects required for its utilization.

It is this that constitutes the basis of the luxurious living of the white worker—*whose income, in comparison with that of the “native,”² is princely*—a circumstance that Marxism has turned to dishonest account, to its own ruin. It is being revenged on us today, for from now on, evolution is going to be complicated by the problem of ever-increasing unemployment. The high level of wages of the white worker, which is today a peril to his very life, rests upon the monopoly that the leaders of industry have created about him.

And then, at the close of the last century, the blind will-to-power began to make its decisive mistakes. Instead of keeping strictly to themselves the technical knowledge that constituted their greatest asset, the “white” peoples complacently offered it to all the world, in every school and university, verbally and on paper, and the astonished homage of Indians and Japanese delighted them. The famous “dissemination of industry” set in, motivated by the idea of getting bigger profits by bringing production into the marketing area. And so, in place of the export of finished products exclusively, they began an export of secrets, processes, methods, engineers, and organizers. Even the inventors emigrate, for Socialism, which could if it liked harness them in its team, expels them instead. And so presently the “natives” saw into our secrets, understood them, and used them to the full.

¹ What the Soviet régime has been attempting for the last fifteen years has been nothing but the restoration, under new names, of the political, military, and economic organization that it destroyed.

² Including in this term the inhabitants of Russia and parts of Southern and South-eastern Europe.

Within thirty years the Japanese became technicians of the first rank, and in their war against Russia they revealed a technical superiority from which their teachers were able to learn many lessons. Today more or less everywhere—in the Far East, India, South America, South Africa—industrial regions are in being, or coming into being, which, owing to their low scales of wages, will face us with a deadly competition. The unassailable privileges of the white races have been thrown away, squandered, betrayed. The others have caught up with their instructors. Possibly—with their combination of “native” cunning and the over-ripe intelligence of their ancient civilizations—they have surpassed them. Where there is coal, or oil, or water-power, there a new weapon can be forged against the heart of the Faustian Civilization. The exploited world is beginning to take its revenge on its lords. The innumerable hands of the colored races—at least as clever, and far less exigent—will shatter the economic organization of the whites.

The *accustomed* luxury of the white workman, in comparison with the coolie, will be his doom. The labor of the white is *itself* coming to be unwanted. The huge masses of men centred in the Northern coal areas, the great industrial works, the capital invested in them, whole cities and districts, are faced with the probability of going under in the competition. The centre of gravity of production is steadily shifting away from them, especially since even the *respect* of the colored races for the white has been ended by the World War. *This* is the real and final basis of the unemployment that prevails in the white countries. It is no mere crisis, but the *beginning of a catastrophe*.

For these “colored” peoples (including, in this context, the Russians) the Faustian technic is in no wise an inward necessity.

It is only Faustian man that thinks, feels, and *lives* in this form. To him it is a *spiritual* need, not on account of its economic consequences, but on account of its *victories*—*navigare necesse est, vivere non est necesse*. For the colored races, on the contrary, it is but a weapon in their fight against the Faustian civilization, a weapon like a tree from the woods that one uses as scaffolding, but discards as soon as it has served its purpose. This machine-technic will end with the Faustian civilization and one day will lie in fragments, *forgotten*—our railways and steamships as dead as the Roman roads and the Chinese wall, our giant cities and skyscrapers in ruins, like old Memphis and Babylon. The history of this technic is fast drawing to its inevitable close. It will be eaten up from within. When, and in what fashion, we so far know not.

Faced as we are with this destiny, there is only one world-outlook that is worthy of us. It is the Choice of Achilles—better a short life, full of deeds and glory, than a long life without content. Already the danger is so great, for every individual, every class, every people, that to cherish any illusion whatever is deplorable. Time does not suffer itself to be halted; there is no question of prudent retreat or wise renunciation. Only dreamers believe that there is a way out. Optimism is *cowardice*.

We are born into this time and must bravely follow the path to the destined end. There is no other way. Our duty is to hold on to the lost position, without hope, without rescue, like that Roman soldier whose bones were found in front of a door in Pompeii, who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, died at his post because they forgot to relieve him. That is greatness. That is what it means to be a thoroughbred. The honorable end is the one thing that can *not* be taken from a man.

ONE OF MR. HOOVER'S FRIENDS

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

IT is not every Virginia hillbilly, beginning his career as a lowly laborer in the railroad yards of the Norfolk & Western at Bluefield, W. Va., who can rise to the puissant and glorious estate of Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of a Great Engineer.

Such a trail is long and winding. Particularly, winding. To follow it successfully requires a peculiar fortitude and an acute sense of direction. It is exactly in these talents that one finds the key to the remarkable career of the Hon. William Nuckles Doak.

Doak comes of an old Virginia family—just how old it is, and of what eminence, is now, in his prideful days, a matter of serious preoccupation with him. During the past Summer, conveyed in a glistening limousine toolled by a liveried chauffeur, he spent some time touring the by-ways of the Old Dominion, tracking down an ancestry worthy of the new family acres which adjoin the historic lands of the Lees and Washingtons on the shores of the placid Potomac.

But despite his Virginia family, Doak began in humble circumstances—in the lowly rôle of a railroad yardman. Three years later, at the age of twenty-one, he joined the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, one of the Big Four railroad unions. Soon his skill at affairs won him recognition. He went through the various offices of his local union, and after a few years was elected its president. By 1916 his

repute among the trainmen had gone beyond the bounds of local fame, and he was taken up by William G. Lee, then national president of the organization.

Lee was one of the most reactionary leaders in the entire history of the American labor movement. He was forced out at last by a revolt among the trainmen, led by A. F. Whitney, who succeeded him. Under his control the trainmen were usually at odds with the Switchmen's Union and with the other three transportation brotherhoods, the engineers, firemen and conductors. He refused to house his union's national legislative offices in Washington in the same building with the others, and often fought them on legislative and political policies.

In 1922, when some of the railroad shopmen went on strike against a wage cut, the second within a year, members of some of the local unions of the trainmen refused to take out trains on the ground that the engines and cars were in a dangerous condition, due to lack of repairs. Lee promptly expelled these members and announced that he would revoke the charter of any union aiding the strikers. As a result the strike collapsed.

Doak rapidly became Lee's chief lieutenant. For years, indeed, the two men were as one. But that did not blind Doak's fine eye for the winding trail. When Lee was about to get his *coup de grace*, Doak unerringly saw where his duty lay, and did it firmly and promptly. He declared

for the insurgents. This conversion, incidentally, saved him his vice presidency, the editorship of the union's journal, and best of all, his job as legislative representative of the trainmen at the capital.

Doak coöperated as enthusiastically with the new régime as he had with Lee's. When Whitney discarded the Lee policy of obstructing and fighting the other brotherhoods, Doak was right beside him on the new trail, without loss of step or change of stride. But although he had thus kept his bearings, he did not escape some bitter murmurings. Particularly was there complaint among his brethren about his disconcerting course in the 1924 presidential campaign.

The brotherhoods and the American Federation of Labor tossed the two old party candidates out of the window that year, and announced for La Follette. For a while this threw a chill into the marrow of some of the Republican organs, such as the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, and they shrieked Communism all over the place. Doak and Lee, however, never wavered. In the face of the almost unanimous stand of organized labor, they stood by the Grand Old Party and Calvin Coolidge, and fought the good fight to victory.

In fact, Doak fought so good a fight that Whitney publicly accused him of double-crossing labor. These harsh charges were contained in an open letter that appeared in *Labor*, the weekly newspaper of the brotherhoods, and were to the general effect that Doak had grossly misrepresented the labor records of the three presidential candidates. Whitney declared that Doak had suppressed a number of hostile and reactionary acts by Coolidge, while completely omitting from La Follette's record important labor legislation and the very pertinent fact that he had the en-

dorsement of the three brotherhoods and the A. F. of L. Finally, and more seriously, Whitney accused Doak of covertly opposing the Howell-Barkley Railroad Labor Conciliation Board bill, which the rail workers were then demanding of Congress against the determined opposition of Coolidge and the railroad owners. Whitney declared that Doak had been "absent from Washington during all, or almost all, of the period when this fight was going on."

How significant this issue was in the eyes of the railroad men may be grasped from the fact that the vote in Congress on the measure is one of two tests for political endorsement that the brotherhoods apply to Congressmen seeking reelection. Anyone who opposed or voted against the measure cannot hope to get their support. Their other test is the vote in the Senate on the nomination by Hoover of the Southern Republican politician, Parker of North Carolina, to the United States Supreme Court. Parker was rejected by the margin of a few votes.

II

In the 1924 campaign, having declared for Coolidge, Doak was not content to let it go at that. He offered to give his active services, and the celebrated C. Bascom Slemph, of Virginia, Washington, and lately Paris, cordially took him up. Slemph, who is Republican boss of Virginia, champion garnerer of Southern Negro Republican delegates, friend and confidant of Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and recently director of this country's \$300,000 exhibit at the French Colonial Exhibition in Paris, decided that the most profitable thing Doak could do was run for the Senate.

Virginia, however, stayed Democratic. Doak made a few speeches, but Carter

Glass, his opponent, was really never quite certain who was running against him. Doak, in fact, went down to an inglorious defeat, but it was all for a holy cause and he willingly sacrificed himself.

It was in this campaign that he disclosed once more his finely attuned instinct for finding the trail. Even in those far off days his keen eye had already spotted the next conqueror and he was busily courting him. As his opening campaign speech he used almost verbatim an address made a few days previous by Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. In his remarks, Hoover attacked government ownership. Doak, in borrowing the speech, ran in direct defiance of the railroad men's endorsement of the famous Plumb Plan of government ownership of the railroads. The subtle compliment to Hoover was lost on all but a few. But it was not lost on Hoover. From then on the trails of the two men merged, and they have continued so to this day.

Doak's desertion in the La Follette campaign definitely crystallized labor's hostility to him and ever since then he has been unpopular among its leaders. They opposed his selection as Secretary of Labor and for almost two years were able to keep Hoover scared enough to refrain from naming him. And since he was installed they have rebuffed all his attempts to woo them.

Many of them lay at his door the chief responsibility for the destruction of the United States Railroad Labor Board. The board was established for the protection of the lower-paid rail workers. These are not organized in powerful unions, such as the brotherhoods, and so Congress set up the board to safeguard their interests. The railroads, of course, bitterly fought the enactment of the act, and tried to cripple its operation. This they accom-

plished, some of the labor men assert, through Doak's direct connivance.

Two vacancies existed on the board, and President Harding, against the recommendations and over the vehement protests of the brotherhoods, appointed two of Doak's henchmen, both unpopular among the railroad men. E. F. Grable, one of them, had been defeated for reelection as president of his union, the Maintenance of Ways Employés, on a number of complaints, among them incompetence. The other, Walter McMenimen, legislative representative in the Massachusetts Legislature for the Trainmen, Doak's union, was equally lacking in favor among the railroad men.

It was openly charged by the railroad workers at the time that the appointment of these two "labor skates", as they were called, meant the sabotaging of the board. It was declared that they were installed for the express purpose of preventing a wage increase being approved. At all events, that is what happened. The board ceased to function as far as the workers were concerned. The brotherhoods, though they had fought for its establishment, now repudiated it, and were glad to see it abolished by Congress.

Between 1924 and 1927, when Hoover came out in the open as a presidential aspirant, the relations between him and Doak were of the most intimate nature. Doak was the Great Engineer's confidential agent in the labor field, managing and organizing his campaign in that quarter. When the campaign got into the open he was formally appointed chairman of the Republican Labor Division. Whether Hoover was bound by a personal pledge to give him the labor post in the Cabinet, as the union leaders now claim, is not known. But he was certainly heavily beholden to Doak and would have been even

more of an ingrate than he was to some of his other friends, viz: Colonel Wild Bill Donovan, Colonel Horace Mann, Ma Willebrandt and Director C. Bascom Slemp, if he had not finally rewarded him.

But it took him a long, long time to get around to it, and only as accomplished a master of the trail as Doak could have treaded the way to final recognition. When Hoover was elected and began working on his Cabinet, the A. F. of L. moguls believed the question of the Secretaryship of Labor was undecided. They assumed that Hoover would follow the custom of picking someone from their own ranks for the place, and they confidently laid before him a panel to choose from. On this list were the names of John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers and a friend of Hoover's, William Hutchinson, president of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and John Frey, secretary of the Metal Trades Department of the Federation.

President Green of the A. F. of L. was particularly active in Lewis's behalf, for Lewis had thrown his support to Green after Gompers's death and was chiefly responsible for his election as president of the A. F. of L. instead of Mathew Woll, who had been considered the Crown Prince. Doak was not on the A. F. of L. list at all: the organization, in fact, is strongly opposed to the selection of anyone for this office who is not one of its members. It is the A. F. of L. contention that the Labor Department was established at its instigation for the protection of organized labor, and that the A. F. of L. alone represents it. The railroad workers are under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the United States Board of Mediation. They have never made any claim to the office and did not do so in 1928.

So the fight over the secretaryship quickly developed into a struggle between Doak and the A. F. of L. Hoover, it was apparent, was bent on appointing Doak, but he was obviously hesitant about doing so without labor backing. The A. F. of L. men, realizing this, fiercely opposed the appointment. The three big brotherhoods, of engineers, firemen and conductors, also refused to endorse Doak, despite every effort by Doak and Hoover to obtain their approval. Officially, the brotherhoods explained their position on the ground that they were not interested, but the real reason for their refusal to act was their dislike of Doak. The only labor endorsement he was able to get was that of his own union, the trainmen, and it acted with manifest reluctance.

Hoover made repeated efforts to obtain Green's acquiescence, but Green insisted on Lewis, whom Hoover rejected on the ground that he was "unsafe." Failing to move Green, Hoover had Doak try his own hand. Doak plead with Green to say he would not oppose his appointment, but Green refused. Confronted with this unpleasant situation, Hoover was afraid to act. Doak was speechless with fury at the brotherhoods and the A. F. of L. leaders, but Hoover, just beginning his administration, refused to name him against the united opposition of the labor men. So, much to the distress of the anguished Doak, Hoover turned to the surprised and overjoyed Puddler Jim Davis, who had come in with Harding and stayed on with Coolidge, and asked him to continue.

Davis had been mournfully packing to leave; he had even in his sorrow loosened up sufficiently to buy his monogrammed Cabinet chair (as has become the custom with retiring Secretaries), when the unexpected tidings reached him. He agreed exuberantly to remain as long as his new

III

chief, whom he secretly disliked very much, needed him. He remained for almost two years, during which time Hoover and Doak continued their efforts to win A. F. of L. and brotherhood support. When both groups remained adamant in their opposition, Hoover finally called Green to the White House and informed him that he was going to appoint Doak anyway. Green departed in a huff and issued a statement demanding the appointment of an A. F. of L. man.

This was exactly the opening the Hoover board of strategy had been hoping for. The President immediately let out a sad cry about "coercion" and "undue pressure" by "class interests," and the Republican press responded with an editorial barrage along the same line. Under cover of the din, Hoover appointed Doak and the long travail seemed to be over.

But even then, to the new Secretary's profane indignation, he had to wait a few days before he could actually occupy his high office. An hour before he was ready to take the oath he learned that Davis, ever the thrifty Welshman, insisted on delaying his departure until the hour before his name went on the payroll of the Senate, to which he had been elected from Pennsylvania. Only then was he willing to retire, and Doak, his eyes popping with fury, had to smile and wait.

He refused, however, to wait for the talkie-news-reel part of his induction. He went through that part of the performance on schedule. A zealous press association reporter, happening on the spectacle, thought it was the real thing, dashed to a telephone, and informed his office that Doak was taking the oath. The story was flashed over the wires, much to Davis's consternation. He spent a bad half hour trying to get hold of Doak to find out what it was all about.

Doak was ready for action as soon as he was installed. Whether it was because he had had plenty of time during the two years he waited to work out a scheme of ballyhoo, or because he was acting on orders from Hoover to stir up a clatter as an offset to labor's hostility, he was no sooner at his desk than he began a terrific uproar about the *Foe Within Our Doors*. The enemy alien had suddenly to be rooted out. There were, it appeared, 400,000 of him among our 120,000,000, and the issue could not wait. It was now or never, Doak roared, and the man-hunt was on.

He took up the trail with a degree of patriotic enthusiasm worthy of a Grand Cyclops. His first attack upon his quarry is still talked about. Twenty Department of Labor agents, assisted by as many city police, swooped down on a dance given by the Finnish Workers' Educational Association of New York City, blocked all the entrances and exits, and amid the shrieks and hysterics of hundreds of women, lined up the more than a thousand guests and required each of them to produce evidence of his or her right to be in the country. The illegality and brutality of the raid provoked a storm of denunciation. Even the *New York Times* ventured to protest against it.

But Doak was jubilant. He gloatingly told the newspaper men who rushed to see him in Washington that sixteen men and two women had been netted.

"We found pay dirt, didn't we?" he demanded. "Let them go back where they belong!"

From then on, no place suspected of harboring an alien was safe from invasion. Homes, churches, missions, dance-halls, workshops, bread-lines and picket lines

were raided, with or without warrants. In one day in New York City 104 victims were bagged. In one week over 500 were rounded up. In August of the past year Doak shipped out of the country, at the government expense, 1,584 deportees, and in September, 1,700.

Until he came in, alien hunting was a routine procedure of the Labor Department, confined largely to foreigners who got tangled up with the law. It was carried out quietly and without ballyhoo. But under Doak it became a gladiatorial spectacle, until in the first nine months of last year he achieved the unique record of running more people out of the country as deportees than entered it from Europe as immigrants.

He introduced a number of striking innovations. It was his idea that strikers, and particularly their leaders, should be grabbed by Federal agents and thrown into jail as illegal entrants. This plan was started early in his administration and has grown into an established practice in every strike in which foreign-born workers are involved. Another new measure introduced by him is the harrying of bread-lines and flop joints. Last Winter Federal agents mingled with the hungry and homeless men in all the big cities, searching for aliens to devour. A third practice is that of raiding places of business where foreigners are employed. From the *Washington News* of November 6 last I quote an account of such a raid in the national capital. The man speaking is Edwin W. Jones, secretary-treasurer of a tile plant:

It was pay day, and I had just finished making up the payroll and had gone down the street for a few minutes when the Federal agents entered the shop. I returned to find the leader, a white-haired man of about sixty, sitting at my desk. He had pushed all my papers out of the way and

appeared to be holding some kind of a court. I asked him what was his idea, and he replied, sharply: "If you don't shut up, I'll have you arrested. We're from the Bureau of Immigration, and we'll do as we please."

My secretary, Miss Maud Richardson, the employes who had come after their money, and two salesmen from New York who were waiting to see me on business, were all locked in the shop, with a man guarding each entrance. The immigration agents began asking questions. They would get one of our men in a corner and then two or three of them would fire questions at him until he was so confused he didn't know what he was saying.

This sort of thing began about 4 o'clock and continued until about 7. Then they took three of our men away. Two of them, Edward Talamini and Angelo Cappello, were released after they had gone to their homes and found citizenship papers that appeared to satisfy the agents. The third man, Luigi Rosa Valmarcon, they locked up at Third Precinct for the night. We were taking steps to get him out when he was turned loose about 11 the next morning. When Luigi attempted to tell the agents in broken English that his parents were American citizens, they stormed: "We don't want to know anything about your parents. We are asking about you." They even got one of our colored employes in a corner and nearly succeeded in making him admit that he came from the Philippines, instead of from North Carolina, where he was born.

For a long time Doak was unmoved by the growing volume of protests. He could see no reason why homes, workshops, churches and dance-halls should not be invaded.

"If we can't raid these places," he demanded, "where the hell do you expect we are going to get these fellows?"

But if the clatter of newspaper publicity and the applause of the Daughters of the Revolution, the American Coalition, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Ku Klux Klan enthralled him, it didn't keep the

White House and Republican State and local leaders from hearing the roars booming up from the foreign language groups and their newspapers. This outcry finally became so loud that Hoover and the politicians became alarmed and begged Doak to quiet down. But the raids and attacks still continue. The only difference is that instead of accompanying them with gloating declamations, Doak now keeps silent, or more or less so. Every once in a while he still breaks out with a speech before some patriotic or anti-Red society about the alien foe within the fold, but for the most part he watches his tongue.

The Wickersham report on deportations naturally infuriated him. He received a copy of it within a few days after it had been submitted to the Commission and long before it was given to the press. Thus he had plenty of time to study it and prepare an answer before it was made public. He went wild when he read it. He characterized it as the work of Bolsheviks and in raging, private comment declared that, law or no law, he was going to carry out his policy of deportation. He then sat down and wrote a 53-page reply in which he defiantly and violently denounced the report in detail and attacked the character and motives of its author, Reuben Oppenheimer, an able and respected attorney. He broadly insinuated that Oppenheimer had been actuated by racial interests.

So violent was this document that Doak's subordinates braved his fury and warned him against its publication, and after weeks of effort they finally prevailed on him to tone down his remarks. When the report was finally published, it appeared without his broadside. He limited himself to a brief statement the following day, in which he denied that any of the abuses charged had occurred during his administration.

IV

Whatever hope Hoover may have had that Doak would eventually placate the A. F. of L. moguls was destroyed by his desertion of them on the Wagner Unemployment Exchange Bill. The entire organized labor movement, including his own union, was and continues to be in favor of this measure. While it was under consideration in committee, Doak, then still legislative representative for his organization, was a member of the labor delegation that appeared and urged its enactment. He personally presented his union's endorsement to the Senate committee.

But he was in the Cabinet when the measure reached the stage of floor consideration, and it quickly developed that he was now in full accord with the President's opposition to the bill. In thus reversing himself Doak was not only lining himself up with the Chief, but following his example in doing so, for Hoover, too, at one time had been for the Wagner bill. Three times before he entered the White House he specifically and categorically endorsed it.

Hoover has never made an explanation of his flop. Doak, accused by the labor men of selling out for the Cabinet appointment, has announced that he personally was never really for the bill. His appearance before the Senate committee as a member of the labor delegation, he said, was only in his capacity as agent for his union. Why he did not explain this at the time of his declaration for the measure, he has not as yet elucidated.

Unable to stop the bill in committee, Hoover had Doak offer a substitute measure. It was rejected indignantly by the labor leaders and by Senator Wagner, author of the original measure. In an effort to force the former to accept it Doak

called a conference in his office and told them that unless they did so there would be no legislation of any kind. If any bill was passed, he threatened, the President would veto it. The labor men refused to act without hearing Wagner. Doak flew into a fury.

"Who the hell is Wagner?" he demanded. "I'm as good as he is."

But the labor men insisted on Wagner's presence, and he was invited to the afternoon session. Here, in half an hour, he so thoroughly stamped the Doak bill as a piece of political chicanery, designed mainly to create jobs, that the labor leaders voted unanimously to reject it and to stand by the original measure.

With their vigorous backing, and despite the manoeuvres of Hoover, both Houses passed the Wagner bill. The substitute, repeatedly offered as an amendment, was overwhelmingly defeated. In the House, when the hard-boiled Republican chairman of the Rules Committee, Bertrand Snell of New York, tried to pigeonhole the bill on orders from Hoover, La Guardia, the fighting game-cock from Manhattan, shook his fist in the face of the Republican machine and started a filibuster. The House, in those days, was still feeling its oats over the very thorough trouncing it had just given Hoover and Mellon on the soldier bonus question, and it boisterously followed La Guardia's invitation to do the same to Hoover and Doak. It passed the Wagner bill by an overwhelming majority. But a few weeks later Hoover killed it with a veto.

This business provoked widespread criticism, and even some of the Republican journals sharply attacked Hoover's action. As unemployment continued to mount during the ensuing months, the denunciations increased in vigor and number. For a time Hoover and Doak issued statements

in a vain effort to justify themselves. These proving unavailing, they finally hit upon the device of "reorganizing" and "expanding" the antiquated and ineffectual Federal Employment Bureau, already in operation, which the Wagner bill would have replaced with an efficient and modern organization.

This "reorganization" consisted of creating from 75 to 100 new jobs, and filling them for the most part with labor skates, local politicians and personal friends of Doak. The labor leaders charge that in at least one Southern State his appointee is a Kluxer. This Doak vehemently denies. If the man is a member of the Klan, he declares, he knows nothing about it. It is also charged by the labor men that he has political scouts on the payroll of the Employment Service, who travel about the country doing undercover political work. No statement has ever been obtainable as to the actual number on the rolls and what they are paid.

Shortly after their appointment the new job-holders were summoned to Washington by Doak for a pep meeting. The sessions were devoted mainly to swapping stories. At the close of the first day's meetings the visitors were told to return the next morning at 9 A.M. This was vigorously objected to as too early, so the hour was advanced to 10 o'clock. They were also advised to retire early that night and get a good rest so that they could come back next morning prepared to "ask some intelligent questions." But the only specific suggestion given the new agents by the Department throughout the entire conference was to "coöperate with existing State and local agencies."

In the ensuing months so much ridicule was heaped on the organization that Hoover decided that something had to be done. He therefore ordered Doak to prepare a

report on the number of jobs that had been obtained by the new service. This was personally distributed to the press by Hoover, in mimeographed form. It was a lengthy, closely typed statement, the first half of which was a eulogy of the new system. Immediately following was a two-line sentence announcing that the total placements from April 1 to July 31 had been 636,689.

The hour was noon. The press association reporters, pressed for time, rushed to their telephones and flashed their offices the capitalized figures as the number of jobs the Employment Service had obtained in the three-months period. It was only later, when they carefully read the entire report, that they discovered in the second last paragraph that instead of 636,689, the bureau had found only 200,000 jobs, and that the rest had been secured by State and local agencies. Corrections and explanations were rushed, but it was too late. Most of the afternoon papers carried the first figures.

The reporters were indignant, and made irate demands upon the White House press secretary for an explanation of the trickery. They were referred to Doak. He refused to answer questions. Even inquiries as to the nature and location of the 200,000 jobs went unanswered. Other officials in the Labor Department also declined to discuss the matter, explaining they had been ordered to refer all inquiries to the Secretary. Independent study of previous Federal employment reports showed that even the claim of 200,000 jobs was below the figures of other years. These reports also disclosed the interesting fact that placements for the period of the year which the Doak report covered are mostly of the harvest hand variety, where the problem is not finding jobs, but men to do this kind of work.

Several months afterward, Francis I. Jones, the head of the service, resigned, and in leaving issued a statement completely exposing its sham and trumpery. He declared that files on record in the Department "showed that 46 jobs had actually been secured by the service." Seven of the new officials, called "industrial superintendents" and receiving at least \$3,500 yearly, were occupied chiefly in opening mail, Jones asserted.

"They are performing tasks that should be done by \$12-a-week clerks," he said. "A letter-opening machine had been in use, but it was discarded so as to give these men something to do."

One of the first things Doak did when he went into office was to imitate Hoover by enlarging the publicity bureau of the Department. In taking this step he at the same time clamped down an iron censorship on every employé. Under his predecessor, an inquirer could go to any official in the place and obtain the wanted information direct. Doak put a stop to this. All inquiries must now be referred to his office, where his personal secretary scans them. If they meet this functionary's approval, written or telephonic permission is given to answer them.

In recent months Doak has been essaying the spokesman's rôle for the administration before various organizations. His success has been somewhat meagre. In New Jersey, during the recent State campaign there, he urged a strong Republican vote, on the ground that it was needed to vindicate the administration. The State went overwhelmingly Democratic.

More recently, he appeared before the American Association of Personal Finance Companies, and put the administration on record as favoring a 3½% a month interest charge, or 42% per annum. Doak was enthusiastic over the possibilities of

the money lending business at this rate of interest, and urged his hearers to make a house-to-house canvass on the ground that "any family of self-sustaining economic status should find it possible to do business with you."

"I am not trying to cramp your style, gentlemen," he assured the assembled money-lenders, "rather I am trying to point to your opportunities. They are unlimited if you grasp them firmly."

When it was discovered that these hearty well wishes to the money lenders at 42% had been voiced only a day after Doak had addressed a gathering of social workers and indignantly denounced the operations of "piratical extortioners," and "loan sharks," quite a murmur went up.

V

In one respect Doak and the Department of Labor have much in common: they are both unkempt in appearance. The Department is housed in a large, dirty, box-like structure. Inside, the place looks like an ill-kept warehouse, fitted up with coop-like offices. The elevators are of the freight-carrying variety, the doors are splintered and battered, the furniture is of the shabbiest and cheapest kind, and the offices look as if they had either just been moved into or were being made ready for removal. No other government building in the capital is so run-down in appear-

ance. Employés complain that the place is over-run with rats and cockroaches.

Doak's dress is likewise disheveled and untidy. His suits show spots and cigarette ashes. Last Summer he wore whites that were invariably bedraggled.

Faced by a gang of newspaper men Doak is uneasy. Asked an embarrassing question, he assumes a hard-boiled attitude. When this is resented, he becomes argumentative and loquacious.

He is held in indifferent esteem by Republican leaders in Congress and by his Cabinet colleagues. Some of the former, last session, refused to have any business with him. The latter sneer at his social pretensions. He loves show and ostentation. The Nuckles in his name came into daily use after he entered the Cabinet. Before that he was merely William N. Doak. But even as a labor leader he had a uniformed chauffeur.

Since entering the Cabinet he has taken up his residence on his Virginia estate, "Notre Nid" (Our Nest). He purchased the place at a bargain several years before getting office, but it has only been since he has been in the Cabinet that he gives it full play. Situated on the Potomac on the Virginia side, the one-time farm has an excellent river view of the capital. Last Summer Doak went in for outdoor entertainment of the garden party variety. Hardly a week went by without an affair, with a picture in the society columns.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

MORAL manifesto:

HOME PROTECTIVE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

J. C. DUNLAP, SUPERINTENDENT AND FOUNDER
HOME OFFICE: BANKS, ALABAMA

Y-o-u!

A patriotic citizen, are asked to please do all in your power to help stop the awful wave of destruction that our enemy, the Devil, is so rapidly bringing through the systematic, expensive, and death dealing advertising of his pet partner, the cigarette traffic, which is not satisfied by enslaving nearly all American men, but is now inducing many young women in leading communities to dope on cigarettes. Satan knows the poison will not only ruin female cigarette fiends, but if they become mothers, as the Lord intended they should, the majority of their helpless, innocent babies will be killed.

While we are preaching the Gospel of Christ, whose blood is God's only remedy for sin, and whose Holy Spirit alone can bring comfort and joy to the human soul, we also, in no uncertain way, are sowing down these United States with literature exposing the works of the Devil as they are today. Our expenses are enormous, and as the need is so overwhelming, we are asking you for God's sake to please invest in the righteous cause by giving some amount of money N-O-W to enable us to push the work into every nook and corner of our great Republic, and to lands beyond the seas.

Thanking you and praying that our Father's richest blessings may abide with you now and forever more,

We are your friend,
THE HOME PROTECTIVE SOCIETY
OF AMERICA.

CALIFORNIA

ANOTHER great scientist comes to Los Angeles:

Count Erich von Klinkowstroem

One of Germany's most eminent tragedians, decorated by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany; Kaiser Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary; King Ludwig of Bavaria; King of Saxony; King of Wuerttemberg, and the Grand Duke of Baden, was one of Dr. Castles' distinguished patients. Although 70 years of age a course of glandular treatments rejuvenated the Count to the degree that he possessed the mental and physical vigor of 45 years. Out of gratitude the Count presented his cherished decorations of distinction to Dr. Castles.

DR. ALFRED G. CASTLES, formerly assistant surgeon and physician in the Imperial Royal Hospital of Vienna, eminent gland specialist, has for a number of years most successfully treated many cases in Germany, Austria, England and in almost every State in the Union for (AMBLYOPIA AMAUROSIS) LOSS OF SIGHT OR VISION, EITHER CONGENITAL, OR CAUSED BY HYSTERIA, MALARIA, OR OTHER DISEASES, ALCOHOL, LIQUOR, STRONG COFFEE OR TEA OR DRUGS. PROLONGATION OF LIFE, PREMATURE SENILITY, SENILE DEMENTIA, DISEASES INCIDENT TO SENILITY, INABILITY TO CONCENTRATE. *General Debility, Eye-weakness, Mental Sluggishness, Nervous Diseases, Gastro-Intestinal Disorders, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Kidney Affections, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Insomnia, Prostate Disorders, Sterility, Loss of Vitality, Low and High Blood Pressure, Hardening of the Arteries, Neuritis, Chronic Pulmonary Troubles, Excessive Weight, Impotence, Epilepsy, Subnormal Children and above all SENILITY, FEEBLENESS OF BODY*

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OF OLD AGE. SOME PATIENTS
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TESTIMONIALS from grateful patients of the
Aquarian Ministry, Santa Barbara:

Wash.—I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate your service. Before I had finished the first lesson an acquaintance came to our home, offering my husband work that had never entered our minds, nor had we known it existed. Money and success came pouring in from every direction and most unexpected sources, and besides I felt a great spiritual uplift and power from the very first lesson. I am anxious to take the whole course. M. U.

Conn.—I intend to keep up your weekly lessons for the entire year. The ulcer in my nose has entirely disappeared. Many thanks for your help. P. E. H.

Calif.—I want to express my gratitude for the wonderful demonstration you have made for me in the last month. I have been holding a vacant lot for years and could not seem to find a buyer until you took up the work. I spend one and a half hours every morning with your lessons, and have fourteen people whom I am trying to help through absent treatments. Mrs. L. E. M.

Ill.—I must write and thank you for all the good things that have come to me. I am twelve years old and have passed into a higher grade and everything I do I seem to get better marks, and my cough is gone. My mother is so happy. Robert Jones.

Penna.—I am regaining my eyesight every day, and many blessings have come

to me through your prayers. Will you kindly keep on with the daily blessings? I was blind, but this is my own writing. Mrs. J. H.

Mo.—I have experienced many blessings since reading the literature sent me. I try daily to do my part. Our farm has been rented; struck good gas-well and my salary has been restored, for all of which I am most grateful. Mrs. C. L. S.

Calif.—It is surely wonderful that the trouble they called cancer is healed. I did not expect my complete freedom to come as a miracle, and yet it has been. I can never be thankful enough. I am telling everyone what you have done for me, through your knowledge of the power of God. E. J.

Wash.—I have your letter sent in reply to the telegram sent by my husband. I had been in labor pain for twenty-four hours and was completely exhausted. Had high blood pressure, stomach sickness and terrible pains in my back along with the others. In less than half an hour after the wire was sent a miracle happened, the doctor said, for the baby was here. F. W. L.

Tex.—Mr. W. is better. After standing still for three weeks, he has gained almost a million red corpuscles in a week. He has been sick since August and lost mentally also, but I am very happy that he is so much better. (Blood count was below two million, and doctors gave no hope, but is now four and a half million.) E. W. W.

LITERARY intelligence:

ANNOUNCING

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For particulars write to the Principal,

MISS ESTHER KJELLBERG
Oceanside, California.

CONNECTICUT

THE splendid showing made by the fine old New England families at Yale, as revealed by an announcement of winners of scholarships:

Sterling New Haven scholarships (tuition for four years)—Natalia Anastasio, Joseph Blancharski, Jr., Robert Carlson, Francis Degnan, William Holloran, Harry Kaplan, Joseph Levy, Theodore Rosenthal.

Sterling Memorial Connecticut scholarships (full tuition in freshman year)—John Curry, Bridgeport; John Madigan, Hartford; John Dorsey, New Haven; George Feldman, New Haven; John Crowley, Waterbury; Ellis Tarlton, Fairfield; William Degnan, Southington; Henry Mattoon, jr., Watertown; Charles Petrillo, West Haven; Warren Lapierre, Norwich; Herbert Johnson, Willimantic; Harold Hills, Hillstown; William McGovern, Bridgeport; Carl Peterson, jr., Terryville; Arthur Sweeton, 3d, Collinsville.

The Royal Avery Hotchkiss Memorial scholarship was awarded to Arthur William Eichmann, of New Haven, and the Philo Chatfield Hotchkiss Memorial scholarship to Salvatore Andrew Carrano, also of New Haven.

SPECIAL dispatch to the New York *Times* from Stamford:

The Rev. Edward H. Lewis, pastor of the Stamford Universalist Church for the last eight years, resigned today to study to be a chiropractor.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

UNITED PRESS dispatch:

Maj.-Gen. William G. Everson, chief of the War Department Militia Bureau, resigned today. He will go to Denver and assume the pastorate of the First Baptist Church there.

ILLINOIS

LAW ENFORCEMENT note from the rising town of Paris, county seat of Edgar county:

Quinton Cohoon, eleven years old, was arrested yesterday after officers said they found him manufacturing intoxicating liquor in the basement of the Edgar County Orphans' Home, of which he was an inmate.

INDIANA

THE progress of luxury in South Bend, as revealed by a want ad in the *Tribune* thereof:

MISHAWAKA—\$3.50 per week, 4-rm. home. Gas, elect., sink, stove heat. Chic Sale model. Call Walsh 2-5779 or 2-5941.

MARYLAND

GALA event in Westminster, that lovely town, as reported by the *Democratic Advocate*:

The mayor and Common Council have announced the opening of the long waited-for-need, a public comfort station, for this city.

The comfort station is situated in the rear of the armory and is on the alley leading from Longwell avenue to Center street, on the playground site. On Tuesday evening from 7 to 9.30 o'clock the station will be thrown open for inspection to the public, with Mayor Matthews explaining every detail, with the assistance of others. The Westminster Band will put a touch to the affair by giving a concert.

NEW YORK

Broadway Brevities contributes a page to the American Almanac de Gotha:

James H. R. Cromwell was a member of Jimmie Walker's party on the Mayor's

most recent holiday. Son of the late Oliver Cromwell, of New York, his mother, Eva Roberts, later married Edward T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia millionaire, becoming his second wife. James Cromwell was divorced by Delphine Dodge, who later married Raymond T. Baker, former Director of the Mint. Baker was previously divorced by Margaret Emerson, Baltimore heiress. Margaret first divorced Smith McKim, and then became the second wife of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt. After divorcing Baker, she chose as her fourth husband Charles Minot Amory, whose first wife, Gladys Munn, is now Mrs. Herbert Pulitzer. Before James Cromwell was divorced by Delphine Dodge, he had a most picturesque father-in-law. Delphine's mother, the widowed Mrs. Horace E. Dodge, who inherited many millions from the automobile industry, chose as her second husband Hugh McGaughey, of Columbus, who became an actor as Hugh Dillman, and was divorced by Marjorie Rambeau, after she had divorced Willard Mack. James Cromwell's brother, Oliver Eaton Cromwell, was divorced by Hope Beale, and then married Katharine Dahlgren, after she had divorced Richard Smith Emmett. The heiress sister of James and Oliver Cromwell, Louise Cromwell, divorced Walter B. Brooks, Jr. (who then married Marian Rice), and Major-General Douglas MacArthur, before marrying Lionel Atwill, the actor. Atwill was first divorced by Phyllis Relph, actress, and then divorced Elsie Mackay, actress.

NORTH CAROLINA

MANIFESTO circulated in the grand old town of Charlotte:

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I am the author of four novels, 100 articles and poems, and 400 published stories and serials in 50 different markets, from the most exacting to the least. McClure's, Everybody's, Midland, Detective, Clues, Complete, Top Notch, Excitement; Boy's World, Young People's Weekly, High Road, etc.

During last month writers I am coaching placed one book MS. and 17 shorts. Half these were first sales by writers who never before had sold. If you are a beginner, don't hesitate because you fear I'm academic. I'm not. I'm human—a writer struggling to be a big one, just as you're struggling to make early sales. I sell constantly—64 stories in 1931 at all sorts of prices from \$15 to \$150 (from Jan. till Aug.). I have never got over being a beginner myself, and I yell just as loud when one of my writers sells as when I get a check. Come along with that story, \$2, return stamped envelope, and let me give you a criticism and boost that may be the turning point in your career. My fee for continued help is amazingly low.

HARRY HARRISON KROLL

Peabody College Nashville, Tenn.

WHAT it means to be a public school teacher in Madisonville, as reported by the local correspondent of the United Press:

Any teacher in Monroe county who dances will step out of a job, the County Board of Education has decided. Complaints came to the board that some teachers had been seen dancing.

TEXAS

FROM the society columns of the San Antonio *Light*:

Mrs. Harry S. Leap, at the organ, played, "Oh, Thou Sweet Evening Star," by Tannhauser.

THE STABILIZATION NONSENSE

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

DEPRESSIONS, too, are not without their compensations. The panacea industry had never known such good times. Countless "experts" throughout the United States are consuming tons of paper in mimeographed twelve-page letters advising us how prosperity can be restored. Hundreds of economists are busy explaining away their now discredited New Era Economics. Unemployed journalists have found lucrative employment in devising "planned economics" for five years, ten years, twenty years, or what not. United States Senators, Congressmen, and humble State legislators have been kept busy holding hearings, thus giving employment to hordes of stenographers and keeping the Pullman berths occupied. High-powered executives and bankers with time on their hands have been preparing cheering speeches for Chambers of Commerce and trade conventions. The indirect benefits are beyond statistical estimate. More and bigger conventions have kept the hotel industry from going bankrupt, farmers have benefited by the increased consumption of chicken patties and peas, and waiters have been kept on the jump. Were it not for the flood of unemployment relief speeches, the broadcasting industry might have perished long ago.

The greatest of our minds have been sweating thought. That thought has convinced them that the United States would be better off without unemployment. Being men of action, they have resolved to abol-

ish it. They will have naught to do with palliatives: nothing short of complete abolition will satisfy them. America must have no truck with anything that is not perfect. Having discovered that unemployment is due primarily to lack of employment, they propose to have industry guarantee work to all its workers as the "distinctive American contribution to the problem of preventing unemployment." The researches of such foreign students as Sir William Beveridge and Sidney Webb are dismissed as irrelevant to the American system. Leading industrialists assured a Senate committee recently that industry suffers from unemployment, "not at all because it has to, but because it thinks it has to;" and a railroad president declared that all that is necessary is to give American employers "the habit of stabilizing." "Stabilization can be attained more by a state of mind than anything else," he declared. The imperative thing is "to create a state of mind among business men so that it becomes the fashionable thing." Employers must acquire "the will to regularize."

These lofty doctrines are the natural result of the late lamented New Economic Revolution. Like all the other preposterous philosophies of the demised era, they spring from a complete failure to understand the nature of the present mode of production and its process of income distribution. They are based on the false correlation of two dogmas which have become almost axiomatic in the United States. The

first is that American industry, unlike its counterparts in other countries, is organized mainly for Service and the Public Good. Thus Mr. Gerald Swope of the General Electric Company recently assured the National Electrical Manufacturers Association that it "exists basically for serving the needs of the people," and Mr. Howard Heinz, famous for his heritage of the 57 Varieties, asked: "Who can fix the limits of the growth of industry when, given great material prosperity, business measures its progress in terms of service, co-operation and the application of the Golden Rule?" The second dogma is that American management is superior to that of all other industrial nations. Only in the United States has it become a science.

There is thus no miracle to which American industrial ingenuity, with the help of a few modern tricks, such as business research and forecasting, cannot aspire. All that is necessary is to teach the business leaders of the nation that the reduction or elimination of unemployment is not only humane and helpful, but also good business and sound "science." Once management becomes conscious of the benefits which can be derived through stabilization of production, first in the form of increased profits and then in that of humanitarian good, its congenital ingenuity will overcome every obstacle.

The beneficent achievements of stabilization programmes are loudly and constantly asserted. Witness the accomplishments of the Hills Brothers Company, packing dates shipped by fast steamers from Mesopotamia, which has already stabilized the date market. Look at the success attained by the Procter & Gamble Soap Company, the B. V. D. Company, the walnut and cranberry industries, a certain eminent floor-wax establishment, and, of course, the Dennison Manufacturing Com-

pany, which produces paper gadgets, sealing-wax, and "fine boxes for jewelers." Also, there is the example of the C. F. Mueller Macaroni Company, which, by eliminating the boll weevil inside the noodle, has stabilized the noodle industry. The mere discovery of tea balls exterminated unemployment in the Tao Tea Company. Round the Globe Flight Sales Contests and Annual Baseball Contests stabilized a calendar manufacturing concern in St. Paul. "Say It With Flowers" not only brought prosperity into the flower business, but also happiness to the American Home.

The books on stabilization all devote many pages of enthusiastic description to the methods of the Hills Brothers, Procter & Gamble, and the Dennison Company. The fact that even these concerns guarantee employment to only a portion of their personnel is not mentioned. Instead, the reader is supplied with long lists of other companies which have been allegedly successful in reducing their unemployment. Among them is actually the Ford Motor Company—which only recently laid off 75,000 workers at one time, and is now blamed by the City of Detroit as largely responsible for placing upon it an enormous burden of relief.

As I have said, stabilization is urged on the grounds of humanity and public service and because it is said to be profitable to industry. There is no need to discuss the Service doctrine at length. If anyone has been taken in by it, he has only himself to blame. The prospect of any well-managed corporation introducing a stabilization programme at a financial sacrifice for the benefit of its employes is really fantastic. The rare individual owner who may be so philanthropically inclined will not remain in business very long. Nor is it likely that many corporation heads can induce their stockholders to continue operation at

a loss in order to provide steady employment for their workers.

The only forms of stabilization that are at all feasible are those which prove profitable and economic. But wherever this is the case it may be taken for granted that such companies need neither the advice nor the moral applause of the stabilization messiahs. Every genuine inducement to stabilize is already there. No concern refuses on principle to operate its plant every day, and even day and night, if it sees its way to making money. The fact that it does not do so can hardly be credited to malevolence or original sin. The successful existence of every business depends upon the fullest possible utilization of every means to keep going on a profitable basis.

In consequence, it may be taken for granted that the self-interest of business has already inspired as large a measure of stabilization as present knowledge permits. To go further would require omniscience. Few corporations can ever know that the goods produced by them will have a certain market at a reasonable profit. Fewer, if any, can accurately forecast the future demand. For in order to do so, every corporation must estimate the output of all its competitors as well as its own. It must bear in mind every possible shift in fashion, every change in demand, every possible introduction of new wants. It must be able to foretell the future course, not only of its own industry, but also that of all other industries in order to gauge the available purchasing power.

It must study the political trends in the United States and all other nations, and be able to forecast when the next war, plague, earthquake or other act of God will occur. It must have accurate information whether the next Congress, the German Reichstag, or some Chinese general will raise or lower the tariff upon imports and exports. It must

be able to prophesy the severity of next Summer's heat and next Winter's frost. It must know definitely when this depression will end and when the next one will begin. It must know the changing situations of its dealers and jobbers, and the tastes of its customers. Finally, it must be able to predict if, when and how its product will be totally eliminated, for there is hardly a commodity for which there is not a possible substitute.

II

The cold facts of experience are that, despite the many years' talk of stabilization and regularization, progress in achieving them has so far been insignificant. The present depression, indeed, makes it doubtful that there has been any progress at all. Even the frequently repeated claim that several hundred employers out of a total of approximately 300,000 manufacturers in the United States have introduced stabilization programmes has little justification in fact. The overwhelming majority of the corporations listed as having stabilized their production are suffering from unemployment during the present depression to no less an extent than other companies in their industries. Serious economic crises such as we are now experiencing sweep everything before them.

An examination of the so-called stabilizing plans in operation in the United States shows that they represent no fundamentally new type of planning at all. Most of the concerns cited merely follow the path which every corporation always follows in order to increase its market and to keep its plant going. To describe companies which advertise their products in order to stimulate a steady demand as humane corporations, seeking only "stabilization" of work for their employés, is to mock ordinary

intelligence. To point to other concerns which have taken on a sideline—as, for instance, the manufacture of crêpe paper hats by one producing paper tags, or the combined production of noodles and macaroni—as companies which have done so in order to introduce “regularized” production for their employés, and as examples to be followed by all other companies, may be cheering to the gullible but can hardly be taken seriously by the less naïve.

To expect that the coal industry can follow the example of the B. V. D. Company, which claims to have succeeded in persuading its customers to use its product in Winter as well as in Summer, is pure nonsense. Neither can pig iron nor automobiles be put in cold storage as conveniently as Dromedary Dates. Fur coats will not be worn in Summer nor tennis shoes in Winter. Ice-cream will not be eaten much in December, nor will Christmas shopping be done in July. It is significant that the one large concern,—the International Shoe Company,—which attempted to stabilize its production by overcoming the style factor and manufacturing for stock has been forced recently to abandon its programme.

Most of the new stabilization methods, in truth, are as old as civilization. For centuries the peasant became a lumber-jack in Winter, and the blacksmith manufactured wheels and ploughs in Spring and Summer, and sleighs and pruning hooks in Winter, without ever knowing that they were running on a “planned schedule of production.” Ever since industry and commerce began, merchants have sold heavy shoes, felt hats, and fur coats in Winter, and light underwear and straw hats in Summer, and thought nothing of “stabilization.” That every manufacturer should attempt to keep his plant going steadily by utilizing every means at his disposal is the very essence of the profit system.

The stabilization programmes generally recommended are quite incapable of reducing or eliminating the total volume of unemployment. The means most widely advocated are the stimulation of demand for the corporation’s own goods or the addition of some new product not now manufactured by it. But stabilized production thus achieved by one company through increased sales is generally attained only at the expense of competing concerns. Whenever one company succeeds in selling a larger amount of its products in a certain market, another company engaged in the same business sells less. The success of the B. V. D. Company spells disaster for the heavy underwear concerns, while the increased consumption of macaroni strikes at the potato farmers. The automobile ruined the bicycle industry, and the radio brought devastation to the phonograph and piano manufacturers. Whenever any corporation is successful in its adoption of a filler-in during slack seasons, to that extent it puts out of business the concerns which were specializing in a similar article.

At best, therefore, stabilization by such means can benefit only the one company. It will provide more regular work to a certain number of workers, but others,—and possibly a larger number,—will be deprived even of their part-time employment. In brief, under conditions as they are, practically every enhancement of regular work for the workers of one concern involves the permanent unemployment of workers elsewhere.

Stabilization is especially difficult in the larger establishments. The findings of Prof. Wesley C. Mitchell in his “Business Cycles: The Problem and Its Setting” indicate that unemployment and depression are immeasurably greater in them than in the smaller ones. Whereas for all industries the percentage of decline in employment

from the peak of 1920 to the trough of 1921-1922 was 16.5%, it amounted to only 3.1% in the case of establishments employing 20 workers or less, rose to 13.8% in the case of those employing from 21 to 100 workers, and amounted to 28.2% in the case of those with over 100 employés each.

Similar findings were made by the President's Emergency Committee for Unemployment late in 1930. Information obtained from manufacturing corporations in over 500 localities, which in 1929 employed more than 750,000 men, showed that of the companies employing less than 500 men, 39% had no unemployment problem at all. In the case of those employing between 500 and 1000, 75% had an unemployment problem, while 86% of those which employed from 1000 to 5000 had such a problem. Practically all of those employing 5000 or more men were suffering from unemployment.

In view of these disclosures, it is important to note that the majority of workers in the United States are engaged in the larger establishments. The number of manufacturing establishments employing 20 or less in 1919 constituted 81% of the total manufacturing establishments, but they gave employment to only 10% of the total number of workers in all establishments. On the other hand, the concerns employing 100 and more workers represented only 6% of the total concerns, but they employed 71% of the total workers.

Thus, the larger the industry the sharper is the employment fluctuation and the more difficult the attainment of stabilization. A check of the various companies which are reported to have introduced stabilized production reveals that they are all primarily small corporations, manufacturing things which easily lend themselves to regularized production. They produce soaps, dates, macaroni, noodles,

package tea, floor-wax, calendars, paper tags, and the like. The total number of workers engaged in these industries does not exceed more than a fraction of one per cent of the wage-earners in the United States. From the point of view of the national economy, the stabilization programmes of such companies are of less value than the paper which has been consumed in describing them.

III

That stabilized production cannot be achieved by the mere process of faith is recognized by all except the romantics. The New York Committee on Stabilization of Industry for the Prevention of Unemployment, in its 1930 report to Governor Roosevelt, says that it "would be guilty of false optimism" were it to "conclude that all industries can be regularized." It points out that only the following industries can manufacture to stock: those producing a stabilized and unperishable article which cannot be affected by changes of fashion; those requiring exceptionally skilled workers who cannot be replaced; those having a quasi-monopoly over their product; and those whose products require little storage space. For industries which do not possess these requirements the committee insists that "the elimination of seasonal fluctuations is at present almost impossible." It goes on:

This is particularly true in industries where styles change rapidly, as in the manufacture of clothing and shoes, and more particularly in the women's branches of both of these industries. Women's clothing stocks are almost as perishable as radishes or celery. A style which seems good one week may be displaced by another the following week. In an industry such as this, it is suicide for a firm to manufacture goods to stock. . . .

It is also true that while we can mitigate, we cannot entirely remove the direct influence of the weather in causing unemployment. . . . At best the inclemencies of Winter weather in this State will always cause a considerable amount of unemployment. . . . During periods of cyclical unemployment individual firms are to a large degree helpless to overcome the numerous factors that create depression. . . . The ultimate control of the business cycle is in our opinion still a long way off.

Another intelligent and realistic answer to the Utopian dreams of a stabilized economy in the United States was given recently by Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of governors of the Chase National Bank and a director in nearly fifty other large corporations. While testifying before a Senate committee appointed to search for a Moses to lead us out of the wilderness of depression, he was asked whether he believed it possible to stabilize industrial production. He answered:

I do not think so. I sit on some industrial boards and related boards, banking boards, and I find that the manufacturer keeps on manufacturing goods as long as his customers demand them and as long as he can sell them at a profit, and when he cannot sell them at a profit, he begins to reduce his production.

To the question whether he thought we have learned anything from the present depression, Mr. Wiggin answered:

Well, we have learned something. But we all forget very promptly, and the next generation would not know anything about our troubles and would not have that experience. Nothing will prevent the recurrence of business troubles at intervals.

There is no better illustration of the foolishness of the hope of stabilizing production than the Utopian steps recommended for its inauguration. Thus, the magic wand of Professor Herman Feldman in his "Reg-

ularization of Employment," the leading tome on the subject, is research, especially "distribution research." Each manufacturer is advised to estimate "scientifically" the future demand for his products, to study the causes of seasonal peaks of demand, and to formulate a long-time export policy on the basis of "new markets at home and abroad having different seasons!" He must also forecast the cyclical changes in business!

In addition to making these elaborate statistical inquiries, manufacturers are urged to diversify their output through a slight modification of the main line of production, or by the addition of side lines or fillers. If this is not sufficient, they are counseled to modify extremes of style changes in order to reduce the style hazard, and to change the customary purchasing habits of the people by "removing obstacles which prevent the conscientious (*sic*) consumer from buying during times of normal slack."

To accompany his "distribution technique," Professor Feldman insists there must also be planned production within the plant. To accomplish this every corporation is urged to perform the following tricks: the weather factor must be overcome by "scientific research," which "may discover a way by which the unfavorable conditions may be economically circumvented. *Progress in all directions depends on achieving the impossible.*" (Italics mine.) The dull periods must be utilized by "postponing miscellaneous activities," such as "painting and cleaning the plant and general overhauling and repair of equipment for those periods." In other words, broken down machines or leaky shop roofs must not be repaired while production is heavy. Slack periods can also be avoided, according to Dr. Feldman, by postponing vacations from busy seasons. If

all these devices do not do the trick, managers are advised to simply manufacture for stock during dull periods.

Proper foresight must also be exercised in the introduction of new machinery in order to minimize displacements of labor. The plant employment department should facilitate systematic training and the transfer of workers within the plant from one department to another. In peak seasons former women employ  s should be used, and students in Summer. Finally, open-shop employers who have refused to have anything to do with labor unions are advised to co  perate with them through joint conferences, etc. To make its influence more effective, labor itself, which in America has always distrusted the "intellectual," is urged to carry on research.

It is an illustration of our muddled economic thinking that such fantastic stuff should be given serious consideration. Were any corporation to embark on a programme embodying any considerable number of these suggestions, its management would be driven to insanity and its stockholders into bankruptcy. Only those utterly ignorant of the commonest facts of economic life and of the nature of modern production can expect any appreciable stabilization by such methods under present conditions. Compared with these Utopians, anarchists are hardheaded realists.

IV

I am aware, of course, that the advocates of industrial stabilization also wish to be the founding fathers of a Planned Economy, either through voluntary trade associations, such as are advocated by Mr. Swope, or through a governmental economic council modeled after the Russian Gos Plan, or the War Industries Board. Some would content themselves merely

with a council which would collect bigger and better statistics. Hoping to get rid of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, even the most stalwart industrialists pretend to have faith in an Economic Planning Council. The confidence that such a council would be made up of business men gives them assurance of its superiority.

But such a planned economy is inconceivable in the United States in any near future. The essence of the American system of production, as of every capitalist economy, is free competition. Competition and economic planning are diametrically opposed forces, with nothing in common between them. Realists know that no corporation will voluntarily surrender any of the advantages it has over its competitors. A planned system of economy can be erected only over the dead body of the competitive system.

So long as the profit motive in industry remains, there can be no stifling of competition and *ipso facto* no control over the recurrent cycles of peak production and depth of depression. If ever industrial production becomes stabilized, industry will no longer be competitive and individualistic. Not even the General Electric Company is as yet in the mood to sacrifice its profits. So far, Mr. Swope's latest contribution to stabilization, outside of speech-making, has been to dock the wages of the General Electric's employ  s for a guarantee of six months' work at \$15 a week.

Asked by the Senate Committee for his opinion of the value of an Economic Planning Council, Mr. Wiggin said: "I don't think an Economic Council would do any harm, any more than the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board does any harm, but I cannot see that it does any good, and it is an expense." That, to say the least, is candid and realistic thinking. It has been sadly needed these many years.

END OF FARCE

BY JAMES RORTY

THE play ends. Children, go home.
Go home, children, the bright tree is dark, there are no good
fairies.
On tip-toe, children, steal home, hush, be grave.
Hide, children, in the damp cellars, the Pharaoh has marked the
door-posts.
Rain, rain, on the far horizon, light, fierce light, and the deep wind
roaring.
Go home, children. Children, go home.

Change like a vomit, change like a vast labor spewing forth
The small souls, the shrill greeds, the thin small rages of children.
This wide land aches with the little idiot laughter of children.
Silence, you brats, you misbegotten. Be still, time will not wait, the
deep wind rises.
Go home, children, hide, weep, you must die, you must be born
again.
Go home, children. Children, go home.

What shall we do, Great Mother, since man must live?
What shall we do between ice and ice?
What shall we do, so loud the locust whines?
How shall they march, the spoiled, the craven, the blind?
They shall march.
How shall they hear us who have not heard
The Bacchæ singing at the gates?
They shall hear.
How shall they see us who have not seen
The fierce Valkyrie riding on the wind?
They shall see, they shall hear, they shall march, and you shall weep.
The play ends. The play begins. Not yours, not yours.
Go home, children. Children, go home.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Medicine

CANCER QUACKS

BY JAMES A. TOBEY

IN 1682 a Swiss physician proposed “an unguent of green frogs” as a cure for cancer. History repeats itself, for nearly 250 years later, in 1927, “a live green European frog, roasted in butter and rubbed to a powder” was seriously suggested as an equally infallible remedy. Spurious cancer cures are thus as absurd today as they were centuries ago, and even more numerous. The scientific knowledge regarding malignant disease makes progress, but not the unscientific. Naïveté and delusion, ignorance and quackery, are still rampant.

Such cures for cancer as suckling puppies boiled in wine, cray fish stewed in asses’ milk, and the flesh of grey lizards, all of which were put forward in the Eighteenth Century, are no more ridiculous than quince seeds mixed with pig’s blood, live toads applied to the tumor, or the assiduous avoidance of angleworms. These last three preposterous suggestions might seem to belong to the Middle Ages, and yet they were made in good faith in the presumably enlightened Twentieth Century. They are representative of a vast number of reputed cures submitted five years ago in answer to the offer of a prize for a remedy of proved value, announced through the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

On June 19, 1731, Benjamin Franklin wrote to his sister:

I know a cancer on the breast is often thought incurable, yet we have here in town a kind of shell made of some wood,

cut at a proper time, by some man of great skill (as they say), which has done wonders in that disease among us, being worn for some time on the breast. I am not apt to be superstitiously fond of believing such things, but the instances are so well attested as to convince the most incredulous.

This epistle was brought forth by the news that another of the great statesman’s sisters was afflicted with cancer, a disease which, incidentally, also caused the death in 1808 of his only daughter, Mrs. Sarah Bache. About twenty years later, or in 1752, he wrote to a friend that he was pleased to learn of the success of poke-weed in the treatment of cancer. In 1927 a dozen or more persons submitted *réçipés* using poke-root or poke-berries for the cure of all malignant growths. None of these modern cancer soothsayers had the temerity to advocate a third remedy in which the illustrious Franklin was interested in 1772. This consisted of injections of “fix’d air”.

The false cures for cancer rise and fall like the tide, a thoroughly polluted tide. Some of them attain considerable vogue, but after a period disappear, then reappear, only to pass once more into oblivion. An interesting example of this cycle is provided by turpentine, which was first employed by Celsus, a famous Roman physician who was the contemporary of Christ. Sixteen centuries later another celebrated doctor, Paracelsus, used turpentine externally, and in 1696 it was given internally by a Dr. William Salmon. After a period of desuetude, it became fashionable again in 1837, when a Dr. Dewees gave it for uterine cancer. Once more it was forgotten until

1880, when another physician, John Clay, took to administering it in pill form for cancers of the womb.

Some of these doctors were not satisfied with ordinary turpentine, Dr. Clay, for example, insisting upon a kind which came only from the Isle of Chios, but others claimed with much vehemence that that which came from the Isle of Cyprus was equally good. Toward the end of the Nineteenth Century, many physicians of standing, even such a leader as Virchow in Germany, were employing turpentine, but it eventually fell into disfavor. In 1904 it was resurrected for a while, but finally it went completely into the discard.

Among the substances which have been used from time to time, and which, despite a constant lack of success, pop up every now and then, are: sheep-sorrel, raw cranberries, red clover-tops, kerosene, gasoline, onion juice, nicotine, amber from a pipe stem, water hemlock, lobelia plants, mouse-ear plants, garlic, swamproot, horse blood, candle grease, wild parsnip roots, goat's milk, blue clay, willow-tree juice, acorn coffee, oil of cloves, goose-grass juice, calendula flowers, spiderwebs, skunk and beaver oil, cheeseweed, cinnamon tea, pepper, fleur-de-lis, snails, and crabs.

At the beginning of the Twentieth Century many advertised cancer cures were on the market. By appealing to gullible persons the vender of every such nostrum did incalculable harm, for by the time the patient discovered its worthlessness, he was beyond aid. In 1921 the Federal government filed a libel for the seizure of forty bottles of a substance labelled Diuretine, and twenty-four bottles of Bloodzone. The latter was asserted on the label to be a cure for scrofula, syphilis, cancer, rheumatism, catarrh, malaria, poisoning, chronic ulcers, boils, carbuncles, eczema, tetter, acne, psoriasis, salt rheum, pimples, and eruptions.

Cancer is not, of course, a blood disease, and this remedy, consisting of extracts of plant leaves, with a laxative drug, sugar, alcohol, and water, could not by any stretch of the imagination exert any beneficial effect whatsoever.

Another typical cure-all, which the government also proceeded against in 1921, was Patten's Lightning Salve, compounded of camphor, turpentine, soap, rosin, tallow, bees-wax, and petrolatum. Not only was this mess alleged to cure cancer; it was claimed also to cure piles, fistula, neuralgia, felons, blood poison, diphtheria, tonsillitis, pneumonia, asthma, hay fever, stomach, kidney and bowel troubles, sore eyes, ulcers, backache, pain in any part of the body, erysipelas, dysentery, goitre, deafness, loss of voice, diarrhea, and spider-bite.

Of equal catholicity in its alleged therapeutic scope was a remedy called 2 Over 3, put out of business by the government in 1922. It consisted of crude oil containing small quantities of kerosene and gasoline. Other quack cures against which action has been taken at various times are Parry's Vegetable Compound, alleged to cure almost anything, M.I.S.T. No. 2 Nerve Tonic, Cancerol, Cancerine, Mixer's Cancer Ointment, Dr. O. A. Johnson's Mild Combination Treatment for Cancer, and a substance known as Purifico, which had been in the market since 1881, or for nearly fifty years, when action against it was taken in 1924.

When the mails are employed to exploit a quack cancer cure an investigation is made by the postal authorities. Samples of the nostrum are secured and chemical examinations of it are made in the laboratories of the government. If conditions warrant, a fraud order is issued after a hearing, and the manufacturer and his agents are denied the use of the mails. Thanks to this procedure, most of the mail-order cancer

treatments have been put out of business. One of those attacked was a preparation known as Radol, claimed to be abundantly supplied with radium emanations. Analysis revealed that it contained no more radioactive material than ordinary dish-water. A fluorescence had been induced by adding a small quantity of acidulated quinine sulphate. By no acrobatic use of the imagination could this concoction be conceived as doing any good in cases of cancer.

Many natural waters from so-called healing springs are alleged to contain radioactive substances, and occasionally the proprietor of such a water is rash enough to declare that its use would cure or relieve cancer. As a matter of fact, no radioactive water will perform such a miracle and there is none that is of any value whatsoever in the treatment of malignant disease. Radiation is efficacious only when it comes direct from radium or similar radioactive metals, or from x -rays.

Within six months after the announcement of the prize I have mentioned, which amounted to \$50,000, more than 1800 communications regarding alleged cancer cures were received by the American Society for the Control of Cancer, and before the offer expired on January 1, 1928, nearly 4000 remedies had been submitted. None was considered worthy of the award and the offer was withdrawn. "The touch of a seventh son in a family with no daughters between" is a good example of the type of "cure" suggested.

Practically all of these remedies came from laymen, some of whom were obviously illiterate, and some unquestionably demented. Among the substances proposed were herbs and plants, chemicals and extracts, mechanical devices, and living animals. Religious methods of cure and mystic rites were frequently included, along with all sorts of legerdemain. Some of the cures

were extremely complicated, others very simple. Only a few merited any consideration at all. Some specimens follow:

Avoid the use of crops raised by means of artificial manures.

Cut open a birch cancer on a tree and remove the brown spongy content. Dry and boil and take three tablespoons a day.

Eat a certain amount of garlic each week, and take a few drops of spruce oil once a month.

Don't use the tongue to lick postage stamps.

Apply a poultice of Turkish figs in milk.

Eat salted herrings, scales and bones, only remove the head. Eat until the cancer has all fallen off, bit by bit.

A certain live animal applied to the face, the patient to be kept in ignorance of the name of the animal.

A live crab with claws tied together, fastened upon the cancer, to remain until the crab is dead; then bury the crab.

Drink water in which green nettles have been boiled.

Abolish daylight-saving time.

Hold a live mole in the hand until it is dead. It acts as a magnet.

Avoid eating vegetables that have come in contact with angleworms, for angleworms are the cause of cancer.

Water from a blacksmith's tub into which the hot horse-shoes are plunged.

A vigorous crusade against cancer quacks has been waged for many years by the American Medical Association, acting through its Bureau of Investigation. Reports on various advertised cures and questionable sanatoria are given from time to time in the *Journal* of the Association, which has always been aggressive in its denunciation of quackery, whether without or within the medical profession. Some of the drastic, but well deserved, comments on various quacks in this magazine have resulted in threats of libel suits, and a few such actions have followed, although only rarely does a charlatan carry out a bluff of this nature.

With the decline of patent medicines there has arisen a new racket in the cancer cure field. The swindler who preys on patients and those who fear they have cancer has now turned to the management of a hospital or sanatorium as a cloak for his activities. Victims are lured to these institutions by means of circulars which proclaim that the owner possesses a remarkable remedy, invariably a secret and mysterious one, for cancer. The circulars, often elaborately printed, contain startling pictures of skin blemishes alleged to be malignant. A middle-aged person notices an apparently similar skin lesion on his own person and immediately thinks of cancer. He may even consult a physician who, if he is reputable and the condition warrants, advises a biopsy, or microscopic examination of the diseased tissue.

Because of his unnecessary fear, the sufferer postpones action and delays treatment. Eventually some well-meaning but deluded busybody tells him about the wonderful treatment at Dr. So and So's hospital, or else he gets hold of one of the glaring circulars. Without attempting to find out anything about the actual standing and reliability of the place and its sponsors, he either writes and gets a reassuring letter bidding him to come, or without troubling to write, packs up and goes to the so-called hospital.

The cure usually consists of repeated applications of an escharotic, which means in plain language a caustic or corrosive substance with a zinc or arsenic base. A lesion that may be only a benign blemish is eaten out by the caustic, the patient pays his hard-earned money, and comes away convinced that he has escaped a horrible death. Actually, he may have wasted valuable time and cash on a worthless remedy for a harmless condition. If, on the other hand, he really had a cancer, he has been mulcted

also, since chemicals cannot cure it. Lulled into a false sense of security, he discovers finally that he is worse off than before. Time is of the essence in the proper treatment of cancer.

Nothing is any easier to obtain than a testimonial. During the first flush of enthusiasm after a new "cure," a gullible patient, subtly urged on by a high pressure salesman, is not only willing but often eager to testify to its efficacy. Beside, he is flattered by the opportunity to get his name in print. So he deposes for the benefit of all mankind that Purifico or some other nostrum has worked wonders for him. A few years later, or possibly much sooner, he dies of the disease. The cemeteries are full of such testimonial-givers.

Sometimes respectable community leaders are induced by the quacks to submit to them the names of prospects. One charlatan sent form letters to ministers offering a fountain pen as a bonus for a list of names of cancer sufferers. To the discredit of some of the clergy, a large number of names were sent in. The quack generally finds it profitable to maintain an interest in religious matters and make bountiful contributions to churches. He also is a joiner, affiliating himself with many fraternal organizations and clubs, on the theory that the better his social connexions, the more numerous his prey.

A recent development in the testimonial game has been the use, or rather misuse of the radio. Fortunately, only a few radio stations have been guilty of giving time to cancer quacks, and these have already got into trouble as a result. Under the law, the Federal Radio Commission may revoke the license of a station if the utterances coming from it are contrary to the public interest. Early in 1931 such action was taken against a mid-western station which had been broadcasting a fake cancer cure.

Criminology

DO THE CHURCHES PREVENT
CRIME?

BY JOHN R. MINER

ONE of the chief traditional functions of religion, as of the law, is to keep people from wrongdoing. The fear of hell-fire is supposed to deter those who might not be kept in the narrow path by the fear of temporal punishments. Nor is fear the only instrument in the armamentarium of the church. It aims also to instil the love of good into the young—to build character, as the phrase goes. Many people who do not accept the dogmas of the churches nevertheless consider that their function of guardians of morality is a sufficient justification for their existence.

As with many other of our common assumptions, we have been content for the most part to leave this as an assumption. There have been few attempts to measure the actual efficiency of the churches as guardians of morality. The Dutch sociologist Bongers calculated the proportion of members of various religious groups in the Netherlands who were convicted of different crimes and found that for most offenses the Roman Catholics had the highest rates, the Protestants the next highest, and that—except in cases of receiving stolen goods, embezzlement, and fraud, in which they led the list—the Jews came third. For each offense the lowest rate was shown by those who were not members of any religious body. What evidence have we for the United States? Murchison, in his careful study of the intelligence of criminals, writes:

Most criminals belong to some church, and frankly admit the fact. The majority attend church services every Sunday morning in the prison chapel. Of the men in

the Maryland Penitentiary, 43.5% belong to some Protestant church, 34.4% belong to some Catholic church, 7.8% are Hebrews, while 14.3% are frankly agnostic.

Now, the Bureau of the Census, in its decennial census of religious bodies, gives the number of members of each denomination in each State. From these figures we find that 28.6% of the population of Maryland in 1926 were Protestants, 15% were Catholics, and 4.4% were Jews; leaving 52% who did not belong to any religious body. But these percentages include children, who are not exposed to the risk of being sentenced to the penitentiary: perhaps it would be fairer to exclude them. The Bureau of the Census attempted to obtain data on church membership by age, but these are unfortunately wholly lacking for the Jewish congregations and incomplete for many other denominations. Estimating the total membership by age on the basis of the distribution by age of those reported, we find that 33.4% of the population of Maryland thirteen years of age and over were Protestant, and 14.7% were Catholic, as against 43.5% of Protestants and 34.4% Catholics in the Maryland Penitentiary. In other words, in Maryland as in the Netherlands, the figures indicate that there is a larger proportion of church members in the penitentiary than in the general population.

In his study, "The Church and Crime in the United States," Dunn found that 22.5% of the prisoners in a group of twenty-seven penitentiaries and nineteen reform schools were Roman Catholics and 49.3% were Protestants, making a total of 71.8%. Since only 46.6% of the population of the United States are members of any religious body, this would again accord with Bongers's finding that the criminality rate is higher

among church-members than among non-church-members.

On the other hand, Dunn gives returns from five penitentiaries, according to which only one in eight of the prisoners had ever been an active church-member. He also quotes the testimony of Judge Lewis L. Fawcett, of Brooklyn, that

Approximately 2700 cases have been brought before me in my five and a half years of service on the bench. During all this time I have never had to try a man who was at the time of the alleged offense, or ever had been, an active member of the church. I have asked each young defendant if he was a member of or an attendant at Sunday-school, and I have never been answered yes. I believe in Sunday-schools. When by means of suspended sentences or merciful devices I have seen fit to give prisoners opportunities to lead better lives in freedom, I have in every case insisted that the first thing they must do is to join a Sunday-school.

Unfortunately, one may here suspect that the good judge, like lesser men, found what he was looking for.

On the other hand, the objection has been made that there are obvious advantages to a prisoner in claiming membership in some church, and that this will tend to increase the criminality rates of church-members. The old rhyme assures us that

When the Devil was ill,
The Devil a monk would be,

and it is not unlikely that when the Devil was in prison he edified the chaplain by a similar display of piety.

Is there any other way of testing the real influence of the churches on crime? One such way suggests itself. If they are effective in preventing it, we may expect to find that in areas where a large proportion of the population belongs to some church there will be relatively few crimes, whereas in those areas where church-members are

scarce there will be many crimes. In other words, we may expect a marked inverse relationship between the percentage of church-members and the criminality rate. Now, the Bureau of the Census publishes, as already mentioned, the number of members of each denomination in each State; it also gives for each State the number of persons committed to prison for different offenses. We have therefore official figures on which to base our calculations.

The detailed and, I fear, to the non-statistical reader, dry results of this investigation were published in *Human Biology* for September, 1931. In general, little relation was found between the proportion of church-members in a State and the amount of crime. But does this apply to the different religious groups, of which the most important, numerically, in the United States are the Roman Catholics and the Protestants? The latter group is split up into numerous denominations, of which the largest, and in many respects the most typical, are the Methodists and Baptists. Here again little relation is found. States with high percentages of Roman Catholics or of Methodists and Baptists, like States with high percentages of members of all religious bodies, show a slight tendency to low criminality rates, but this tendency is so irregular that its significance is doubtful.

The catalogue of crime, however, contains many offenses, ranging in importance from disorderly conduct to homicide. For most of the separate offenses there is as little relation with percentage of church members as we have found for total offenses, but a few stand out from this drab monotony.

For homicide the commitments show the same lack of relation with membership in all religious bodies that has already been found, but with Roman Catholics there is a marked inverse, and with Methodists

and Baptists a marked direct relationship. In other words, States with high percentages of Roman Catholics have on the average few homicides, whereas States with high percentages of Methodists and Baptists have many homicides. Fortunately, we are able to check this result by independent evidence. Homicide is not only a crime, but a cause of death, and the number of homicides is tabulated for the different registration States in the annual mortality statistics of the Bureau of the Census. These figures give the same result as the commitment ratios for homicide. It is not necessary to draw from this the conclusion that membership in a Methodist or Baptist church predisposes a man to commit murder. In strongholds of those churches such as Tennessee and South Carolina it may be that the high homicide rates are due to the 60 or 70% of the population who are not Methodists or Baptists and that the members of those churches are as little addicted to homicide as so many Vermonters. (On the other hand, the figures do not suggest that the churches have much success in impressing the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill", on the local *mores*.)

For violating the liquor laws the commitments show a marked inverse relationship with membership in all religious bodies, although with the separate churches the relation is not so marked. When one considers the emphasis placed on Prohibition by many of the churches, one is tempted to interpret these inverse relationships as indicating a true causal relation—to conclude that in States with large proportions of church members there are few violations of the liquor laws because of the

salutary influence of the churches. However, the Bureau of the Census, in its discussion of the inverse relationship observed between the percentage convicted of violating liquor laws and the percentage convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct, concludes that

this condition does not imply that the number of cases of drunkenness was greater in proportion as violations of liquor laws were fewer. The figures suggest rather that there was an exceptionally large amount of drunkenness in those sections of the country where the enforcement of the liquor laws was relatively ineffective.

If a low commitment ratio is to be interpreted as an index of ineffective enforcement of the liquor laws, we have the unexpected result that the effectiveness of enforcement of these laws is in inverse rather than direct relation to the percentage of church members in the population; in other words, that States with large percentages of church members are in general States where the liquor laws are poorly enforced.

Considering the data as a whole, what conclusion can we draw? There is probably a slight tendency toward an inverse relationship between percentage of church members and amount of crime, a tendency which shows itself more clearly for the total religious bodies than for the Roman Catholics or the Methodists and Baptists separately, but there is not that invariable marked inverse relationship which one might expect *a priori* for an institution which is traditionally one of the chief guardians of morality. In brief, there is little evidence that the churches play any major part in the prevention of crime.

A DEMOCRAT LOOKS AT HIS PARTY

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

BEFORE I begin to shoot pasquinades against the political figures and manœuvres of this day, I should be allowed to say that my Democracy, even my Democratic party fidelity, is of the most unimpeachable character.

I voted for Cleveland in 1892 because he promised the country a tariff for revenue only, and because the platform on which he ran was for bi-metallism and against the trusts. I voted for Bryan in 1896 because his platform was against the gold standard, the national banks with reference to their power to issue paper money, and the factitious use of Federal troops in local affairs. I voted for Bryan again in 1900 for all these reasons; and also because his platform denounced the colonial plot of Roosevelt, Lodge and McKinley, and promised to nip it. It seemed, then, that the American people would remember what they were and whence they came, and upon what principles their state was founded. But they didn't do it. Instead they listened to the siren strains of "duty" and "destiny", and tucked in their tails when Roosevelt showed his teeth and called Philippine independence a scuttle policy, involving a "cowardly shrinking" from the path of courage and rectitude.

When Blue-Eyed Billy Sheehan made Judge Parker the candidate in 1904, and the East took control of the party, I yet held my nose and voted for him, because colorless and equivocal as he was, he seemed an escape from the militarism of

Roosevelt, and all his spurious activities. Then 1908 came, and I became convinced that I was wasting my time acting as president of the Jefferson Club in Chicago, and spending my money by the hundreds of dollars to keep its fires going and its rooms warm for visiting celebrities like Senator Stone, Tom Johnson, George Fred Williams and Bryan himself. In that Summer, as suddenly as a cool breeze blows out of Lake Michigan, I turned off the political road, and went back to Æschylus and other literary studies.

A realization of the futility of the struggle came over me; and then I began to see that Bryan rivalled the late McKinley in confidential intimacy with Yahveh, and that this devotion was gradually crowding out his political radicalism. So it was that I left behind me Bob Burke's Cook County Democracy, and the riotous journeys to New Orleans to see the Mardi Gras, where we marched around town to the strains of "Bedelia." There were hard times in 1908, there was unemployment, and Taft's remedy was to do something about the tariff, to lower it here and to jack it up there. He couldn't make a speech to save his life, but he went campaigning. On one occasion he was asked by an auditor, "Suppose a man is out of money and has no work, what shall he do?" One would have expected Taft to say, "Wait a bit till the tariff is raised." But instead he was stunned by the question, and his answer to the man was "God knows!" That answer would

have defeated him, except for the fact that God for sixty years has favored the Republican party and will not allow harm to come to it.

The campaign ended in the most dismal fashion. The fire, the romance, the hope and the fighting spirit of 1896 were wholly gone. Clouds and rain dampened the fireworks, and the crowds crawled home dispirited and indifferent. And yet Taft's election and his administration were just enough additional insult to the American people of the time to drive them rallying back to the Bryan movement and to the Progressive schism. Then came Wilson, and I disliked his face and suspected his Democracy. He was a professor, and the Hearst papers caricatured him as such. He had written the Joline letter, and when Lodge and Roosevelt were fastening colonialism on America, he let Bryan carry the load without helping him. That was unforgivable from my standpoint of the time. And yet I voted for Wilson.

His first term made me glad that I had done so. His second term made me wish that Bryan had been overridden at Baltimore, and that Champ Clark had won the nomination in 1912. Still, if that had happened, I might have been made a Federal judge at Chicago, and that would have ruined me. Wilson long had me under advisement; then he discovered that I had written a book in which I denounced Hamilton and John Marshall, and that cooked my goose. Wilson adored Hamilton, and thought him superior to Jefferson and much more valuable to the American Republic. The result was that a Jew who believed in honest money, and who had shied from Bryan, got the job. I believed in any kind of money that would buy things; and up to 1908 I had supported Bryan to the full, just as many of my contemporaries did, now before the public.

Dreiser was heartbroken when Bryan was defeated; so was I.

The catalogue is now soon finished. In 1920, when Cox solicited Democratic votes on the declaration that "America broke away from traditional isolation and spent her blood and treasure to crush a colossal scheme of conquest," I could see that such a pronouncement derived as a corollary from the cackles of such marplots as Roosevelt, who had, before war was declared against Spain in 1898, deliberately plotted the taking of the Philippine Islands. Our national isolation, another name for minding our own business and taking care of our own absorbing problems, had been pitched over in 1900 against the hot objections of the Democracy; but now in 1920 one of its logical consequences was embraced as a means of keeping peace in the world. Politics brings out human insanity more than any other activity.

I was about to forget John W. Davis, the Wall Street lawyer who won the Democratic nomination in 1924. His social position on Long Island and his law business in Wall Street were doubtless bettered by the honor which a weary party let him grasp, even though he had to trail after him a memory of the radicalism of the old days by having Bryan's brother as the vice-presidential nominee. I didn't vote for Davis; and so many others didn't vote for him that he got only 29% of the total vote, whereas Parker, a like character, got 37% in 1904. The East was proving more and more that it couldn't run the party; but it was also proving that it did not know or did not care how much it affronted the Democracy of the land by thrusting forward men whose whole lives were occupied with the business of monopolies, so long as it could control the machine.

Lastly came Al Smith in 1928, and I voted for him with the hope that the saloon

would be restored to its former honor and usefulness in the American scheme of things. I have always believed in leaving drink, gambling and prostitution where the God of Nature intended them to be—that is, utterly uninterfered with as things in themselves. The corruption and bribery and crime that are supposed to be a part of their inherent nature are really the concomitants of moralistic regulation and policing. Human nature will have drink, it will game, and it will have sexual indulgence. The villages of America seventy-five years ago laid the hand of Pentheus upon these appetites, and gradually the crusade spread to the cities, as men like Parkhurst and the fanatics of the Anti-Saloon League excited the rural districts with stories of the crimes of the cities.

Thus they came to occupy the whole field of political activity, to the exclusion of genuine matters of state; and the Democratic party, which had fought along the years for economic freedom, for equal rights, and for social and political justice, found itself in 1928 absorbed in a campaign confined to the issue of getting a glass of beer! To that end the historic position of the Democratic party on the tariff was compromised, and questions like monopolies, like getting back our American character and place in the world, were shelved—to get a glass of beer! That was the *reductio ad absurdum* to which fanatical religionists brought the country; while older civilizations, having seen that gaming, prostitution and drink are Protean things which, when pursued, hide and change their shape, but never cease, went on to the serious questions of government, leaving what can't be suppressed, as well untouched.

In voting for Smith I was not apprehensive on the score of his Catholicism. The American vision is deistic; and it would

be better, I believe, if our Presidents were not Christians. But it was clear that Smith could not be more subservient to Rome than Roosevelt was when he sent Taft to the Vatican to arrive at an accommodation with reference to the lands of the friars in the Philippines, which was one of the strands of our colonial entanglement. The trouble with political choices is that only a few people have a comparative memory at first hand, and a few more by reading; while the vast crowd is prone to look upon situations like that of Smith the Catholic as utterly new and strange, whereas they may be old. Republicans could carry on a whispering campaign against Smith as a Catholic, and never gall their own withers by remembrance of Roosevelt's gesture toward the Vatican, which forwarded the descent of America from a Republic to an Empire, and by clandestine *coup d'état*, changed the form of our government.

II

Now we are up to 1932. Soon the political chariots will be brought forth and repainted, and grease will be procured to lubricate their axles. I expect Hoover to swing into the quadriga and urge forward his steeds to the usual applause of Republican spectators. One horse may be called Moratorium, one the Iowa Idea, one the Spiritual Life; the fourth may be Efficiency or Business.

It is impossible now to foretell who will be the Democratic charioteer, or what horses will be chosen to make the exciting circuit. It seems that Booze may be one of them; the old-time circus horses of the Democracy seem to be cropping darnels far afield, having been turned out to die. I can't see where the Hoover wheels will run into any bumps or obstructions, to throw him out of the chariot. Taft posi-

tively flouted the idea of the Virgin Birth, and yet a Christian electorate lifted him over Bryan, who accepted that doctrine with the heart of a little child. As Taft was favored of Providence it seems impossible that Hoover can be defeated, even if the newspapers should circularize the decision of the English chancery court which accused him of sharp practices with reference to a Chinese mine; and as for publishing facsimiles of his registration as an English voter or an English resident (as he set himself down on the roster of a New York club) that cannot count against him in these days of internationalism and Service. When America was provincial and vulgar the sweaty millions might have smitten Hoover for these cosmopolitan shifts; but not now.

With an ex-Republican at the head of the Democratic organization, sitting in the seat occupied by Senator James K. Jones of Arkansas when the Democracy was fighting the rulership of stock-gamblers, imperialists and monopolists, we may expect that there will be no plebeian interference with the selection of a man of ability, even if he is the director of a trust, and the counselor of racketeering corporations. Nothing can better enlarge Democratic platforms and adherence than a business contact with the sale of munitions of war, dyestuffs, fabrikoids, paints and varnishes, window shades, and the other products in which Raskob deals. Unless, therefore, an issue comes out of the dead state of the country, and a man arises who represents it, we may expect the Democratic nomination to go to another Parker or Davis; or if to some one better than this, then he will likely be set upon a platform that means nothing in general, while it means beer in particular.

The course of political events seems to be that wrongs accumulate to the point of

congestion. There are so many of them now that nothing definite can be isolated for the purposes of an issue. America is tamped full with political problems, arising out of economic wrongs and liberticides. But as yet there is no electricity in the wires, and really no wires with which to set off the vast charge. When the time comes to fire this accumulated dynamite, the East—that is, the Eastern idea—will not control the nomination. It will not be managed by directors of monopolistic corporations and Wall Street lawyers. Some man will be the candidate whose vision will be able to stretch out one hand and touch the Atlantic, and stretch out the other and touch the Pacific; and he will not be allocated to Iowa or California for the purpose of concealing an English residence, and the globe-trotting of a Chinese mine-operator. This man will be ponderable enough in mind and body to take the thieves who have stolen the riches of the country, and in doing it, destroyed its liberties, and shake their boots off. There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth, to be sure. If this does not happen in 1932, or soon, the American vision will be without eyes, and will grind corn for the Philistines for the rest of time.

There is a fighting Democracy in America which will take off the gloves when the issues are Democratic, when they are founded on such doctrines as equal rights, States' rights, free trade, liberty, honest friendship with all nations and entangling alliances with none—all the Jeffersonian tenets, which have been improved upon by no one, and which took their rise at the beginning of the government, when Hamilton, the British wanderer and evil genius of the American vision, got on the blind side of Washington and used him in behalf of a transplanted Toryism. To these principles Republicans oppose privilege,

consolidation, protection, despotism, and internationalism which means the surrender of our character, our money, our strength and our place as an example of free government to the world.

In the old days there was enormous chatter about historic Democracy, and about Populistic confusion and enervation. But if Populism so called was a disaster, has Wall Street been a success? It never has and it never can be while the Democratic party remains an agrarian party—that is, while it stands opposed to laws which build up commerce and manufacturing at the expense of agriculture, and divert the natural course of wealth and its production. And so, when the time does arrive, when the issues are drawn again sharply and fundamentally, it will be well to remember that in 1896 Bryan polled 6,467,946 votes and won 176 votes in the Electoral College; that in 1900 he polled 6,358,071 votes and won 155 votes in the Electoral College; and that in 1904, when the nomination and the control of the party swung to the East, Parker sunk the Democratic vote by a million, and won but 140 votes in the Electoral College. The West came back into control in 1908; and Bryan polled more than a million more votes than Parker did, and ran up the Electoral College vote to 162. Are these figures to be despised and ignored?

In 1896 the population of the country was about 71,000,000; in 1912 it was about 91,000,000. Yet Bryan in 1896 polled nearly 200,000 more popular votes than Wilson did in 1912. Wilson was suspected at the time, and manifestly, except for the Progressive split, he would have fared no better than Parker before him. There is a more scientific way still to look at these elections. In 1892 Cleveland had 46% of the total vote. In 1896 Bryan had 47%; 46% in 1900; and 43% in 1908. Parker had

37% in 1904, Wilson 42% in 1912, Cox 34% in 1920, Davis 29% in 1924, and Smith 41% in 1928—less than Bryan got in the year of his exit from power.

Much is made of Smith's 15,000,000 votes; but the country had a population of about 120,000,000 in 1928, as against some 71,000,000 in 1896. And Smith had the advantage of the woman vote. Eliminate that, and make allowance for the increase in population, and how much was Smith's actual vote over Bryan's? It couldn't have been much, if anything. Let some mathematician figure it out with the statistics before him as to the actual amount of the woman vote. But passing this, Bryan had 176 votes in the Electoral College in 1896, and Smith had but 87 in 1928. The Electoral College is what turns the trick, and it will do so for some campaigns yet to come. It must therefore be wisely reckoned with.

In spite of the fact that the Progressives clung to the tariff in 1912, and repudiated States' rights, they polled 4,126,029 votes to Taft's 3,483,922. This vote was a rebuke to Taft's betrayal of the people, to the monopolies; it was partly a tribute to Roosevelt's theatrical lure; but above these evocations it was a response to the declarations that the "invisible government" must go, and that the alliance between "corrupt business and corrupt politics" must cease. It is true enough that no party standing for what the Progressive party did on the tariff and allied subjects, and led by the men who captained that party in 1912, could be expected to carry out such far-reaching reforms. None the less these planks were heartening battle cries, so much so that some Democrats were able to overlook the Progressives' principles of centralization, and vote for the man who in conjunction with Hearst and Pulitzer had precipitated the *opera bouffe* of the Spanish-American War, and filled

America with immeasurable corruption and confusion, and lost the old American morale and character. The lesson is plain that one Republican party, one so-called conservative party, is enough.

Today many men who have hitherto advocated the consolidation of power in Washington in order that economic and other problems may be handled centrally and easily, see that States' rights are the surest "bulwark against anti-republican tendencies," or, as we would express it now, the best protection against economic tyranny. If men like Coolidge and Hoover, if Republican publicists pour out clouds of rhetoric about the changed world in which we are living, about an integrated overseas complexity of economic interests, look into their talk and see, if you can, what they have to propose to correct the oppressive conditions of the hour. They have nothing to propose. At this very time commerce bodies are besieging Washington to bring about an enlargement of the right to contract, as it is expressed; just as if the "rule of reason" written into the Sherman Act by the Supreme Court had not given the trusts enough rope!

III

The final truth is that unless Socialism or Communism is to be embraced, there is nothing left but the individualism of the Democratic party. It is not a worn-out philosophy; it has never been fully tried. The Whigs, the Civil War, the Republicans, the McKinleys, Lodges and Hardings, Coolidges and Hoovers have prevented it from being tried. If such high-sounding chants as internationalism be sweet to some ears, what better formula is there for the Democrats than that of honest friendship with all nations, and enlightened self-interest on our own part?

How can the party be better advanced than by breaking down tariff walls?

On this matter the Democratic creed follows a *Realpolitik*. Can the development of our own culture, the consummation of the early American vision, be better forwarded than by avoiding entangling alliances with Europe; or can we do more for the world than by giving it something in our own practice and example freer and better than the world has known before? What proof is yet required to demonstrate the fakery of diplomacy like Hay's, and what to expose the far-afeld dreams of an ideologue like Wilson, with which men like Hoover, with the vision of a coal-operator, are playing and befooling the times? In all these manoeuvres we see, not the fundamental realism of Democratic Americanism, but the spurious and rootless idealism of old-timers like Seward and Chase, the progenitors of this day. Now that plutocracy is supreme, shall we go back to individualism, to equal liberty as a cure for our diseases; or shall Socialists who are nothing but plutocrats wrong-side-out prevent a resumption of the Democratic cause?

We are living just now in a time of silence as respects any genuine proposals on the part of Hoover and his administration to get the country straight. Harding and Coolidge represented subtraction and division. Much loot was handled in their day; now the game is silence, broken by generous words for moratoriums and internationalism. Is the next campaign to be blown about by such windy nonsense, or shall we get down to realities? In the words of Taft, God knows! By that time we may be in a war with Japan to enforce world justice in Manchuria; or we may be scourging the atheism of the Soviets, and ending the dumping of wheat and goods upon an over-fed and over-supplied world.

In that case the Republicans as saviors of civilization will walk to victory amid hymns to the God of battles and justice.

I can see no hope for the Democratic party except it starts at the bottom again, and takes another licking, if necessary, in order to get America back on its predestined path. Having in 1928 squinted at protection, it will not be brought so easily to look straight at free trade. Beside, in these reckless and cynical days what does free trade amount to, anyway? Give us something new, something applicable to a changed world, to America as a world power! Hard times having come on, with the likelihood that they will persist through the next campaign, shall the monopolies which control labor and production be trimmed of their privileges, or given more? The Republicans will advocate giving them more in order to get back prosperity. Will the Democrats dare to oppose that programme, or shall the donkey continue to be the pack beast of the country's troubles and poverties?

Every now and then Hoover uses the words "spiritual truth", or "spiritual progress," in his spoken essays, as if to deny the merchant materialism in which he is submerged to his ears. But what is he doing to cultivate an American character, to make this country intellectually and culturally the individual New Atlantis that men like Jefferson intended it to be, instead of the British province that it is, where our money system was patterned after England, only to have England discard the gold standard without waiting for "the aid or consent of any other nation?" We have come to such a pass, indeed (we were there in 1896), that pronouncements that mean what they say will scare the financial oligarchs, the international bankers. But nothing less will arouse the Democratic vote to its full strength.

If in 1932 the Democratic party should take a fundamental position on the questions that affect the country most profoundly we may expect the mud batteries to be turned loose, and the smoke screens sent forth; and pocket-books will squeak every kind of fraudulent and canting idealism. This sort of thing was what Jackson feared when he destroyed the United States Bank. That bank is now in control in a thousand different ways, and the Democratic party cannot avoid grappling with it, if it is Democratic.

What, then, is to be done? Shall the Democratic party be defeated for a real cause, and start the country thereby on the right road again; or shall it play in with the enemies of the American vision, and after electing some man as President, leave the country where it was before, or worse off? Can anyone point to a single good that would have resulted to the Democratic cause by the success of Parker or Davis, or, for that matter, of Cox? If Smith had been elected we might by now have the saloon and beer; but according to all accounts we are gradually getting them without Smith; and so we can console ourselves for his defeat.

The Republicans say that there must be helpfulness and Service, that ruinous foreign competition must be stayed, that labor must be helped, and industry encouraged, and trade stimulated. The Socialists say that Capitalism has played out, and is proving to be a step toward Socialism. Both, either directly or indirectly, declare that individualism is a failure. But individualism will be done for only when human nature is changed, and not before. It will cease to be a faith only when men no longer care for liberty, when they do not want to possess what their labor has earned, when the right of privacy means nothing, and individual taste vanishes, and freedom

of action ceases to be prized, and men find satisfaction in communal rights of person and property, and all the functions of life surrender themselves to state regimentation. That will never be. Long before any such condition comes to pass the Russian Soviets will drift back to individualism, the enthusiasm for that experiment having died down; and human nature there, operating as it does everywhere, will accumulate the prizes of that rivalry which is inherent in the nature of men, and want to keep them.

But at the same time, is Capitalism an expression of the hopes and aspirations of Americans? It is not; nor is Communism or Socialism, saving that the people are ready to take over natural monopolies into the operation of the state. And finally, does the Republican party, with its creation and distribution of special privileges, with its imperialism and its bureaucracy, its tariffs and its centralization, really represent the American people? It does not, for its successes have been due to war crazes, to bribery, to militarism, to fraud, to false issues, and to the confidence game, from its birth under the ministrations of temperance lecturers and monopolists.

One need only look at the election tables since 1860 to see how the American Democracy has been circumvented. In 1860 the anti-Republican vote was nearly a million more than the Republican vote. In 1864 eleven Southern States did not vote; if they had the country would have gone Democratic by 600,000 popular vote. In 1868 Virginia, Mississippi and Texas were not permitted to vote; while North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee were dominated by troops. In that year there was great revulsion against Grant, and New York, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Oregon went against him. In a free and full count he would have

been defeated by over 100,000 votes. In 1872 the Army carried the Southern States for Grant. In 1876 an electoral commission took away the victory from Tilden. With all that the Republicans could do, Tilden had 184 electoral votes to Hayes' 185. In 1880, out of a total vote of about 9,000,000, Garfield was elected over Hancock by less than 10,000, while as a whole the anti-Republican vote was 300,000 to the good. Cleveland carried the country in 1884, 1888, and 1892.

There is a great Democratic vote in America, as these figures indisputably show; and it is equally clear that this vote will come out of its hole when there is anything to come out for. There is still a belief in America that enlightened self-interest and natural liberty make a state in which national wealth and individual progress are more possible than in any other. This is the central tenet of the Democratic party; and in its most sensible moments it sees that one Henry George or one Andrew Jackson is worth all the Wilsons and Roosevelts that the country has ever produced.

IV

What happens when the indignant populares get the enemy identified and isolated is this: the anti-Democratic forces begin to throw barrels to the whale, and to raise spiritual issues, on the theory that man does not live by bread alone. Jefferson caught them at this trick in 1820. Jackson caught them at it in 1828 and 1832, and licked them; and it looked as if America might be saved from monopoly. But then Seward was born; and he came forward with his moralizing and his higher law. When he was smoked out in the Senate on his heresies he dodged under and said that he meant no more by the higher law

than to assert that there was a Supreme Being who overruled states and the affairs of men. Did any Senator before him dare to say that God did not so rule? No Senator was wicked enough to utter such blasphemy, and so Seward had the free traders and the States' rights men on their back.

The intransigence of such a position, coupled with the Army and colonization and bribery, has kept the Democratic party guessing. In 1896 preachers dared to say in God's pulpit that the question was, Thou shalt not steal; and so the matter of the national banks having the graft of issuing paper money was not an economic question, but a religious question. In 1900 America was not really called to decide whether the right to self-government was sound, but whether America would do God's work in expunging polygamy, slavery and Mahometanism from the Philippines, to the increase and glory of the Methodist church. So it has gone.

The problems and evils of ninety years ago are with us still, but they have immeasurably deepened and spread themselves. This being so, what are the political issues for 1932? What are the political solutions? They cannot be different from what they have always been during the history of the Republic. We may expect, however, that as the Democracy gets in line of battle, especially if the Republicans place themselves where there is a chance to defeat them, some scion of the crafty Lincoln will emerge upon the field bearing a labarum of heavenly consecration. Then again the monopolist will pat his money belt, and feel safe for another season.

And America will go on tottering. The Democratic party serves and expresses Americanism, or it is nothing, and has no excuse for being. The Republican party betrays Americanism and has always betrayed it. It began with imperialism, and

used a moral pandemonium to effect it. It has fructified trusts, and when convicted of that deep offense it has befooled America with commercial treaties and reciprocities, thereby confessing the soundness of free trade, but holding to protection, and obscuring the whole economic view. Its chief characters therefore have been men like Blaine and McKinley, Lodge and Roosevelt. The Republican party has overturned the principles of free government, and corrupted the American spirit, and it did these things under the false inspiration of a jingo poet, now dated and discarded, who inflated the imitative imaginations of Beveridge before he reformed, and of bankers and lawyers and theologians, who never reform, but are always hierodules of the money game. Taking up the white man's burden with America has been the laying down of America's character.

The Republican party with its money, its cliques, its newspapers, its magazines, its worship of things afar, and days that are dead, its contempt of Americanism, has played traitor to an American culture, and would, except for a few stout hearts, snuff out an American literature, with its claqueing for the perpetuation of English traditions, and its applause for Americans who use Old World themes. Money madness has made America an imitation and an imitator, when it should be the leader of the whole world, not in trade merely, but in strength of individual conviction, in original styles of art and literature, in ample liberties lived and bestowed on others.

If the Democratic party could get back its primal vision, and destroy this Republican party, a new America would arise, a world power which would be a leader and not a driver, an original and individual influence, not a trade trickster, a fellow scambler in the bad business of taking and dividing the earth for money.

I REFUSE TO SERVE

BY RODERICK SEIDENBERG

THE Disciplinary Barracks of the Army are at Fort Leavenworth—not more than a stone's throw from the monument which marks the exact geographic center of the United States. Nothing, in those days of war, could have seemed to me more appropriate than a military prison at the very heart of America. I was a war resister, serving a life sentence at hard labor.

At Leavenworth, I soon learned, one helped the war even while resisting it. The Barracks constituted a kind of power station sending forth currents of fear, a prison with unseen dynamos that created tension and dread throughout the Army. If men had failed to respond willingly, they now labored in silence to maintain these ceaseless currents. The logic of the situation was at once bitter and peremptory. Like the militarists whose arguments demand always more force, the pacifist needed to answer with more resistance. I refused to work. Thus I quickly learned that prison has its prison; on the second day of my term I found myself in solitary confinement. The heretic was at last alone. Not alone, however, in what he had done. Thirty-five of us had refused to do anything whatsoever. We were absolutists.

To steal, rape or murder, to slap an officer's face and call him a son of a bitch—these are the standard peace-time entrance requirements to the Disciplinary Barracks. But in time of war too firm a belief in the words of Christ, too ardent a faith in the

brotherhood of man, is even more acceptable. But prisons are democratic institutions, and no matter how one entered, one's number was stencilled on one's trousers and the back of one's shirt in white to mark a new beginning. One might rise and receive a white star as a trusty, but it was just as likely that one would sink, first into the red-numbered lock-step gang, and finally into solitary, where the digits in yellow marked the lowest depths of the vast military hierarchy. We sank to the yellow bottom, for our offense was the gravest one can commit—in prison. Even the murder gang, who had trampled to death an unfortunate "rat", enjoyed the comparative freedom of wandering about in a basement cell-block when they were not exercising in the sunlight of the yard. Our case was different; we had offended military pride. We must be broken.

The first to arrive at Leavenworth who refused to work were six stalwart Molokans, true Christians if ever there were any. They went cheerfully into the "hole", each one in a pitch-dark cell on bread and water, manacled standing to the bars of their cells for nine hours every day—to sleep, exhausted on the bare cement floor. Others followed. Evan Thomas, who had at first accepted work, hearing their fate, joined them in heroic protest. That is like him—a fiery spirit beneath his unflinching calm.

Leavenworth was taken by surprise. There were not enough dark cells. The

officers had never before encountered a like demonstration. Each morning the executive officer inquired of our health and smilingly offered us the rock pile. Each morning we declined. Two weeks passed, and the executive officer no longer smiled. We had broken not only the rules of the institution, but its traditions as well. No one had ever stood this treatment for more than a few days. The commandant, Colonel Sedgewig Rice, paid us a visit. What were these men like? Who were they? What did they want?

One day, Prisoner 15122 was unshackled and led to the executive office. In the morning's mail the prison censor had found a bronze medal with appropriate testimonials from the Carnegie Hero Commission, inscribed to Howard Moore for bravery in risking his life to rescue a drowning girl. A hero medal for a yellow slacker! Would he care to tell the story to the assembled officers? Howard Moore had a disarming smile. He excused himself; there was nothing to tell. At the moment it was more important to be shackled.

Two weeks and a new trial! Reeling like drunkards, we returned from the executive office to our solitary cells. This time we were to have food, then another trial and two more weeks without food. But manacled we must be, nine hours every day. It was the end of December, 1919; the war had been over since the eleventh of November. The Molokans, refusing, because of their strange religious scruples, everything but a little milk, even when permitted food on the alternate fortnights, had stood the treatment for fifty-five days without a sign of weakening.

I was in the middle of my third term when word came from the Secretary of War that henceforth prisoners of the Army were no longer to be manacled. The Secretary, his feet planted on his desk, had

listened coldly to the venerable Mrs. Fanny Villard, standing before him pleading. He would do nothing. Yet later he reversed his decision. We were placed in a stockade outside the prison walls—all but the two Hofer brothers, who had died.

II

Always there was a touch of comedy, a moment of ironic absurdity in a world that seemed altogether mad and phantasmal. For long the prison had been overcrowded. In the corridor of one solitary cell-block the authorities had placed the murder gang; in another, where I had been locked up, they housed the insane—a sad rabble of idiots, maniacs, degenerates and dissemblers—misfits even in jail. One of them hobbled about on a deformed foot, his face contorted by morbid vengeance. A cripple, he had thought to escape the draft. But he had been inducted—what a joke! Insubordination and impatience had brought him to Leavenworth. Now the officers delighted in assuring him, day after day, that he was to be discharged.

Another raged up and down in front of our cells like a hyena. He had contrived to escape in a packing box. The authorities got wind of it; they rode him around the grounds and deposited him at the railroad station. A few hours later they gathered him in, as softly as they had taken him out. His packing case was opened—in the executive office! Each man, in one sense or another, represented a triumph for the authorities.

These desperate wretches spent their days surging past our cells, up and down the long corridor, like furies, incoherent save in their obscenity. Their mumblings were an idiotic chorus to our thoughts. Was not the whole world mad? A young colored fellow rose to a kind of dubious

leadership over this horde. He was powerful and nimble, and blessed with a golden tongue. In a moment of aberration—or was it delight—he had turned a machine-gun on his company. If his mind was diseased, it was touched by genius. He affected a grand air of sobriety and a convenient deafness. Orders he treated with mock deliberation. Would he work, he was asked. What were the wages? He had a mother to support and brothers and sisters. Mothers were his especial concern and the chaplain his pet target.

"These here men, Chaplain," he once explained, pointing to some religious objectors, "they won't fight because Christ said not to fight."

"I came not to bring peace, but a sword," the chaplain quoted. The words had to be repeated. "A sword? What wars did He fight in, Chaplain?"

His most charming moments came at night, when the great prison was dark and silent. For a time the mob of demented prisoners would run about, some with sheets over their heads to frighten the newcomers, others still shouting the same foul obscenities they had roared all day. The hub-bub would rise to a mad bedlam of shrieks, jeers, cat-calls, a ghoulis dragging about of struggling bodies in the dark. Shouts and curses from the guards.

At last the cell-block would quiet. A half hour passed. In the stillness, suddenly, the melodious voice of the Negro mocked the ringing of a telephone bell. Ah, it was a friend, a relative, a sweetheart—Grace, Madge, Rosabelle. What delicious phantasies he unwound, what a gallery of people he portrayed! One heard their voices, one knew what they said. He spoke to his rabbit, his dog. It was magnificent, touching, hilarious. "Good-bye, honey!" The words were long-drawn out and mournful. Then his voice rose in prayer:

O Lord, if it please Thee in Thy great mercy, visit the poor sinners in Leavenworth, and deliver us of our burdens. O Lord, let us see the big city, all electric lit up. And have the cooks give us jam and chocolate cake. For the chaplain says Thou art merciful, O Lord, and inscrutable and all-powerful. And O Lord, come down, come down to-night, in Thy mighty aeroplane and straighten out the chaplain's bow legs and set him on the straight and narrow path to virtue. Amen. . . . O Lord!

III

In the stockade beyond the prison wall we played, we read books, we received and wrote letters once more, and we ate, with relish, the indescribable food of Leavenworth. Half our number were religious objectors: Hutterites, Dunkards, Seventh Day Adventists, an orthodox Jew, and the six Molokans. The rest of us were so-called political objectors: Socialists, humanitarians, individualists. We talked. It was good to talk again. Acquaintance grew into friendship; we were held together by a common experience, whatever our individual points of view.

But the diversion of the day was the visit of Major Adler—chief psychiatrist of the Disciplinary Barracks, or should I say, the Vocational Training School, as he preferred to call it? The first time I saw him walking down our corridor beside the tall, elegantly-booted Colonel Rice, a short, frail, unmilitary man, his myopic, intelligent eyes peering from behind thick glasses, I asked myself how did he get into the Army—and a major at that! A moment later he was at my cell, shaking my shackled hand. Major Adler was a person behind his science, his psychiatry, and his labored militarism.

We were now subjected to the delicate mental probings of this kindly Harvard

professor. He was not a man who believed in brute force—except perhaps on a national scale. Certainly he was above using force—after it had failed. If we could not be overwhelmed, perhaps we could be undermined. Psychiatry was brought into action as a form of depth-bombing. With infinite tact and a judicious show of esteem, we were invited to realize that our position as political objectors was altogether untenable. We were not a bad lot, but we were sadly misguided. It appeared, indeed, that we were intelligent. This was not to be inferred from our actions; it had simply been established by the Army intelligence tests. But if we were intelligent, we were all the more guilty of a deplorable lack of judgment.

This lack of judgment was due, not to our attitude toward war, but to our method of expressing it. We had, obviously, not stopped the war. We were not merely in the minority; we were ludicrously alone. It appeared that the acknowledged leader of the American intelligentsia, Professor John Dewey, had analyzed our attitude, and found us wanting. We were the victims of moral futility, of an ego-centric lack of judgment that was close to being culpable. Our conscience was largely self-conceit. If Professor Dewey's participation in the war enterprise had no other effect, it at least allayed the last doubts of the more liberal-minded officials about condemning us. His utterances were retailed with unction, and we were reminded of the high source whence they came.

Having staked all upon a war to end war, the liberal people were not above trick questions, false appeals and spurious arguments. Under the impact of such tactics the simplicity of our position gave way; we were forced to make elaborate efforts to define our principles, and to draw, with ever minuter distinctions, the

nature of our stand. Our sincerity, it is true, was no longer in question. That had been officially conceded months ago, though no one knew, upon examining the question, precisely what sincerity might mean. Our lapses from rectitude, it was apparent, were of a subtler order; they arose from defections that only psychiatry could reveal.

We had refused to participate in organized slaughter; we were considered insensitive and unfeeling toward the higher causes of humanity. We had thought to stand aloof from the madness of war; we were anti-social and doctrinaire. We had taken what appeared to us the one direct and positive and unarguable position for peace; we were negative obstructionists. We had refrained from any propaganda, we believed in freedom of conscience; we were ego-centric heretics. We thought ourselves tolerably sane; we were psychopathic.

"All these things might be passed over," Major Adler announced with pontifical finality, "if only you people had the faith of your convictions." He looked about the barracks. "But I don't see any Christs or Savonarolas. You fellows are rationalizing; other people are acting. You're negative." Thus it appeared that the exponent of intelligence believed in nothing so much as action. He had acted; others had acted. If the human race had come to the brink of a precipice, what right had we to stop? He had hit the nail too hard. . . . "Did you men get your mail? How is the food? I'll see the executive officer about it." He was gone.

The major was to submit a report to Washington. Contrary to all regulations, impulsively, he read the report to us. It was not flattering. Yet, somehow, we came to the surface despite his psychiatric dissections. He recommended that we be dis-

charged. . . . We wished him well. But it was without hope that we waited for the answer from Washington; we had taken the measure of the military. Two weeks later he returned, a strangely aloof man. He had brought back his own discharge!

IV

Life in a barracks is dreary at best. Twenty-four hours of the same company would be trying if that company were of one's own choosing. But here we were, thrown together through no will of our own, a strange lot—half of us praying, the other half arguing, all of us suffering from the sheer inanity of our position.

I tried to write. With meagre spirit I made some sketches. A drawing, poorly done, picturing a prisoner in solitary, reached New York, via underground channels, where it was printed as a marker. A copy of it found its way back to Leavenworth. The censor pasted it over his desk, little knowing that it had made a long trip home. Sending a kite over the wall was one of the prison entertainments. A kite is an underground letter. Smuggled from prisoner to prisoner, our mail would at last be added to that of the executive office. From here it went forth uncensored and unnoticed. At other times our letters were intrusted to a friendly guard or a sympathetic sergeant. Even in solitary we managed to remain in contact with the outside world. But that was not so simple.

The scheme by which it was accomplished was the work of Clark Getts, an objector who had access to every part of the prison. He was supposed to gather statistics; actually he contrived to do most everything else. Thus he would happen to be in the basement at the moment when we were having our fortnightly scrub. The basement was a huge place, dimly lighted.

The shower-baths were at one end. Our clothes off, we gathered in a crowd under the taps like a herd of cattle. Getts, standing in the shadow of a column, would snatch off his clothes and join us. Naked, our numbers gone, it was impossible to tell one man from another. We let the water run like a deluge while we splashed. And Getts circled about, getting the address of a relative, bringing us the latest rumors, the news of the prison, the outlook at Washington, and the happenings at Versailles. It was all done in a cloud of steam and Getts was gone before we knew it. He was never detected, but he finally succeeded in reaching solitary himself for attempting to kite a letter.

We had been at the stockade a month now. Some more objectors stopped working and after a few days in solitary they were sent to our barracks. The effect of seeing us at play beyond the prison walls was not lost upon those who remained to toil and labor under harsh discipline. Friendly as the general prisoners were to the objectors, this could not fail to arouse a sense of injustice, and to add to the unrest of the prison. That unrest flared into a strike.

V

On Christmas Eve there had been a riot in the dining-hall. Fifteen hundred men went on a rampage. We were still in solitary, and I ventured to predict that we would be held responsible. We were. On Christmas Day we were lined up in front of our cells and lectured. It was our example that had caused the unrest among the men.

Actually the whole prison smoldered with a sense of injustice. The food was beyond description, a steamed and slimy flow of garbage. An objector, Ben Salmon,

working in the commissary department, had called attention to the fact that hundreds of dollars were going astray.

He was immediately thrown into solitary. The men were bullied when they were not being spied upon by "rats", mostly depraved room-orderlies. But worst of all they smarted under the terrific sentences which were the common fate. Fifteen, twenty, forty years—it was all one to the poor wretches who were to spend the rest of their lives in that hell. Every day the huge lock-step gang wound its way like a great serpent to the rock quarries, full of resentment at the brutalities of the guards and the merciless work they were forced to do. One or two guards were killed. A race riot broke out. Rival gangs, for even prison has its gang life, its intrigues and its politics, were stealthily revenging themselves upon one another. The place was overcrowded and demoralized.

By the end of January things had come to such a pass that one day the first gang suddenly refused to work. That night the quartermaster's warehouse burned to the ground. The following morning, after having been called to work, the men were sent back to their cells. At noon they were all assembled once more in the prison yard, and called to their gangs. "First gang, second gang, third gang. . . ." No one moved. It must have been a terrifying moment.

Outside the walls the 49th Infantry awaited orders. Colonel Rice expostulated; again he asked the men to work. A few went; the rest stood with arms folded, which is the prescribed posture before prison officials. They were led back to their cells.

Now the men acted with quiet deliberation. Was it the work of the conscientious objectors, who were scattered throughout

the prison on the work gangs and in the offices, and housed in all the seven wings? At the beginning of the strike they had organized themselves. Under the leadership of H. Austin Simons, the son of a judge, Carl Haesler, a Rhodes scholar from Oxford and instructor in philosophy at the University of Wisconsin, and others, the entire prison had been mobilized to stand firm with arms folded. There must be no violence! From the rail of the second tier, Simons made an impassioned speech to the men of his cell-block. His words carried the day. In each wing a committee drew up resolutions.

Colonel Rice was equally brave. He acknowledged that the prisoners had grievances, and wisely he consented to arbitrate. It was a momentous decision and a triumph for the prisoners. Colonel Rice listened to their demands: that men in solitary for complicity in the disturbance be immediately restored to regular status, that a telegram be sent to the Secretary of War petitioning for amnesty, that the commandant recognize a permanent grievance committee. Colonel Rice proposed to go to Washington himself to present the resolutions. The men were accorded a grant of time in order that the prison might vote upon the proposal. Unanimously they voted to resume work in the morning.

A general reduction of sentences followed the colonel's return; men were released, and a grievance committee became an established institution. But not for long. . . . Six months later the conscientious objectors who still remained were suddenly transferred to Fort Douglas in Utah, and six days later a second strike broke out.

It was crushed with bullets, and Leavenworth returned once more to the peaceful days of iron discipline.

VI

One morning, not long after the first strike, we were ordered to pack our belongings. Rumors flew about. Where were we going? Prisoners, like soldiers, are forever unreeling the future, galloping to some possible end with the speed of a cinema. We were taken to the guardhouse. No one knew why.

A new executive officer of the Disciplinary Barracks paid us a visit. He was exceptionally short—a little fellow with the rank of major. Gruffly he ordered the guardhouse sergeant to open our cell. He marched in, accompanied by two captains and two lieutenants. It was very impressive. He asked us to gather about him. Silence. Raising his head slightly, he announced that he was not afraid of any of us. There was an involuntary titter, followed by an embarrassing silence. "I'm not afraid of any of you or all of you!" he repeated sharply. "Well, Major," Howard Moore spoke up in that charming soft manner of his, "we're not afraid of you either." The major was thrown completely off his stride; the ice was broken. He smiled. "You fellows aren't so hard-boiled as I thought. We'll get along all right. There're some damn regulations against it, or I'd have you shot, of course. Meantime, what are you going to do with yourselves? I could have some knitting sent down." Everybody laughed. We were friends.

The younger officers were more apt to be hostile. Few lieutenants could resist the temptation to distinguish themselves at our expense. One night we were treated to a drenching with a high pressure fire-hose. We had been talking after the lights were out. For this we spent the night barely above water, with our clothes, our shoes and all our belongings floating about

us. An investigation followed. The lieutenant was duly exonerated, and the Third Assistant Secretary of War himself, the Hon. Frederick D. Keppel, explained that the officer's somewhat unusual measures had been justified, since he was faced with a mutiny. But we received no further punishment.

These little episodes served to break up the long monotony of our days and to remind us, if ever we should forget it, that we were in the hands of the military. But was not the whole world in the hands of the military? We, at least, had a measure of consolation in feeling that we had made a choice agreeable to ourselves, whatever the consequences. Perhaps, indeed, this was the secret of our strength—in a certain sense, we were aloof to what might happen to us. We were steeled to something beyond ourselves. We were obdurate with an ease that surprised us as much as it did the military, and if our resistance was calm, aloof, even indifferent, it was not without an explosive effect upon those whose business it was to break it down. "If those damn bastards only had a change of heart, I wouldn't mind having them in my outfit!" said a major. We had learned to become fighters, and to fight hard.

VII

New men were constantly added to our group, men who had stopped working. Our cells were badly overcrowded and once more we were shifted back to the Disciplinary Barracks. The first tier of cells in the sixth wing was to be our home, we were informed, until released. When would that be—in ten, in twenty years? Many of us still had life sentences. We did not take them seriously.

In time they were all reduced, now one, then another. They were reduced to three

years, to five years or perhaps to one year. I received a sentence of a year and a half. The days moved slowly, to be checked off, one at a time, on a little calendar. The days turned into weeks and the weeks into months. Meanwhile the gates were open to us. Like the Christians in Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion", we had only to throw a pinch of incense on the altar of militarism to gain our freedom. Colonel Rice was surprised to find us adamant against accepting our "good time." Actually we had long ago lost this allowance, which he now offered to us under military parole. We might, moreover, have received immediate release, if only we had consented to do some work. The major in charge of construction asked me if I would assist in designing an officer's club-house. I declined—with regrets.

We now numbered close to a hundred men. We enjoyed such freedom as the cell-block permitted, but it was a dreary freedom at best. We were never permitted outside, even for exercise, and the months passed without our ever seeing the sunshine except through the barred windows. Some grew beards, others shaved their heads. What was there to do? Occasionally a man was discharged. We would celebrate, as best we could, his "butt"—his last day before release. Then the old routine once more.

Always we talked of the future—what we hoped to see, to experience, to feel; what we would eat, where we would go, what we would do. Caught by the enthusiasm of Jacob Wortsman, we planned an elaborate trip in a motor boat around the Panama Canal up along the wild, wooded shore of Canada to Alaska. We managed to get some chalk, and on the cement floor of the corridor we drew in full size the plans of our boat, its cabin, its engine, its decks, fore and aft, the scullery,

the berths, in every detail. We were pleasantly mad.

I began to lose something of my New York provincialism and to learn of this America. Here were men from all quarters and from all walks of life: religious farmers from the Middle West who alone seemed capable of community living; I.W.W.'s from the Far West; Socialists from the East Side of New York; men from Chicago, from the South; men who had been sailors, carpenters, college students, tailors. One was a statistician, one a prize-fighter from Philadelphia, one a music teacher. . . . I missed a few of the older friends who were no longer with us—Evan Thomas, with whom I could talk of philosophy and a *Weltanschauung*; Maurice Hess, a Dunkard, now a college professor, a man of exceptional erudition and amazing courage behind the mildest exterior.

But most of all, in a way, I missed my friend Sam Solnitski. His racy, ironic humor helped many an hour along. In the guardhouse at Fort Riley, while we awaited trial, he would pace up and down with me, telling of his life in Poland, of his escape to America to avoid military service, of his days in this country as a skilled worker on the uppers of women's shoes—the very finest—for prostitutes! Best of all, however, he had read, it seemed to me, all of literature—in Yiddish. Now he told the grand stories of Maupassant, of Balzac, of Anatole France, in a mixture, half-English, half-Yiddish, which made these tales of elegant ladies and Parisian life more real than ever. Solnitski had distinguished himself at his court-martial. In his own way he had attempted to explain to the twelve precise majors of the court the reasons for his opposition to military service—but in vain. He broke off in despair, "Ow, shucks, what's the use!"

The court stenographer immortalized the words.

There were other men no longer with us—Harold Gray, son of the Detroit multimillionaire; Harry Lee, the witty organizer of waiters, who had served “pimps and prostitutes, priests and politicians, but never a captain!”; Dunham, a Philadelphia Quaker, and a number of others I had come to know well. And always there were new men; Morris Kammon, a journalist; Gurgots, a heavy-set, intolerant labor agitator; Wilson, an I.W.W.—each with his own story—endless flashes of life, until one became wearied and confused.

Six months passed in this fashion. At

four o'clock one sharp, cold morning we were ordered to pack our belongings; once more we were to be moved. Our prison clothes with their yellow numbers were left behind, we were given our old civilian suits. The prison yard lights glared into the oncoming light of day. The morning promised to be chilly and sombre. At the great outer gate we were shackled in pairs, then, under heavy guard, we left Leavenworth. Two by two, in a long column, we were marched to the railroad station.

Two days later, weary, exhausted, anxious, we arrived at Fort Douglas above Salt Lake City.

THE REAL NARCOTIC ADDICT

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN & VEE TERRY PERLMAN

ACROSS the stage an emaciated figure slinks. His skin is yellow, his eyes are feverish, his hands shake. He is in the stage of physical decay which verges on a complete débâcle, yet presently he will commit the most nerve-wracking crimes with a coolness, strength and endurance unknown to healthier, normal men. For he is the narcotic addict of romance, and the drug that he takes, it appears, transforms him from a weak, cowardly wreck into a swaggering, brutal, gun-toting desperado, who proceeds to shoot indiscriminately anyone whose hands do not reach into the air as high as he thinks they should.

Whether a sniffer of heroin or a knight of the morphine needle, this is the only addict we ever see behind the footlights, or on the screen, or meet in fiction. But does he exist in reality? Are the effects of narcotic addiction uniform, and is this the creature they inevitably produce? Does a narcotic addict always shatter his health, and become a menace to the life and property of his fellow-citizens?

The prisons of New York City confine each year more narcotic addicts than can be found in any other community in the United States, if not in the entire world. No less than 10% of the men sent annually to the penitentiary on Welfare Island are drug-users. This means that in the year 1930 alone 1166 prisoners in this one institution were such users. A careful study of these cases was made, and detailed in-

formation was obtained in each about the narcotic and criminal background of the prisoner.

First, we found that we had to eliminate as criminals, in the accepted sense, about one-third of the group. These men had been arrested exclusively for the possession of narcotics. They had committed no anti-social act as ordinarily understood—no injury to any other person or his property. Their possession of drugs was simply *prima-facie* evidence that they themselves were the victims of a bad habit. Their “crime” was one of *malum prohibitum*, not *malum in se*. In countries where legislation does not concern itself with the personal habits of the individual, there are no such “criminals,” and penal institutions are not charged with the care of them.

Now, with this third eliminated, do we come to the dramatic villains whom we are accustomed to meet in the theatre and in print? Not yet, for from the remaining total we must omit, for the year 1930, 450 prisoners who had not even been arrested for any offense, but had appeared voluntarily before a magistrate and asked to be committed to some institution so that they might take the narcotic cure given therein.

About a fourth of our narcotic prisoners remain. The criminal fourth. Are these the emaciated, vicious creatures of tradition, who commit crimes of such magnitude that only drug-soaked brains could conceive them and only drug-shot bodies

could carry them out? Well, here they are. And a group of more trivial offenders you could not find anywhere—except in other narcotic cells. All the more shocking and sensational crimes are conspicuous by their absence. Petty thievery, vagrancy, disorderly conduct and various minor offenses—these fill the record.

The narcotic addict, in truth, has neither the incentive nor the courage to commit a really hair-raising crime. He is not even runner-up. However, some of those arrested for possession only in one year sometimes have criminal records for other years. But their offenses are commonly found, like those of their brother addicts, to be of a comparatively trivial nature, and in only a few cases are they so grave as to constitute a real menace to life or property.

Furthermore, in the criminal group a special fact is to be noted. An appreciable number committed their small thefts not because, under the influence of narcotics, they had come to lead a life of crime, or because of a blunted moral sense, or even to make a living, but simply because they had no more money with which to buy drugs. The traffic in drugs being prohibited, their purchase comes high. So when these craving creatures had no further funds to feed their inexorable appetite they stole for that, and for that alone.

One may argue that if they had not used narcotics they would never have committed their offenses. True, but on the other hand, if they had been persons of even small means they would not have committed them either. Here money, as in many other situations, makes the difference between the man behind the bars and his fellow on the outside. It is this necessity for funds to obtain narcotics which accounts to a large extent for what relationship really exists between narcotic addiction and crime.

If then, in the absence of a complete

stoppage of the narcotic traffic, there were such things as supply stations, supported either by the city or by private philanthropy, to supply addicts who had no funds, they would constitute a definite preventive of petty crime. Whether it would be wise, however, to establish them, in view of the possible encouragement they might give to the spread of the habit, we do not know. Nor is it our purpose here to discuss what should be done with the addict, but solely what sort of person he is.

II

Only the much propagandized public believes the typical drug addict to be a desperate criminal. Those who deal directly with him—penologists, medical men, jail wardens, and so forth—know him to be a nuisance rather than a menace. And criminals know him likewise. He is so far from being a big-shot himself that it is axiomatic in the criminal world for big-shots to have nothing to do with him. “Don’t touch him, he’s a junkie,” is a common piece of advice from one criminal to another when they are discussing a third.

Not another word need be said, for all criminals fear narcotic addicts much more than they fear the police. The reason is that every drug addict is a potential stool-pigeon who can be made to squeal within forty-eight hours by keeping drugs away from him, and then offering him a shot if he will tell what the police want to know. Drugs to the user constitute a vital weakness. There is nothing he will not do to get them.

So if you are looking for the master minds, the hard-boiled desperadoes, the reigning racketeers and criminal kings, don’t waste your time hunting them among narcotic addicts. There is an occa-

sional exception to this rule as to every other, but crimes which take originality in their planning, and daring, coolness and courage in their execution, are rarely committed by hopheads, snowbirds, or junkies, as they are variously termed in the underworld.

But so established has become the melodramatic figure of the narcotic addict that apparently no one has thought, in the interests of real knowledge, to gather any figures concerning addiction *outside* the prisons. Even the people who devote themselves to the stamping out of narcotics in this country—the persons who are behind our existing legislation—vary in their estimates of the number of addicts from 100,000 to 1,000,000. Obviously, if 450 men, on their own initiative, escort themselves into New York's penal institutions for a cure each year—and we found this number to be about the average—the number outside who do not volunteer for such incarceration, with its attendant criminal record, must be immensely larger.

Meanwhile, if you have felt sympathy and admiration surge within you at the thought of the 450 who were willing even to go to prison that they might rid themselves of a comforting but degrading practice, suppose you look at a typical case history. It goes like this:

John Smith contracts the drug habit. He starts with $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ of a grain. He is so formed constitutionally, however, that he soon becomes used to this quantity. It loses its kick, and so he increases the dose. He is a person without much money to begin with, and it is not long before he finds that supporting his habit is costing him more than he is able to earn. He has not the courage to steal and he has learned long before this that if he is caught possessing drugs he will be arrested and sent to one of the city prisons, where a cure will be given him. So

he goes before a magistrate, admits that he is a chronic user of drugs, and seeks to be sent up in order that he may receive the cure and thus free himself of his slavery. This cure consists of gradually reducing his daily supply until he is off the narcotic altogether. As the doctors say, it has been boiled out of his system.

He is now in exactly the same condition as he was when he began to take the drug. Cured, to you, perhaps, but to John Smith it simply means that he is now financially able to resume the habit. He can now get the same kick out of a fraction of a grain as he was getting from the twelve or fifteen grains a day which he was taking when he had himself committed. In other words, his sole idea in having himself committed is not to get rid of the habit but merely to get himself back to a point where supporting it will again be within his means.

This is the motivation of by far the greater number of those who voluntarily undertake cures each year. Joseph A. McCann, warden of the Penitentiary on Welfare Island, who has had perhaps a greater experience with narcotic addicts than any other prison warden in the United States, says that many hundreds of self-committed addicts have told him frankly that they were not in the slightest degree desirous of really curing themselves of the habit, but merely wanted to reduce its cost.

The same holds good for addicts who take treatment privately, according to the best known narcotic specialist in this country, and several other practitioners who have large narcotic practices.

With a view to evolving a more intelligent handling of narcotic addicts in the New York City prisons, Commissioner of Correction Patterson, with the approval of Mayor Walker, appointed early in 1928 seven physicians of unusual distinction,

several of whom were experts in narcotic treatment, to make a comprehensive study of a miscellaneous group of addicts who voluntarily submitted themselves for treatment.

A ward at Bellevue Hospital was set aside for the purpose. Three hundred and eighteen men volunteered. The study went on from May, 1928, to May, 1929, and the ensuing report represents very painstaking observations. Concerning the men studied the committee said:

They are very often both secretly and openly amused at attempts to "cure" them, and despise these efforts as a waste of time and money and an encroachment on their "rights". This partly accounts for their irresponsible behavior under treatment, their lack of appreciation of what is done for them, and their general destructiveness (not a chair was left undamaged in the ward) while confined in the institution. There is a constant battle of wits between the drug addicts and those attempting to treat them. Their constant effort in many cases is to render null and void these attempts by every conceivable means, and they derive a childish pleasure and satisfaction if at any time they are able to put anything over on those treating them.

While these men were not prisoners in the ordinary sense, it was necessary to keep a prison guard on duty in the ward at all times in order to prevent narcotics from being smuggled in from the outside. For even those who thus take the cure voluntarily, once they are in confinement, make every possible effort to obtain the drug whose use they are supposed to be trying to relinquish. Even those who apparently would really like to be cured are among the most persistent smugglers.

The same is true of addicts whose social standing makes a voluntary residence in a public institution out of the question. It is for this reason that few private hospitals are willing to undertake the treatment of

narcotic addicts. Those in charge say that to handle them they must almost turn their institutions into prisons, so strict is the surveillance necessary to keep the patients from secretly obtaining drugs.

We quote again from the report of the Mayor's Committee on Drug Addiction:

As for removing or "obliterating" the craving for narcotics by immediate medical treatment, we have found this craving to be present after all treatments. The patients look forward to being discharged, in fact, count the days, and if not discharged when they expect to be, some of them go into a state resembling frenzy, so great is their apparent eagerness to revert to drugs. Every imaginable excuse and pretext will be tried in order to be discharged sooner.

The committee found that in the vast majority of cases, possibly in from 80 to 90%, if not in a larger percentage, the desire for drugs sooner or later returns in full force and addiction again occurs. . . . A withdrawal treatment by itself [in prison] is only an administrative routine, to be carried out as often as the addict receives a court sentence, and with no probability of bringing about a lasting abstinence.

In view of the above, does it not seem that our legal approach to the drug-user needs complete revision? Should our city governments keep pouring sand into a bottomless hole? Should they pay for institutions, doctors, medical supplies, food and guards for drug-users, only to do it over and over again?

III

Undoubtedly the chief reason why we are spending so much money on the addict and getting nowhere with him is that so little is known about him. Those individuals and organizations who endeavor to eliminate an evil by inculcating fear of its consequences have constantly painted him as an anæmic but vicious creature

who sooner or later runs afoul of the law and lands in the hands of the police. It is assumed even by penologists and criminologists that the majority of addicts is to be found among the criminal classes. But this belief is inspired by the careless theory that the statistics of prisons located in large population centers are typical of the entire United States. The fact is that while there is a large percentage of addicts among the prisoners of New York and Chicago and, to a much lesser degree, some of the other large cities of the country, there are hundreds of jails and many penitentiaries where they are seldom, if ever, received.

While visiting the various prisons throughout the country during the last twenty-odd years, we have found on numerous occasions that not only the penitentiary and jail officials but even the prison physicians had no personal knowledge of the narcotic problem and scarcely knew it existed in other institutions. Many of the physicians, during years of practice in penal institutions, had never had a narcotic addict to treat. Few of them had even heard of the Towne-Lambert system, the father of all narcotic treatments. The use of hyoscin in treatment was news to them, as was the expression "cold turkey", in common use by addicts everywhere to designate the immediate withdrawal treatment, as distinguished from the reduction treatment. This blankness on the part of otherwise experienced and sophisticated wardens, guards, and prison physicians was proof enough of the fact that, among the many thousands of prisoners received in their institutions, the percentage of drug addicts was so small as to be negligible. When the population figures of their institutions are added to those of prisons in New York and Chicago, the percentage of addicts among criminals in the United States becomes greatly decreased.

So greatly decreased, indeed, that instead of the criminal classes furnishing the greater number of addicts, or *vice versa*, it becomes apparent that most addicts are quite peaceable persons. Years ago one of the present writers was overwhelmed with astonishment when, in the Middle-Western home of a physician and quite by accident, he saw his host snuffing some heroin up his nose. The doctor said he had been taking drugs for over twenty-five years. He was a leader in his community, not only among his medical brethren, but otherwise, and was much sought after socially. Since then we have learned from physicians specializing in drug addiction that there are many thousands like him scattered throughout the country.

Many of this class use narcotics year after year without any menace to the community. They are habitués who take a certain number of grains each day but do not increase the dosage. They have steady employment—many of them, indeed, very good positions; they support their families and otherwise live the life of the average citizen; they have sufficient money to keep themselves supplied with drugs and so do not come into conflict with the law. They constitute the great majority of narcotic addicts, and are entirely harmless.

They bear no ordinary stigmata of their habit. Contrary to the current belief that addicts speedily become physical wrecks, tottering presently into nothingness, the use of drugs seems to cause but little injury to a person's health. That it even lessens the span of life is not certain. Complete collapse is waiting in the wings for that pitiable figure who slinks so furtively from stage left to stage right, but in real life men take drugs continuously over a period of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty or even forty or fifty years while marching along as usual.

A study of the 1166 men confined in Welfare Island Penitentiary during 1930 showed these statements to be facts. The study included the length of time during which each one had been addicted. Addicts, at least in prison, are notorious liars, but in a large number of these cases their statements were proved to be true by checking with the prison records, for as known addicts they had come and gone, with what might be termed intermittent irregularity, over a long period of time.

Very few of the 1166 had used narcotics for less than five years, approximately 50% had used them for ten years or more, possibly 20 to 25% for fifteen years or more, and at least 10% for more than fifteen years. But even this does not tell the entire story, for there was a very liberal sprinkling of men who had been addicted continuously for eighteen, twenty and twenty-five years, while several had used drugs for twenty-nine or thirty years, one for forty years, one for forty-four years, and one for forty-eight years.

Some of the officials of the institutions say that they have had men sixty-eight and seventy years of age who have used drugs continuously for more than fifty years. Some of these men, of course, are in very poor physical condition, but numbers of others are in a fairly good state of health—a state of health, indeed, which approximates that of men who do not use narcotics but who have led the same kind of unrestrained, irregular and dissipated life. In other words, it is often the kind of life they lead generally which accounts for their physical condition rather than the use of narcotics.

This is shown by the way in which they build up after they reach prison, where they must keep regular hours and where they obtain a sufficient amount of sleep and plain, wholesome food. The vast majority

of addicts, after being taken off drugs and after being at the institution sufficiently long to get the benefit of its routine, gain in weight to an amazing degree and rapidly improve in health. Within a very short time, a few weeks, or two or three months, they are again in good health, despite the fact that they may have been using narcotics continuously for thirty or forty years. Any prison doctor can verify these statements.

They prove conclusively that the use of drugs does not undermine the constitution of the addict to anything like the extent that certain authorities would have us believe. During the course of many years in prison work we have seen large numbers of men who had been taking narcotics for a long time and who were in a good state of health. Dr. Perry Lichtenstein, physician at the Tombs for years, is as well acquainted with narcotic addicts and their treatment as any medical man in the world. He explains their quick return to health under treatment thus:

The general effect of the use of narcotics is to decrease the flow of gastric juice and other secretions and thus limit the appetite for food. When narcotics are no longer used the appetite again returns to normal, the former addict has a great craving for food, and as a consequence he rapidly gains in weight and health.

An official prison investigator gets many cussings-out, both secret and otherwise, as he delves into the life of penal institutions. But the worst the investigating member of this team ever received was when, as Inspector of Prisons for the Federal Government, he was making one of his frequent surveys of the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth. It came from a convict seventy years of age, who had been taking drugs for thirty-five years. He was in the hospital taking the cure for his addiction

and when he learned who the visitor was he indulged in a vicious tirade against him, the prison, and the United States government in general for trying to take him off his drug. When he had calmed down a little we learned that he suffered from some chronic ailment which gave him considerable pain and that he had been taking about three grains of morphine a day to relieve his suffering. Now, he said, he was coming off the drug and his pain was returning, and the only thing he was looking forward to was to serve his term and get out and back to the drug again. His attitude concerning a cure was the same as that of the majority of other addicts. But his reason for taking the drug in the first place was not at all typical.

For, contrary to the widely accepted belief that the most addicts get their start from drugs taken on their own initiative, or on the administration of a physician, to relieve pain, it is doubtful if even one-half of one percent start that way. In prison we commonly find, according to the answers given by addicts, that they began because other addicts suggested it. The physicians on the Mayor's Committee on Drug Addiction said in their report:

Every addict for the sake of companionship or for self-justification ceaselessly endeavors to make other addicts.

This dangerous aspect of drug addiction seems to have been unknown when laws were passed throwing every addict into prison, where he instantly comes into contact with ample material for contamination. As in the case of the well known barrel of apples, the good ones do not improve the bad one.

So far as is known, nothing good can be said for the drug habit. It makes people the slaves of a craving which is costly to support and which drives them mad if by any chance they are separated from their

supply. So imperious is the demand of the drug that they will lie for it without scruple and if necessary will steal to get it. Since the social attitude toward the habit, when known, includes ostracism, they are apt to drift among lower and lower classes of people, and become more and more degraded.

On the other hand, there are the unnumbered addicts who, well, prosperous and happy, live among us unsuspected. Perhaps, we theorize, they are so constituted that they would not be so well off if they hadn't the drug to hold them up. This seems at the moment incapable of proof or disproof. But certainly many of them hold responsible positions and are perfectly capable of maintaining themselves in places where brains and stamina are required.

IV

It will be a great relief, no doubt, to people who are worried because some member of the family is taking drugs to know that the practice need not necessarily injure him mentally, physically or financially, and that he need not necessarily become a menace to the life and property of his fellow beings. For if he is a user who does not increase his dosage and if he never lacks funds to obtain his drug the chances are with him. He is not pleasant to contemplate, assuredly, but he is far from the vicious, broken-down criminal that anxious friends and relatives are led to fear.

What seems to have happened in this country is what often happens when laws are passed regulating some practise of human interest. The mere passage of the legislation brings that practise an amount of attention out of all proportion to what it really deserves. The student of Law Enforcement in America can find many laws which have resulted in directing an amount

of public attention to an evil out of all proportion to the seriousness of the evil itself. A case in point is the so-called White Slave Law, or Mann Act, passed by Congress some years ago. Immediately following its passage, the so-called white slave traffic leaped to the fore in the newspapers and magazines, followed by reports of civic committees concerning the appalling prevalence of white slavery and the terrible menace which it offered to the American people. When calmer minds got together the real facts were soon learned. There was, in truth, no organized white slave traffic worthy of the name, and such sporadic instances as did occur were out of all proportion to the great hullabaloo. Today there is a rather extensive demand for the law's repeal, for it has been very largely used as an instrument of blackmail.

The beginnings of the narcotic story are the same. With the passage of the Federal law against drugs, the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act, the subject became front page news, and it is now receiving greater and greater prominence all the time. In the light of the American tendency to get feverishly worked up about an evil of some kind, subsequently found to be not nearly so serious as was at first believed, is it not probable that, once we begin to acquire some real knowledge on the subject, we shall find that the narcotic evil in the United States is not nearly as evil as it is supposed to be?

There is no question that the traffic in drugs should be suppressed firmly, with every device that intelligent and incorruptible officials can employ. But meanwhile, what shall we do with the users? It does not seem sensible nor fair to the taxpayers to clap them into jail over and over and over again. Certainly it is not effective. Nor is it helpful for policemen to give young boy and girl addicts treatment by beating them up, as reported by the Wickersham Committee. Why should the State give, as often as demanded, "cures" to those who actually don't want to be cured, and who, practically all of them, are incurable? If private charities supported by voluntary contributions wish to undertake this, well and good, but should it be compulsory for the taxpayers to foot the bills? If so, special institutions should be set aside for drug addicts, so that they cannot make addicts of other prisoners. Perhaps, since proselytizing seems to be a characteristic of the drug user, and nobody wants to see the spread of the habit except the addict himself, it would be best to send every user to some isolated island, inhabited only by his own kind.

Only a minor number of the drug addicts who come to prison are criminal in the ordinary sense. Far from being stars in the underworld, they are usually very small potatoes. And far from being physical wrecks, they live long—entirely *too* long, some think who have to handle them!

GOD IN AMERICAN LAW

BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN

IN THE fair State of Jersey, not long ago, some of the pious brethern who every so often resurrect the old Blue Laws and undertake to impose them on a stiff-necked generation, caused the arrest of a wicked vendor of goods who had ventured to expose them for sale on the Sabbath. He was haled forthwith before a justice of the peace, tried, found guilty, and fined. But he appealed and made a boom-crang of the Sunday law, for on his appeal he argued, and the Supreme Court agreed with him, that it was as illegal to try him on Sunday as it was for him to sell goods on Sunday. (*Van Beuren v. Board of Com.*, 153 Atl. 260.) There was a similar case in New York a few years ago. Some votaries of chance were arrested on Sunday and taken before a magistrate, and there they pleaded guilty. But a day or two later they regretted their action and appealed to the County Court, where Judge Turk ruled that no trial could legally be held on Sunday and that a defendant could not waive the law by pleading guilty or otherwise. (*People v. Mantei*, 134 Misc. 529.)

Judge Turk's opinion in the case is of interest because in it he traced the development of the law on the subject and also revealed the judicial attitude that still prevails. He pointed out that in early times the courts among the Christians did sit on Sunday, but that Constantine in 321 A.D. decreed that judges and magistrates should rest "on the venerable day of the sun".

Later, in 517, a council of the Church declared Sunday a non-judicial day and forbade any court proceedings on it. Of this canon Judge Turk said: "It was adopted into the Common Law and it has been consistently held from that time on that, under the Common Law, no judicial act ought to be done on the Sabbath." In other words, it is still a rule of law in the United States that courts cannot sit on Sunday, in the absence of a statute permitting it, because away back in 517 an Asiatic church council adopted a canon to that effect! Judge Turk concluded his opinion with the declaration that it was all a matter of public policy and that "to hold otherwise [than he did] would break down and destroy those splendid principles of Sunday observance which have come down to us for many generations long past."

As this case shows, many laws still in effect in the United States, either by statute or as a part of the Common Law, have been molded by ideas of God and His will, and religious preconceptions still influence, whether consciously or unconsciously, the actions of legislators, executives, and judges. Originally law and religion were inseparable, law was conceived to be the word of God himself, and Moses is still traditionally the world's great law-giver. So literally did the Puritans and the other early settlers of America take this conception to heart that in some instances they specifically adopted the Scriptures as secular law. In fact, the

Vermont General Assembly, as late as 1778, declared "the laws as they stand in the Connecticut law-book, and in defect of those laws, the plain word of God ascertained in the Scriptures," to be "the law of the land until the Legislature shall have time to digest and enact a code adopted to the condition of the country." To be sure, there was in that provision an intimation that God's laws might be improved upon for the Green Mountain boys; but, taken as a whole, it reflected the view that has been generally accepted during all our history and that was expressed by the worthy president of the University of Kentucky as recently as 1915 in an address to the students in the College of Law. "The Bible", said he, "is the foundation of modern law."

In England the Court of King's Bench declared in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that "in almost all cases the Common Law was grounded on the law of God", citing as its authority the 27th chapter of Numbers. Later Sir Matthew Hale made a famous declaration that subsequently became a maxim of English law. It was that "Christianity is a part of the Common Law of England." Nearly a century later Sir William Blackstone, in the introduction to his Commentaries, wrote: "Upon these two foundations, the law of nature and the law of revelation, depend all human laws." Later, when he came to write about crimes, Blackstone began his classification with "such as more immediately offend Almighty God by openly transgressing the precepts of religion, either natural or revealed."

Hale's declaration was accepted as sound by American courts at an early date, and it became axiomatic that Christianity was a part of the law of the land, having been inherited as a part of the Common Law when the States became independent.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court reiterated this maxim as recently as four years ago; and even the Supreme Court of the United States has given it its approval. "Our laws and our institutions," said the Supreme Court of Illinois, "must necessarily be based upon and embody the teachings of the Redeemer of mankind. It is impossible that it should be otherwise; and in this sense and to this extent our civilization and our institutions are emphatically Christian." (Richmond *v.* Moore, 107 Ill. 429.) Meanwhile, the highest court of England held flatly in 1917 that Hale was wrong and that Christianity never was a part of the Common Law of England. (Bowman *v.* Secular Society, Ann. Cas. 1917D, 761.)

The words of the Illinois Supreme Court illustrate the second way in which the Lord's hand is heavy upon our jurisprudence—through the religious psychology of legislators and judges. We talk, of course, of a government of laws as distinguished from a government of men. But when we do so we are either deluded or dishonest, for there is no such thing as a government without men and, therefore, no such thing as a government free of the human equation. And so long as the human equation enters in so long does the idea of religion enter in.

Men, whether in legislative halls, in administrative chairs, or on the bench, remain mere bipeds of the human species, reflecting their blood and their culture, regardless of their position. Their theological beliefs are as much a part of them as their viscera. These beliefs always help to determine what laws shall be passed and how they shall be interpreted. They become legal and juridical yardsticks. Thus a government secular in theory is never secular in fact, and jurisprudence is always shot through with theology.

II

The whole body of our Sunday laws is religious in origin and purpose. The Christian Sabbath has been incorporated into American law. Courts nowadays protest that this is not true: they pretend to uphold Sunday legislation on social grounds alone. But they are clearly guilty of hypocrisy or of self-deception, for the historical reason for Sunday laws is the protection of the Christian religion. As was said by a Pennsylvania court: "Sunday is a part of Christianity. Upon its peaceful observance Christianity in a great measure depends." To which the court then added a fearsome prophecy: "Destroy this day, and a revolution of the most astounding character is produced."

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania rendered one of the most illuminating decisions on this subject. Two separate opinions were filed. One, by Judge Bell, sustained the 1794 Sunday law on the ground that it was "essentially but a civil regulation" but argued that as a religious regulation it would be unconstitutional, but the other, by Judge Coulter, said: "I wish it to be distinctly understood that I believe the laws constitutional because they guard the Christian Sabbath from profanation. We are a Christian people and State. I do not recognize the right of the Legislature to make a day of secular cessation from labor independent of the Christian Sabbath." That is a frank and correct statement of the reasons and motives behind all Sunday legislation, however much pious judges may protest that they proceed on purely social grounds when they uphold and enforce it.

As a matter of historical fact, the Pennsylvania law is the product of an even deeper religious superstition than the mere imagined need of observing the Lord's

Day. It was passed in its present form in 1794, following the yellow fever epidemic of 1793, because the people of the State thought that the epidemic had been visited upon them as a punishment for their sins, including the desecration of the Sabbath; in other words, it was adopted as insurance against a recurrence of the scourge. That's the reason Pennsylvania in 1931 still keeps on its statute books, though it does not strictly obey or enforce it, one of the narrowest Sunday laws ever passed. The State is still propitiating the Lord God Jehovah.

Let us now turn to the field of evidence. Here there is, in the first place, the judicial oath, the mumbo-jumbo of every court proceeding. Its original theory was altogether different from what it is to-day. In early Christian times the oath was a conditional curse calling down upon the head of him who took it some dire evil in the event that he spoke falsely; and it was believed that a violation would put the curse into immediate and automatic effect. There were, however, so many false swearers who escaped the Lord's wrath that eventually the Fathers evolved the doctrine that violations were punished in the hereafter instead of here. This is the doctrine that later became incorporated into the English Common Law and was inherited by us. With it, of course, we got the obverse—the pious rule that a witness is not qualified to take the oath if he does not believe that there is a Supreme Being who will hereafter reward the good and punish the wicked.

That is the Common Law rule; and it still prevails in this country wherever it has not been judicially modified or changed by constitutional or statutory provision. Judicially, it has been modified in some States so that a witness need no longer believe in a future state of rewards

and punishments: it is sufficient if he believes that false swearing will be punished *either* here or hereafter. The constitutional and the statutory changes are of two kinds, first, those that abolish religious tests altogether; and, second, those that declare a person competent to testify regardless of his religious views, but permit him to be cross-examined about them for the purpose of impairing his credibility before the jury. Where the latter rule is in effect the assumption, of course, is that the heretic and the infidel are not as worthy of belief as the professing religionist.

The rule last mentioned prevails in some States in spite of constitutional provisions that would seem flatly to prohibit anything of the kind. For instance, the Indiana constitution provides that "no person shall be rendered incompetent as a witness in consequence of his opinions on matters of religion", but there is a statute just the same which says that "the want of religious belief may be shown on the trial".

It is in New York, however, that the history of the modification and final abrogation of the Common Law rule shows most clearly how difficult it is to bring about any reform in law when the proposed change conflicts with the religious prepossessions of judges on the bench. For, in spite of the fact that the New York constitution was amended in 1846 so as to provide distinctly that "no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions on matters of religion", it was not until fifty-seven years later that the Court of Appeals made this provision effective. During that long period the religious psychology of the judges thwarted the will of those who put the amendment into the constitution, and it was theology and not law that the courts administered.

The story begins twelve years after the adoption of the amendment in question, when Judge Balcom of the Supreme Court held that in spite of the change in the constitution a witness might still be examined regarding his religious belief for the purpose of affecting his credibility. His Honor, righteously horrified, exclaimed:

Persons may be competent witnesses but not credible ones. To say that a person whose religion teaches him that his happiness will not be diminished in time or eternity by the utterance of falsehood as a witness is entitled to equal credit in a court of justice with one who believes the doctrines of the Sacred Scriptures is absurd. And I think, inasmuch as the barrier against admitting unbelievers in anything heavenly or divine to testify has been thrown down in this State, witnesses may be compelled to disclose, on cross-examination, their opinions on matters of religious belief; for, however awful their opinions may be, they are of their own choosing. (*Stanbro v. Hopkins*, 28 Barb. 265.)

This sentiment, by the way, was repeated in paraphrase only last year by the Supreme Court of North Carolina in the notorious Gastonia murder case. (*State v. Beal*, 154 S. E. 610.)

Such was the status of the law when in 1891 the case of Johann Most, the anarchist, came before the New York Court of Appeals. Most and his witnesses had been examined, as radicals always are, about their religious beliefs, and the district attorney had argued in his address to the jury that they were unworthy of belief because they did not believe in God. Now, note what the highest court in the Empire State said in answer to the argument of Most's counsel that all this was an invasion of his rights: "The exception to the question put to the witness on cross-examination as to his belief in a Supreme Being is frivolous." Forty-five years after the constitutional amendment—frivolous!

Twelve years more went by, and the same question was again presented to the Court of Appeals in a civil suit by a respectable man of affairs. Two judges still clung to the decisions in the Stanbro and Most cases, but the majority, speaking through Judge Cullen, said:

If, despite constitutional enactment that no such test of competency shall longer prevail, inquiry on the subject is still to be made with reference to the witness's credibility, I think that we may be led into great embarrassment. I think that the learned court in the Stanbro case failed to appreciate that when the constitution abrogated all disqualifications for office or civil rights, the consideration of a witness's religious belief or the question of his credibility necessarily fell at the same time. (*Brink v. Stratton*, 176 N. Y. 150.)

Thus the constitutional provision of 1846 went into effect after a wait of fifty-seven years!

As the matter now stands, the Common Law rule, in either its original or its modified form, still prevails in ten States, so that in those States unbelievers are wholly incompetent to testify; in eight States unbelievers may be sworn, but may be examined regarding their religious beliefs for the purpose of discrediting them before the jury; in the remainder of the States there can be no inquiry regarding the religious belief of a witness for any purpose. Finally, the old Common Law rule prevails in the Federal courts in all the States that existed in 1789, when the Federal Judiciary Act was passed, and in all other States in which the rule had not been abrogated prior to their admission into the Union, except that in civil cases the Common Law rule was abrogated in 1906.

There remains a peculiar class of cases in which the question of religious belief may still be raised, even in States where

in other cases it would be wholly ruled out. These are cases involving dying declarations, which constitute an exception to the ordinary rule against hearsay evidence. Such declarations are admitted on the trial of an accused in a homicide case when they have been made by the wounded victim of the criminal assault in fear and contemplation of imminent death. But it has been frequently held that the declarant's statement may be impeached by showing that he was an atheist. In Missouri there has been a decision to this effect within the last ten years, although a witness cannot ordinarily be interrogated at all regarding his religious belief in that State. Even the United States Supreme Court has given the rule its approval. (*Carver v. U. S.*, 164 U. S. 694.) This means that if an unbeliever is murdered and in the face of death makes a solemn statement identifying a given individual as his assailant, his dying declaration either will not be admitted at all or else evidence may be introduced to show his lack of faith for the purpose of impeaching and impairing the value of his statement. It is, therefore, comparatively safe for Christians to murder unbelievers if there are no Christian witnesses.

An absurd quirk in this connection is the rule that the dying declaration will not be admissible if the declarant was not in a proper frame of mind when he made it. Thus, if he swore or used profane language in making his statement it is inadmissible, it has been held, because he was not looking with sufficient solemnity and apprehension on his approaching translation to either Heaven or Hell.

All this under a government of laws in a secular state! Mexico and Russia, on the other hand, have entirely abolished the judicial oath, and in China and Japan it has never been required.

III

Another domain in which the religious influence has been and still is potent is that of divorce. As every one knows, at the time this country was settled, marriage and divorce in England were under the jurisdiction of the church, which looked upon marriage as a sacrament, and no absolute divorce was granted by the ecclesiastical courts under any circumstances. The American colonies had no such courts, nor did the States that were later established. But the new States soon enacted general laws giving their civil courts power to grant divorces on certain specified grounds. These grounds were definitely scriptural according to the then prevailing views—adultery only, or adultery and desertion.

The new statutes were all short and said nothing about possible defenses. Hence, when they came before the courts for construction and application, the judges, swayed, like the legislators, by religious considerations, reached across the sea and brought over and incorporated into American law the rules and doctrines of the ecclesiastical courts of England, regardless of the fact that those courts did not grant absolute divorces, but only separations from bed and board. As the Missouri Supreme Court said in recent times:

The action for divorce and alimony, the defenses thereto, and the proceedings therein, are, so far as suited to our day and situation, controlled by the law of the English ecclesiastical courts (Common Law with us) as modified, changed, and in some matters supplanted by our statutes.

It was in this way that the pernicious doctrines of condonation, collusion, connivance, and recrimination, and the requirement of a culprit in divorce cases,

came into American divorce law, not by the authorized legislation of the duly constituted law-makers, but by the unwarranted legislation of religious-and-legalistic-minded judges on the bench. And it is in no sense an exaggeration to say that because of this judicial legislation and the assumptions behind it, sociologically sound legislation on the subject of divorce remains impossible in this country.

It is, however, in the field of criminal law that the religious influence is most baneful and far-reaching, first, because of the religious conception of the nature of crime, and, second, because of moral theology's conception of the psychology of the criminal.

Crimes were formerly classified as (1) those against God; (2) those against the prince; and (3) those against the individual. In the first category Blackstone placed eleven offenses or sets of offenses, namely, (1) apostasy; (2) heresy; (3) offenses which affect the Established Church; (4) blasphemy; (5) swearing and cursing; (6) witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and sorcery; (7) religious imposition; (8) simony; (9) Sabbath breaking; (10) drunkenness; and (11) lewdness.

Many of these offenses are, of course, obsolete. But, unbelievable as it may seem, witchcraft and religious imposition are still specifically mentioned and condemned in the statutes of many States, notably New Jersey, where it is a misdemeanor for any one to "personate Jesus Christ" or "to terrify, delude, or abuse the people by false denunciations of judgment", whatever that may mean.

Of course, blasphemy and swearing are still statutory offenses in a number of States. In Massachusetts there was a prosecution for blasphemy only four years ago, and in Maine there was a conviction ten years ago. In the latter case the court,

after referring to the Declaration of Independence, the oath of the President and other officials, the practice of having prayer in Congress, and other similar matters, said:

In view of these things shall we say that any word or deed which would expose the God of the Christian religion or the Holy Scriptures to contempt and ridicule, or which would rob official oaths of any of their sanctity, thus undermining the foundations of their binding force, would be protected by a constitutional religious freedom whose constitutional limitation is non-disturbance of public peace? We register a most emphatic negative. (*State v. Mockus*, 113 Atl. 39.)

If that is not theological, rather than judicial, reasoning, the Fundamentalists are heretics.

Two ridiculous features of the laws against swearing and cursing are the fact that the time for the institution of prosecutions is usually limited to a few days and the fact that the fine is absurdly small. In Michigan, for instance, the prosecution must be started within five days and the fine is from one dollar to five for each oath. In Maine the prosecution must be begun within twenty days, and the fine is from two dollars to five. And in Pennsylvania the prosecution must be begun within seventy-two hours, and the fine is sixty-seven cents for each oath with the awful name of God in it, and forty cents for each in which Deity is not specifically referred to.

Lewdness, Blackstone explains, included in his time "many offenses of the incontinent kind" of which the ecclesiastical courts alone had jurisdiction. All these offenses, of theological origin, have been taken over by the secular courts, which, however, continue to look upon them through the eyes of long-dead theologians. It is on that account that we have the cur-

rent holdings in obscenity, birth control, and censorship cases. The decisions are of the Twentieth Century, but their genesis lies in the far Christian past of the Western peoples, when sex was looked upon as incurably sinful, and it was the chief duty of the Church to repress the sin and punish the sinner.

Other present-day offenses that have their roots in religion are treason, sedition, perjury, attempts to commit suicide, libel, the new crimes under the anti-syndicalist and Prohibition laws, and contempt of court.

Treason in England formerly included the killing of either a secular or religious superior, on the theory that the system under which some men were high and others low had been ordained by God and that it was an offense against Him to offend against it. Sedition still includes any words or acts tending to "incite His Majesty's subjects to attempt the alteration of any matter in Church or State as by law established otherwise than by lawful means."

In that last provision the origin of our late sedition laws of shameful memory and our still popular anti-syndicalist laws is clearly discernible. Laws of this character hark back to the time when government was looked upon as something divinely established, when the Church either dominated the State or the two were as nearly one as the Siamese twins, and when in consequence the most serious offenses that men could commit were those that challenged either the Church or the State or their divinely appointed representatives. Such offenses were offenses against God Himself. Exactly the same emotional reaction that they evoked is manifested today by the Red-baiters and the more fanatical Prohibitionists. The old conception of the sanctity of the Church

and State and of the divinity that does hedge about a King has been transferred to the democratic State and to the Constitution.

A striking example of this transference is to be seen in a book written a few years ago by that militant Prohibitionist, Dr. Clarence True Wilson. He gave it the title, "The Divine Right of Democracy", which is a true key to its contents. In it he defends the Eighteenth Amendment as something sacred, and charges with treason all who would dare to lay profane hands upon it. He also defends capital punishment on scriptural grounds, and complacently informs the world that "God was a democrat".

As to libel, it was no less an authority than that patron saint of the law, Sir Edward Coke, who said, "Libeling and calumniation is an offense against the law of God". Likewise, contempt of court is plainly a survival of the old idea of the sanctity of the King. In England the writ in contempt cases still describes the contempt as being against him. The offense is clearly *lèse majesté* in modern dress. It is only twenty-eight years since the Missouri Supreme Court quoted a number of biblical texts as authority for its ruling that the Legislature could not by law limit the rights of the courts to punish for contempt committed out of the presence of the court. The extent to which this doctrine may be carried was illustrated in 1921 in an Arkansas bootlegging case. In that case the judge before whom it was pending met the defendant at a bathing resort and spoke to him in insulting terms. He was insulted in return, whereupon, swelling with injured dignity, he proceeded against the defendant for contempt of court and was sustained by the Supreme Court of the State. (*Weldon v. State*, 150 Ark. 407.)

IV

If modern criminology has learned anything it is that there is no common denominator for criminals and that every crime involves a synthesis of social, economic and biological factors. But the law still closes its eyes to these facts. The reason is that it has accepted the Christian postulate that, as expressed by a Catholic moral theologian a few years ago, "the chief cause of crime and, with few exceptions, always the efficient cause of crime, is the free-will". The law, in short, looks upon the criminal as simply a wilful sinner with a wicked heart who can and does choose wrong rather than right; and it tries him, convicts him, and punishes him on the basis of that postulate.

How it works may be seen in a case that came before the California Supreme Court last year. The defendant pleaded guilty to a charge of murdering three boys, ten, twelve, and eighteen years old respectively. Later his counsel asked him to withdraw the plea of guilty and to enter one of "Not guilty by reason of insanity". This change the court refused to permit, and the higher court sustained the ruling, though it said of the accused: "The evidence very definitely shows that the appellant is a moral pervert and moral degenerate of the lowest type. Upon the stand in his own behalf he readily admitted that for a number of years he had been addicted to the practice of the unnatural crime against nature." But he was pronounced legally responsible, and his conviction was affirmed. (*People v. Northcott*, 70 A. L. R. 806.)

The Vermont Supreme Court in 1919 under similar circumstances, where a defendant's attorney offered to prove that while his client's physical age was thirty-

four, his mental age was eight and he was an imbecile, affirmed the conviction, saying:

The law makes no distinction between imbecility and insanity. The test of the law in all cases is, Did the accused, as applied to the act in question, have the mental capacity to understand the character, consequences, and quality of such act and successfully to resist the impulse to do it?

Just as the law still holds to this theological view with reference to criminal responsibility, so it takes the same view with regard to the treatment of the criminal. This is clearly shown in a statement by the Supreme Court of North Carolina, made in a case in which the defendant had murdered his wife in 1893 but had not been found out and tried until 1922. "Surely there is no pleasure," said the court, "to be derived from the punishment of the wicked, but it seems that this defendant ought to welcome an opportunity to expiate his crime and to make atonement for it." (*State v. Wingler*, 115 S. E.

59.) In other words, punishment is retributive, with a mystical element of expiation!

All this does not by any means exhaust the legal areas in which theological concepts have shaped and are still shaping our jurisprudence. There are in addition, just to name a few, the laws of descent, which are largely ecclesiastical in origin; the law of wills, which is plainly of priestly development; the laws exempting church property from taxation; the laws discriminating in favor of the clergy when they travel; and the Act of God doctrine in civil suits.

Enough has been said, I hope, to show that a condition precedent, as we say in law, to any rational reforms in the United States, either legal or judicial, criminological or penological, must be the severance of the umbilical cord which binds the law to theology. The complete secularization of our jurisprudence is absolutely essential. Theology and enlightened sociology cannot abide together.

THE MUSIC ROOM

MUSIC AND ENGINEERING

BY CARL DREHER

WHETHER musicians like it or not, it looks as if the future development of music is going to be tied up with electrical and mechanical engineering. The beginning of this union is already visible in the rapid development of sound reproduction, and in the invention of such electrical musical instruments as the Theremin, the various electrical organs and pianos (Givélet, Coupleux, Martenot, Ranger, Spielman, Trautwein, etc.) and the electric carillon of C. J. Young. The Martenot instrument is being manufactured by the Gaveau firm of piano makers in Europe, while the Theremin has been marketed in the United States. An International Electronic Music Congress was recently held in Munich. The rate at which the literature on the subject is growing indicates that only the beginning of the development is in sight.

The possibly evil effects of the industrial growth of musical reproduction in broadcasting, talking movies, etc., have been extensively advertised by the musicians' union. Even if these *ex parte* views are entirely correct, another aspect of the subject is worth considering. Technology can further the creative interests of music in at least four ways: first, by correcting the mechanical defects of conventional musical instruments; second, by devising new musical instruments not too difficult to play and well adapted to modern living conditions; third, by creating new musical instruments of enlarged interpretative ca-

capacity, which in turn will open wider vistas for the composer of the future; fourth, by producing favorable conditions for listening to music, through the scientific acoustic design of auditoriums.

Essentially, a musical instrument is a machine for generating vibrations in air. In the past, such instruments have been designed largely by primitive cut-and-dry methods. Scientific design has been applied only in isolated instances, the outstanding example being the modern flute. Theobald Boehm, who devoted himself to redesigning and vastly improving the flute, found it necessary to study acoustics at the University of Munich before he was able to do the job. Professor John Redfield says of the Boehm flute that "the quality and intonation will probably never be materially improved" and considers it far superior to the other woodwinds. This optimum design of a musical instrument is no simple matter; Boehm spent a long life at it, and did not succeed until he was well along in old age.

Heretofore, applied science has confined itself largely to fields in which a mass market and large profits were in prospect. The improvements in the phonograph are an example of what may be accomplished by systematic research in electro-acoustics. Until a decade ago the phonograph was a most defective contrivance, capable of reproducing less than three octaves of the musical scale, and even within this range introducing unpleasant distortions. The competition of broadcasting resulted in the invention of electrical phonographs capable of repro-

ducing a compass of six or seven octaves and minimizing distortion.

The clarinet is recognized as a faulty instrument which could well bear scientific redesign. Attention has been called to its defective intonation and erratic pitch control, and to the uneven quality of various notes. The unstable reed action of the clarinet is alone enough to discourage the average student. Reeds of the same calibration differ widely, and the same reed changes its behavior according to temperature, humidity, and the duration of use. The appalling squeal which a dry reed emits when it gets out of control and vibrates at its own natural period drives the player to frenzy, and the constant effort required to prevent it detracts from proper attention to the technique of the keyboard.

If an engineer started in to improve the clarinet, he might, first of all, substitute a metal alloy reed for the conventional cane or bamboo type. An alloy would have to be found or devised to simulate the best tones of the wooden reed, or to improve on them. This is a matter of the dimensions and elasticity of the material. The characteristics of an ideal clarinet reed would not be changed by moisture and temperature; they would be fixed quantities under the player's control. The results of such changes would be adequately tested. When the Telephone Company's engineers devise a new type of hook-switch, a battery of the devices is jiggled up and down by a motor, and the number of times which the switch is capable of operating before breakdown is definitely ascertained. Similarly, the susceptibility of a metal reed to molecular fatigue could be determined. Similar work would be done on the keyboard of the instrument and other elements in its design.

A clarinet built in this way should, for

a given application of skill and effort on the part of the player, yield superior results. Moreover, it would be easier to play, so that many students who are now discouraged by the mechanical difficulties of the present instrument might persist in their efforts to become proficient. There is no more reason for tolerating inefficient musical instruments than there is for asking a portrait painter to lay on his colors with a mop.

The principle of electrical musical instruments is found in the alternating current hum sometimes heard on telephone lines, or in the busy or ringing signals. In these cases the results are not musical, but they can readily be made so. The basic idea is, instead of creating harmonious vibrations directly in the air, to generate equivalent oscillations in an electric circuit, amplify them to any desired power, control them by the highly flexible devices available in the electrical arts, and then transform them into sound by means of suitable loud speakers. The principle is at least as old as the Cahill Telharmonium of 1900, which used 144 alternators of appropriate frequencies in an effort to apply the telephone art to musical production. The invention of the vacuum tube has greatly enlarged such possibilities. Basically, most of the electrical musical instruments now under development are squealing radio broadcast receivers of the 1924 variety, but the squeal is controlled and converted to æsthetic purposes.

There is no reason why these new sound-generating devices should displace the traditional musical instruments, but it may be possible to open up fresh fields with them and perhaps thereby correct some of the deficiencies of modern cultural life. The piano, for example, while relatively easy to play, by reason of its automatic tone production and simple

keyboard, is too bulky and costly, especially in the best designs, for very wide distribution under present-day living conditions. With reproduced music ousting active participation in the majority of homes, the remedy may be, instead of lamenting the process without doing anything to arrest it, to devise small, easily transportable instruments, electrically driven, not too expensive, not too difficult to play proficiently, and yet with respectable artistic capacity. At the same time the traditional instruments should be improved as far as possible.

The great mass of the public, satisfied with radio receivers, banjos, and church music, may not be reached by such measures, but this involves no loss to musical art, since this social group never participated in the performance of decent music anyway. The imminent danger, from the cultural standpoint, is that the group which did participate actively in the rendition and appreciation of good music will be alienated. This tendency can be opposed by increasing the efficiency of musical instruments, *i.e.*, by increasing the ratio of emotional expressiveness to cost and effort expended.

The output of the old-style musical instruments is limited by the dexterity and strength of the performer. There is a definite limit to the speed with which he can manipulate keys and strings and the force which he can exert in striking, bowing, or blowing. There is no such limit to electrical devices, operated by the energy of power plants and relatively free from inertia. Stokowski recently used an electrical oscillator in one of the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra to augment the contrabass. Numerous developments of this sort may be expected in the future.

To cite only one of the numerous possible lines of research, there is the relation

of loudness to tone. E. W. Kellogg points out that heretofore the only means of augmenting volume has been to increase the number of voices, violins, or other sources of tone. This results in a sound wave of great complexity and new characteristics. Alternatively, the sound from a single source may be electrically amplified, producing a new order of musical effects. Suggesting that "a magnetic pick-up attached to a violin bridge, for example, would probably give us a violin with a different but pleasing voice quality while preserving all the power of expression which the violin now possesses," Kellogg points out that musical instruments must, first, produce vibrations, and, secondly, radiate sound into the air. If the designer of an instrument is relieved of worry over the radiation function, which is a straight problem in amplifier-loud-speaker design, he may be able to improve the compass, flexibility, and tone quality of his sound-generator. This is only one among numerous lines of attack which appear in the borderland between musical art and electro-acoustic engineering.

In addition to the redesign of the older instruments and the creation of new ones, engineering can serve music by clarifying the principles underlying the behavior of sound in auditoriums. Auditorium design is no longer a matter of guesswork. The classic investigations of Sabine and the subsequent work of the talking movie engineers has reduced it to an engineering entity as definite as the building of an electric refrigerator. A few decades ago the architect of a Vienna opera-house shot himself because the reverberation in the auditorium, after its completion, was intolerably bad. Today the characteristics of an auditorium can be predetermined to a degree of accuracy sufficiently high for all practical purposes.

Some engineers, fortunately, are much more capable of understanding music than the average musician is of understanding engineering. These engineer-musicians realize that their function is purely ancillary, but they do not find anything magical in traditional designs and methods, they do not lack imagination or confidence in applying material things to any clearly conceived purpose, and they are not frightened by the problems of transition. They acknowledge, perhaps unconsciously, the truth of Havelock Ellis' aphorism: "There are no hard facts except the facts of emotion," and willingly leave the ultimate values of feeling and its expression to the artist, but they are not impressed by anything ultimate in the shape of things, and they are going to have as much to say about the mechanics of musical expression in the future as about the mechanics of airplanes, skyscrapers, and power plants in the past.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

- "IL TROVATORE." *Grand Opera*
By Giuseppe Verdi. *Victor*
\$22.50 Album of 15 12-in. records *Camden*
- "IL TROVATORE." *Grand Opera*
Ibid. *Columbia*
\$21. 2 Albums; comprising 14 12-in. records
New York

It is not unlikely that the gradual revaluation of Verdi's operas (those especially of the middle period) is not unrelated to a return to melody, in reaction against the excesses of modernism. Werfel in Germany, and more recently Toye in England, have by sound criticism increased the stature of the great Italian melodist. Those unfortunates seem to be fewer who, in order to admire Wagner, thought it necessary to condemn Verdi. Difference of approach is seen now as difference, not as an *ipso facto* inferiority or superiority. There is plenty of boredom in Wagner, and plenty of mastery in Verdi. And it is pleasantly surprising to discover, after years

of evading this melodrama of the troubadour, how forthright it is in its ingenuousness, how appealing in melody, how thoroughly dramatic in many situations. . . . Both the Victor and the Columbia recordings employ the orchestra and the chorus of La Scala in Milan; only the principals and the conductors differ. Nor are the differences in the singing or the recording great enough to matter much to the prospective purchaser.

- SYMPHONY NO. 2 in B-minor. *Orchestra*
By A. P. Borodin. *Victor*
\$3. Album of 3 12-in. records *Camden*

Borodin (1834-1887) was attracted to music through his friendship with Balakirev, and came to the art through a professorship in chemistry, the advocacy of education for women, and even the foundation of a women's school of medicine. He is best known in this country for the incomparable dances from the opera "Prince Igor", which are frequently featured upon symphonic programs, and which were made famous by Diaghilev and his ballet in Europe. His second symphony is generally regarded as his chief contribution to absolute music. It is by turns vigorous and lyrical, and receives a sympathetic performance by the London Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Albert Coates, who is thoroughly at home with Russian music of all schools.

- TRIO in B-flat (*the Archduke*), Op. 97.
Violin, Violoncello & Piano
By Ludwig van Beethoven. *Victor*
\$10. Album of 5 12-in. records *Camden*
- SONATA in A-major (*the Kreutzer*),
Op. 47. *Violin & Piano*
By Ludwig van Beethoven. *Columbia*
\$8. Album of 4 12-in. records *New York*

The Kreutzer sonata belongs to 1803; the Archduke trio was composed eight years later. Each, to those who know their Ludwig, is a familiar pleasure. Bronislaw Huberman and Ignaz Friedman are the violin and piano of the first; the trio is in the much more than capable hands of Thibaut (violin), Casals ('cello), and Cortot (piano). We have had a Kreutzer sonata from Thibaut and Cortot; they

play it with perhaps an excess of refinement. One recalls the portly figure of Ysaye bowing his way arduously through a sonata that he had made, despite tonal uncertainties, his own. Huberman and Friedman go at the music with a vim. Their interpretation is a series of sharp dynamic contrasts, but much of it is very good to listen to. The Archduke trio dwells in a different atmosphere. It is more from the inside of Beethoven; it has a number of his loveliest themes, which are at the same time his simplest. "I hold the *andante*", wrote Schindler in one of the conversation books, "to be the most beautiful ideal of holiness and divinity." It was of the coda to this theme that the Baroness von Ertmann exclaimed to Mendelssohn, "This is so expressive one simply cannot play it!" These are, no doubt, personal exaggerations, but they point to a musical beauty that is still potent.

"PSYCHE", *Symphonic Suite*. Orchestra
By César Franck. Columbia
\$4.50 Album of 3 12-in. records New York

Toward the end of his life Franck flowered into the music for the legend of Psyche and Eros (1887) and the great symphony in D minor (1888). The present recording gives three of the four orchestral numbers drawn from what originally contained a choral commentary. They are lusciously played by the Colonne Orchestra under Gabriel Pierné. Franck's style and the content of his music are strangely homogeneous; the sacred and the secular do not so much struggle for mastery as achieve a most satisfying, haunting blend. The harmonies, the musical process, the melodic line, are the same, whether in the fine sonata for violin and piano, the present suite, or the highly popular symphony. The sixth face of the set is devoted to the chorale from Franck's *Prélude, Chorale and Fugue*.

VARIATIONS & FUGUE ON A THEME
BY HÄNDEL, *Op. 24*. Piano
By Johannes Brahms. Victor
\$4.50 Album of 3 12-in. records Camden

These twenty-five variations and the fugue that concludes them are among the

finest modern examples of their kind. Mr. Benno Moisevich's understanding does much to establish the differentiation so necessary to the difficulties of this form.

"LEONORE" OVERTURE, NO. 3.
Orchestra
By Ludwig van Beethoven. Columbia
\$3. 2 12-in. records New York

A good reading, by Willem Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.

SHEET MUSIC

TWENTY CHORALES, *A Choral Prelude and a Fugue*. Instrumental Ensemble
By Johann Sebastian Bach.

The Oliver Ditson Company
50 cents each 7½ x 10½; 22 pp. Boston
MOVEMENTS. Arranged for Two Violins
Ibid. Carl Fischer
\$1. 9½ x 12¼; 15 pp. New York

The chorales have been arranged for school and community instrumental ensembles, and edited by Osbourne McConathy, Russell V. Morgan and Harry F. Clarke. The conductor's book is seventy-five cents; the other books, fifty cents. There are introductory notes about Bach's life and significance, and suggestions for orchestral balance. . . . The movements are from the unaccompanied violin sonatas and partitas and are arranged by Cyril Dalmaine. They include the fugue from Sonata No. 1, the sarabande and bourrée from Partita No. 1, the *andante* from Sonata No. 3, the *loure* and minuetto from Partita No. 3, and the *adagio* from Sonata No. 3. The printing is in excellent taste.

"STATUETTES", *Op. 66*. Piano
By Joseph Achron.

The New Music Quarterly
75 cents 10¼ x 13¾; 16 pp. San Francisco

Mr. Achron (born in Russia on May 1, 1886) was a pupil of the famous Auer in the quondam St. Petersburg. He studied harmony with Liadov and orchestration with Maximilian Steinberg, completing the other musical disciplines by himself. After heading the violin and chamber music department of the Kharkhov Conservatory from 1913 to 1916 he entered upon a concertizing tour (1918-1922) dur-

ing which he made more than 1000 appearances. Since 1925 he has been permanently settled in New York. He writes with equal facility for large orchestra, for chorus and for the various chamber music combinations. The leading violinists play his compositions for violin; his concerto was introduced by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the composer as soloist; his incidental music for plays given in Europe, the United States and Palestine is distinguished for economy of means and for unpretentious originality. These "Statuettes" are seven in number. Achron is skilled in atonality and pianists of exceptional ability will find in these concise pages the evidences of that skill, united to genuine imaginative projection not untipped with humor.

"ANDALUCÍA", *Suite Espagnole*. Piano
By Ernesto Lecuona.

The Edward B. Marks Music Company
50 cents each 9¼ x 12¼; 7 pp. New York

The titles of the "suite" are "Córdoba", "Andalucía", "Alhambra", "Gitanarías", "Guadalquivir" and "Malagueña". The melodies, rhythms and harmonies are what we have come to expect of the Spanish export trade.

BOOKS

GEORGE GERSHWIN: *A Study in American Music*

By Isaac Goldberg *Simon & Schuster*
\$3.50 7⅞ x 5¼; 395 pp. New York

Dr. Goldberg has great confidence in Gershwin, and believes that he will write far better music hereafter than he has written in the past. "Gershwin did not begin," he says, "as a jazzier, and he will not end as one. Single-handed, he has sublimated the crude material amid which he was nurtured. . . . To jazz, accused of being only animal excitement, he has brought a strong suggestion of what, for lack of a better term, we call spiritual values. Slowly, to these dimensions, he is adding depth." Dr. Goldberg rehearses Gershwin's career in detail, and discusses his successive compositions at length. The book is pleasantly written and well illustrated, and there are many extracts from the Gershwin compositions. At the end is an index.

FACT & FICTION ABOUT WAGNER.

By Ernest Newman. *Albert A. Knopf*
\$3.50 6 x 9; 318 pp. New York

RICHARD WAGNER.

By Paul Bekker. *W. W. Norton & Company*
\$5. 6¼ x 8¾; 522 pp. New York

Wagner is a house in which Newman moves with ease; his latest book, which is an organized collection of related essays, really adds to the mass of accumulated material. The great German was not a lonely, ill-appreciated figure; it was the critics, not the great public, who misunderstood him and flouted him. To his labor of correction Newman brings an enthusiasm that waxes at times sadistic, as in the terrific punishment he visits upon the authors of an unfortunate volume ironically entitled "The Truth About Wagner". Interpret if you will, would seem to be his motto, but first make sure of your facts. Potential critics and biographers would ask for no better training-ground than Newman has here provided; the general reader can only profit immensely from this needle-bath of acrid commentary. Herr Bekker's characteristically Teutonic tome, weighty in more senses than one, would seem to have been constructed quite as conscientiously, yet on principles that differ from Newman's. Bekker is content to rely solely upon Glasenapp's biography for the details of Wagner's life and to depend, for the rest, upon the writings of Wagner himself. He has a theory and he rides it hard, though with fewer falls than one might have predicted. Wagner, essentially, was a man of the theatre; he sees his problems, and solves them, theatrically, or, as Bekker says, expressionistically. Now rhapsodical, now penetrating in his comment, Bekker piles detail upon detail until an imposing structure is erected.

HANDBUCH DES TANZES.

By Victor Junk. *The Ernst Klett Verlag*
17 marks 6¼ x 9¾; 264 pp. Stuttgart

A German dictionary of the dance in which composers, compositions, outstanding representatives of Terpsichore, and professional and technical terms are presented in succinct array. It looks like a thorough, responsible job.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

How Americans Live

VILLAGE & OPEN-COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOODS, by Walter A. Terpenning. \$4. 8¾ x 5¾; 493 pp. New York: *The Century Company*.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF CITY LIFE, by Niles Carpenter. \$3.90. 8¾ x 5¼; 502 pp. New York: *Longmans, Green & Company*.

THE authors here devote themselves to the daily life of Americans—Dr. Carpenter to city people, and Dr. Terpenning to country people. What they discover is interesting, but not always reassuring. Our great cities, it appears, are developing problems that are harder and harder to solve. It is becoming more and more difficult to victual them, it is becoming more and more difficult to handle the movement of their crowds, and it is becoming more and more difficult to protect them against looting.

Most of them, at this very moment, are bankrupt, and those that remain solvent escape bankruptcy by unpleasantly narrow margins. There seems to be no way to organize public opinion in them in a rational manner. When one of them happens to enjoy relatively decent and economical government, it usually turns out, on investigation, to be only a sort of accident. The natural tendency of all municipal administrations is to become more and more extravagant and more and more corrupt. Politicians do not get into office by promising to save money, but by promising to spend it. That is the surest way to gather in the votes of the propertyless class, which constitutes the larg-

est faction in the cities, as it does in the country at large. Unluckily, it is also the surest way to get the votes of the actual taxpayers, who are everywhere under the influence of Chamber of Commerce boomers and visionaries, and have been convinced by years of sophistry that economy does not pay. In New York, as everyone knows, very few people are really against Tammany. The general feeling is that, for all its stealings, it still keeps the city at the head of the national list. It may be a shade prehensile, but it is also "progressive". It has made New York "great". So it is almost as safe as government itself, and even when some political miracle turns it out for a space, it always comes back, stronger and more impudent than before.

Dr. Carpenter believes that the movement of population into the cities will go on steadily in the near future, but that it is bound to be arrested in the long run, and that eventually most of our big cities will lose population. They seldom produce enough children to renew themselves, to say nothing of increasing. There must be a regular flow of recruits from the country, and especially from the country nearby. Unluckily, it takes some time to absorb and digest these immigrants, and while the process is under way they make heavy weather of it. A large part of the crime visible in big cities, says Dr. Carpenter, is confined to the newcomers in the population. It is due to "the shock of the initial impact of city life upon the country-to-city migrant and his immediate descendants". They are upset by the general

hullabaloo, and even more by the sharper competition. A countryman, when he gets into trouble, can at least eat: it is seldom that a whole countryside is denuded of food, as happened in Arkansas last year, and so long as one farmer has a full corn-crib his neighbors can share it. But in the city life is far harsher. Everything that a man needs must be bought with money, and if he has no money he is in serious difficulties. Work itself is harder to get, though in the city there appears to be much more of it than in the country. What makes it harder to get is its greater specialization. In the country a healthy yokel can perform almost all of the tasks that are locally in request, but in the city a man without a definite trade is always on the verge of disaster.

Dr. Carpenter points out that most of our large cities are very badly fitted to face and survive any really serious dislocation of their daily routine. If New York were to come under the guns of a hostile fleet or to suffer any interruption in its supplies by domestic turmoils, it would begin to starve in twenty-four hours. A relatively small mob of revolutionists could seize it tomorrow, and hold it securely until the back country came to its rescue. The people of so huge a metropolis have nothing properly describable as patriotism; they have only a fierce and often ridiculous local pride. The rural Methodists are quite right when they charge that New York is not really in the United States; it is simply in New York. During the Civil War its people resisted service in the Union Army, and multitudes of them sympathized with the South, though their true interests were undoubtedly on the Northern side. During the World War they shoved thousands of unnaturalized immigrants into the Army in order to escape themselves, and

the only local military unit that made any noise at the front was composed of Irishmen. Dr. Carpenter describes the decay of patriotic fervor in ancient Rome. The Romans, when the barbarians came down upon them, simply locked themselves in their houses, and waited for their mercenaries to liberate them. Time and again the mercenaries did so, but in the end the barbarians won, and that was the end of Rome.

But if life in huge cities is thus destructive to the higher social virtues, life in the country, at least in America, is fatal to the social instinct itself. Dr. Terpenning shows why in "Village and Open-Country Neighborhoods". The farmers of all the more civilized parts of Europe live together in villages, and go out to their farms in the morning as city workmen go to work. They are thus in close association with one another, and a varied and stimulating communal life develops. But in the United States farmers usually live in isolation on their farms, and as a result they become self-centered, moody and stupid. To be sure, most of them now have telephones and automobiles, but, as Dr. Terpenning shows, these aids to communication are very sorry substitutes for actual contact. An American farmer may call up a neighbor a mile away, or even ten miles away, and so exchange ideas, but when he hangs up the transmitter he is still on a lonely farm, with no one to talk to save his wife, his children and his cows. He may get out his Ford and chug to the nearest village, but he is still a stranger there, and must return home in a few hours. In a European village the farmers are actual residents, and see one another at all hours of the day. They meet not only in the church, where the amenities ordain restraint, but also in the tavern, where life is free and easy. They do not

live in isolation, but in close communion. It is thus no wonder that, taking one with another, they are far more civilized than American farmers, and much less given to complaining of their lot and to demanding help from the public treasury.

Dr. Terpenning went abroad to live in typical villages in various countries—England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy and Russia. Of them all, he seems to have liked the German village best. His description of life in little Groszhartau, near Dresden, is in fact so enthusiastic that it becomes almost lyrical. He found that the houses were all neat, sound and clean, that there was no poverty, and that the people were amusing and charming. They had a good school, a sensible village pastor (an educated man; not the braying plowhand who serves the average American village), a number of pleasant clubs, and two or three excellent taverns. When they felt in a gay mood, they made music and danced. When a villager died, they planted him in a highly refined and decorous manner. At weddings they got pleasantly tight, but did not manhandle the bridegroom. They worked hard, but still had plenty of time for recreation. Dr. Terpenning describes, by way of contrast, the life of the rural neighborhood in Michigan in which he was brought up. The differences are really appalling. The American community was fit only for hinds; a really civilized man, moving into it, would have gone crazy, if indeed he escaped lynching. But in Groszhartau Dr. Terpenning found a civilized man who lived there by choice, and proposed to spend the rest of his life there. He liked the village people, from the pastor down, and they were worthy of his liking. Life among them was very agreeable to him. It was agreeable, too, to Dr. Terpenning and his family, and they must have

been full of regrets the day they had to pull up stakes and return to Kalamazoo.

Both of these books are packed with interesting stuff. What Dr. Terpenning has to say is generally more novel than what is reported by Dr. Carpenter. But both have made sincere and successful efforts to find out how Americans really live.

Light on Christian Origins

THE MESSIAH JESUS & JOHN THE BAPTIST, by Robert Eisler. £2 2s. 8¼ x 5½; 638 pp. London: Methuen & Company.

DR. EISLER is one of those scholars whose erudition rivals the virtuosity of a Kreisler. He pours into his book such a flood of learning that the effect is really overwhelming. He is never at a loss for a fact, an authority, or an argument. His knowledge of the matters he discusses covers not only all the usual sources in Greek, Latin, Hebrew and the Western European languages; it also covers those in Old Russian, Old Rumanian, the modern Slavic languages, and all the obscure dialects of the Near East. The result is a volume that is immensely fascinating as a mere display of scholarship. But it is far more than that, for Dr. Eisler is by no means a mere pedant. He is, on the contrary, a very shrewd and even brilliant critic, and when he undertakes to make out a case he almost always manages to do it.

The problem he tackles is this: What actually happened in Jerusalem and thereabout in the first years of the Christian era? What were the origins of that Jesus of Nazareth who made such an uproar during the administration of the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, and what were the circumstances which made Him the founder of a new religion, the most widespread and powerful that the world has yet seen? The answers that we find in

Christian literature are incomplete and unsatisfactory. The New Testament, as we have it, is full of obviously dubious history. It was written, in the main, by men who had not witnessed the events they describe, and hence it bristles with contradictions and absurdities. Worse, it shows plain signs of later tampering, so that the most we can say of it today is that it tells us, not what really happened, but simply what certain Christian theologians of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and even later centuries, thought *may* have happened, or *ought* to have happened. Nor is any help to be found in non-Christian chronicles, for, as the great German scholar, Adolf Harnack, once said, all that they have to say might be printed on one quarto sheet of paper.

Dr. Eisler is convinced that it is a gross error to assume, as has been commonly done, that this paucity of records proves only that Jesus attracted little attention among the Romans—that His revolt was of no importance, and hence passed unnoticed. He shows, on the contrary, that they must have taken it very seriously, at all events in its political aspect, and that it was their custom to keep elaborate official memoranda of such events, and that these memoranda were open to their historians. Why, then, have we so little about Jesus? In particular, why is there so little in the well-known history of Josephus, a Roman court historian, and why is that little so plainly unreliable? Why is the Jew Josephus made to say flatly that Jesus was a teacher of the Truth, that He arose from the dead, and that he was “the Christ?” Dr. Eisler’s answer is simple. Josephus never said anything of the sort. The *Testimonium Josephi*, like so much of the New Testament, is an interpolation in the original text. What Josephus did say has been taken

out, and what the Christians of Constantine’s time wanted him to say has been put in. And what other historians said has been lost to us because, in those same days, there was a vigorous and relentless censorship of anti-Christian documents, and every scrap of hostile writing was hunted down and destroyed—all save the few inconsiderable fragments mentioned by Harnack.

So far Dr. Eisler’s case has little support in documentary facts. But he quickly produces an impressive body of such facts from Russia. In the libraries and monasteries of that country are a number of early MSS. of Josephus, mainly in Northern dialects of Old Slavic. They are translations from early Greek MSS. and though there are some traces in them of that Christian tampering which is found in all the Western MSS. of Josephus, many passages remain that have disappeared entirely in the West, and in them the acts and aims of Jesus are dealt with in a detailed and realistic manner. These passages, in not a few cases, are so phrased that they are apparently direct quotations from official records of the events preceding the Crucifixion, and so they are of high historical value. They coincide, broadly speaking, with the narrative in the Gospels, but in many important details they are at variance, for they tell the story from the Roman point of view. It would be going too far to call them impartial, but they are at least free from Christian coloring, and in consequence they answer many questions that the Gospel historians and the sophisticated Western Josephus evade, apparently deliberately.

In brief, Dr. Eisler concludes that Jesus was a member of a tribe of wandering craftsmen which still survives in the deserts of Palestine, and is now called the

Sleb. Its members practise all the simple crafts that are in request among the nomads—carpentry, blacksmithing, and so on—and are noted for their gentle manners. They take no part whatever in the tribal feuds, accept only food and drink for their labor, and own no property. In times of trouble they are pacifists, preaching non-resistance and retiring to the desert when actual war breaks out. In the first years of the Christian era their influence was undoubtedly thrown against that spirit of revolt which was rising in Palestine, and was destined, in the year 70, to lead to a furious conflict with the Romans, fatal to the Jewish state. Jesus, like John the Baptist before Him, opposed this revolt, and proposed that His followers retire to the desert to escape it. But the little band was drawn, nevertheless, into the conspiracies of the Zealot faction, which was for an immediate attack on the Roman garrison, and Jesus, by virtue of His birth—He was, as a son of David, eligible to the Jewish throne—became willy-nilly a figure in the anti-Roman movement. In the end, cornered, He apparently abandoned conciliation for the sword, and when an attempt was made to seize the Temple He was a party to it. Its failure cost Him His life. And, as Luke tells us, “a superscription was written over Him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS”.

Dr. Eisler’s reconstruction of Josephus’s narrative throws a great deal of light upon some of the darkest places in the Synoptic Gospels. It explains the arming of the Disciples, otherwise so strangely at variance with the Sermon on the Mount. It makes understandable the great discrepancies between other parts of the early preaching, and the melodramatic events of the last few days. It gets rid of the Christian tradition, incredible on so many grounds, that the Romans had little if anything to do with the Crucifixion, but simply turned Jesus over to the Jews. It disposes of difficulties in a dozen other places, some of which have fevered theologians for many years. And incidentally, those parts of the Russian Josephus which deal with the person and personality of Jesus also give rational explanations of certain minor texts that have long been quite unintelligible, for example, the “Physician, heal thyself” of Luke iv, 23.

Altogether, Dr. Eisler has made an extraordinarily interesting book. If even so much as half of it be rejected, then enough remains to affect New Testament criticism very powerfully. The orthodox theologians, of course, will pass it over in silence, but more enlightened readers, whether clerical or lay, will find it well worth reading. The appalling difficulties of the translation into English have been admirably met by Alexander Haggerty Krapp.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ROBERT S. ALLEN is a well known Washington correspondent. He was born in Kentucky, and educated at the University of Wisconsin. After leaving there, he spent three semesters in Munich doing post-graduate work.

CARL DREHER is director of the sound department of the RKO Studios.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN's article in this issue will form part of a book on social insurance, to be published in the near future. He is executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security.

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN is deputy commissioner of correction for New York City. More about him appears in Editorial Notes.

HARRY HIBSCHMAN, LL.D. (Washington College), was born in Kansas. He practiced law for about twenty years.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS's latest book is "Godley: A Dramatic Poem."

JOHN R. MINER, Sc.D. (Johns Hopkins), was born in Chicago and got his A.B. at the University of Michigan. He is associate professor of biology in the School of Hygiene and Public Health of the Johns Hopkins University.

VEE TERRYS PERLMAN was born in Baltimore, and received her early education there. She collaborated with Joseph Fulling Fishman in the writing of "Crucibles of Crime."

JAMES RORTY was formerly in the advertising business, and for a time was one of

the editors of the New Masses. A sketch of him appears in Editorial Notes.

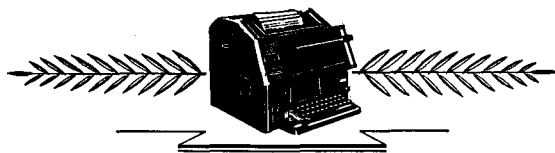
JOEL SAYRE is on the staff of the New York Herald-Tribune.

RODERICK SEIDENBERG was born in the little town of Schwetzingen near Heidelberg, which boasts that Voltaire wrote "Candide" there. When he was four years old his family returned to New York. He was educated there, and studied architecture at Columbia. At the outbreak of the war he registered as an absolutist conscientious objector, but he was not drafted until May, 1918. He was sent to Camp Upton, and refused service. He was tried at Fort Riley, Kansas, on November 13, 1918, two days after the Armistice, on the technical charge of refusing to help clean up the parade-grounds. For this grave crime he was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. After a year and a half he was released with a discharge certifying that he was a man of bad character. Since then he has been in practise as an architect in New York.

OSWALD SPENGLER is the celebrated author of "The Decline of the West." His article in this issue will form part of his new book, "Man and Technics," to be published next month. The translation from the German is by Charles Francis Atkinson.

JAMES A. TOBEY, DR.P.H. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), has just completed his book, "Cancer: What Everyone Should Know About It," which will be published next month. His article in this issue will form part of it. He is also the author of "The Most Nearly Perfect Food" and "Riders of the Plagues."

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EDITORIAL NOTES

JOEL SAYRE, who contributes "Rackety Rax" to this issue, was born in Marion, Ind., in 1900, and at the age of one went



Joel Sayre

to Columbus, Ohio, with his family. After attending Columbus Academy and the University School, Cleveland, he enlisted in the Canadian Army and served briefly in Siberia with its Expeditionary Forces. After the war he entered Williams College, but did not return after Christmas vacation, chiefly because of restlessness, and entered Oxford instead, where he got a B.A. degree in 1922. He returned to the United States that Fall, and joined the staff of the *Ohio State Journal* of Columbus as a cub at \$10 a week. When he achieved \$35 a week, he quit and went to New York. After jobs as a copy writer of book advertisements and a master in St. Bernard's School, he went to Germany and studied medicine for a year at Heidelberg and Marburg. In 1926 he came back to America and then went to work for the New York *Herald Tribune*, where he is now. Within the past four years he also worked for the New York *Telegram* and *Daily News*. In July, 1930, he married Gertrude Lynahan. Other stories of his which appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "Writer's Cramp," August, 1930; "Bong Soir," December, 1930; "Stunts," June, 1931; "A

Death in the Family," October, 1931; and "A Hex on the House," December, 1931. He has also contributed to other periodicals.

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN, co-author, with Vee Terrys Perlman, of "The Real Narcotic Addict" in this issue, was born in Punxsutawney, Pa.

After a year in business college, he became an examiner for the Federal Department of Justice, his duties being to investigate the official conduct of various United States court officials, including marshals, attorneys, and clerks.



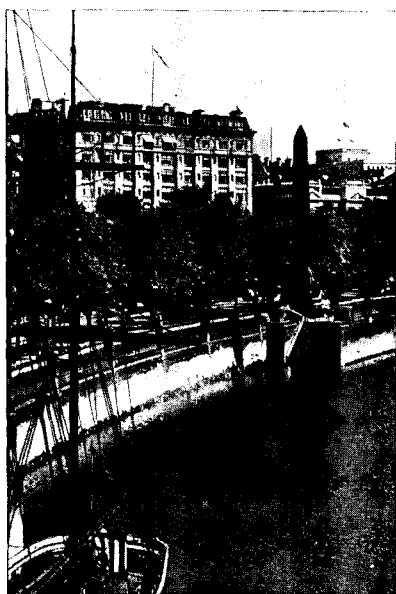
Joseph Fishman

He soon found that in coping with legally trained minds it was well for him to have a knowledge of the law as well as of time tables, so he managed to squeeze in a course in law, doing most of his studying at night when he was home and on the trains while away. He was graduated from a law school in Baltimore which is now incorporated with the University of Maryland, and was admitted to the bar in 1910.

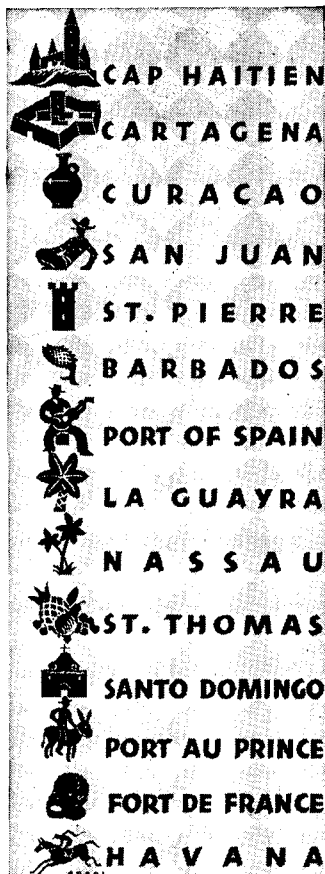
His investigations took him occasionally inside of prison walls, and he soon became very much interested in prison life. Noting his interest in penal affairs, the Department of Justice created the position of inspector of prisons for him, and until his

Continued on page xx

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CUNARD

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

resignation in 1920 he was the first and only inspector of prisons for the Federal government. His duties were to visit all of them and examine whatever he encountered, from the cooking of the prisoners' food to the official conduct of the wardens. His territory included the entire United States, Alaska, Porto Rico and Hawaii.

After Mr. Fishman left the government service he started to write on prison subjects, and, in collaboration with Miss Perlman, produced "Crucibles of Crime" in 1922. Soon he was made a consultant in delinquency and penology by the Russell Sage Foundation. He resigned from the Foundation in March, 1928, to join the Department of Correction in New York City, where he is now deputy commissioner.

JAMES RORTY, who contributes "End of Farce" to this issue, was born in Middletown, N. Y., in 1890. He was educated in the town's public schools and at Tufts College, Mass. He has worked as a newspaper reporter, city editor of a small town paper, farm hand, and publicity man. He was one of the founders of the *New*



James Rorty

Masses, and for a time was one of its editors. He has published two volumes of verse: "What Michael Said to the Census-Taker" and "Children of the Sun." He now owns a farm in the township of Easton, Conn.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section,
page xiv

DOES TRADE NEED ANTI-TRUST LAWS?

By Alexander Levene.

Ray Long & Richard R. Smith

\$1 7½ x 5; 144 pp. New York

Mr. Levene, who is a member of the New York bar, has little to say that has not been said before. His general conclusion is this: "The public conscience has awakened to the fact that trade must be planned and regulated, and that our prohibitory anti-trust laws, particularly in their effect on trade associations and resale price maintenance, compel ruinous price competition with its attendant disturbances of social equilibrium." He thinks that Congress should supply "the regulation to prevent profiteering." What the regulation is to be he does not say. He was aided in his study by George J. Feldman of the Massachusetts bar.

THE WAY OUT OF DEPRESSION.

By Hermann F. Arendtz.

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$1 7½ x 5½; 105 pp. Boston

We are now suffering from two concurrent depressions, according to Dr. Arendtz. One is "a financial crisis brought on by speculative excesses, . . . [and] the other and more serious [one] is a long, grinding business depression caused by a falling price level," which in the end is due to "a failure in the proportionate expansion of primary money—or gold production." The only way out of this mess is "an international bimetallic agreement." Silver must be internationally remonetized if the capitalistic system is to endure, "and with it a reasonable measure of human freedom from the chains of Communism or State Socialism."

PSYCHOLOGY

THE PRIMITIVE MIND & MODERN CIVILIZATION.

By Charles Roberts Aldrich.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$4 8½ x 5½; 249 pp. New York

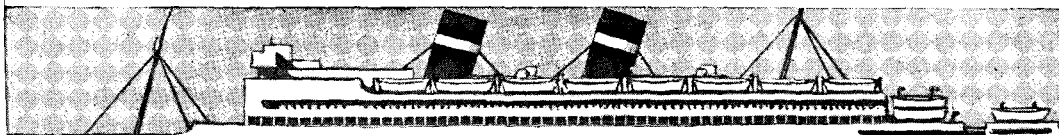
Mr. Aldrich believes that in man "the instinct to coöperate is stronger than any other instinct". In primitive societies it sweeps all before it: such a thing as rebellion against the group *mores* is almost unknown. Later on, as a dawning individualism begins to make a stand against conformity, it is necessary for the group to take account of rebels,

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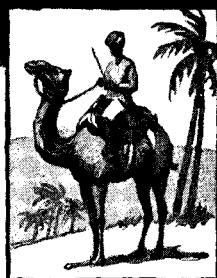


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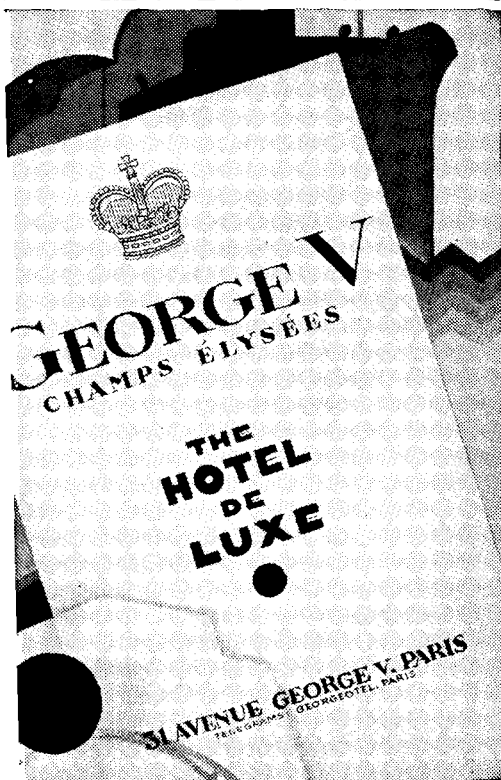
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

and in normal cases it proceeds against them with great ferocity. In a third stage, which we have not yet attained, the individual will be better respected, and men will learn that complete conformity is not necessary to good order. Coöperation will then become wholly voluntary, and its possibilities for human improvement will be greatly enhanced. Mr. Aldrich is a psychologist of the Jung school, but departs from the doctrine of the Zürich master in important ways. His book shows a considerable originality, and is very interesting. There are prefatory notes by Jung and Bronislaw Malinowski. There is not very much documentation, but at the end there is an index. The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method.

CHANGES OF INTERESTS WITH AGE.

By Edward K. Strong, Jr.

The Stanford University Press

\$4 8¼ x 5½; 235 pp. *Stanford University, Calif.*

Professor Strong's laborious inquiry convinces him: (a) that older men do not like activities "suggesting physical skill and daring" as much as younger men; (b) that they are less ready to adopt new ways; (c) that they like work less; (d) that they do more reading; (e) that they have a greater preference for amusements which may be pursued alone; and (f) that they are more set in their likes and dislikes of people. To establish these and various other equally banal conclusions the author fills 81.41± square feet of paper with a vast array of tables, graphs and mathematical formulæ. It may be that there is some utility in such humorless "investigations," but if so it is surely not obvious. The author is professor of psychology in the Graduate School of Business at Stanford. There is a foreword by Dr. Walter R. Miles of Yale.

POETRY

W (VIVA).

By E. E. Cummings.

Horace Liveright

\$2.50

11⅞ x 7; 70 pp.

New York

Mr. Cummings' monkeyshines in spelling and punctuation, so long as they were novel, were amusing enough to divert an idle quarter-hour, but in repetition they are simply silly. A specimen:

y is a WELL KNOWN ATHLETE'S BRIDE
(lullaby)

&z

= an infrafairy of flouting

xxii

ultrawrists who

lullabylullaby

(I could have been

You, You

might have been I)

"?" quoth the

front

The author of the blurb on the slipcover sees "startling patterns and gorgeous Rabelaisian wit" in such dull imbecility, but it is unlikely that many readers will share his vision. The book is beautifully turned out by S. A. Jacobs, and there is a limited edition of 85 copies for connoisseurs of advanced prosody, at \$7.50 each.

VERSES WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

By J. S. Fletcher.

Privately Printed

8 x 5¼; 76 pp.

London

Mr. Fletcher, now so well known as a novelist, was a great reader of poetry in his youth, and like all other young men of that taste tried to write it himself. Now, after nearly fifty years of devotion to prose, and at the behest of an old friend, he rescues some of his juvenile verses and prints them in a modest volume. It must be said for them that they suggest a regret that he abandoned the muses so long ago. They are not startling in content, but they show a fine ear for word and phrase and a considerable competence at the mechanics of verse-making. Some of them are narratives—none is longer than 130 lines—and others are lyrics reflecting a young man's generally melancholy moods. There is grace and charm in all of them, and now and then they rise to a genuine eloquence.

ANTHOLOGIES

AMERICAN POETRY: *From the Beginning to Whitman.*

Edited by Louis Untermeyer.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$3.50

8 x 5½; 827 pp.

New York

Mr. Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry," now in its fourth edition, is not only the standard anthology in its field, but, also a model of everything that an anthology should be. As will be recalled, it begins with Emily Dickinson. The present volume begins with the anonymous "Bacon's Elegy, Made by His Man" (c. 1676) and ends with Walt Whitman. Nearly 400 poems are presented, and not many readers will quarrel with the selections, though a few, no doubt, will mourn the absence of "A

Continued on page xxiv

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Continued from page xxii

Psalm of Life" and "Barbara Frietchie." In appendices Mr. Untermeyer prints a number of popular ballads (some of them more recent than his period), some Negro spirituals and work-songs, and translations of Indian lyrics and of Spanish colonial verse. His notes are elaborate, and contain a great deal of thoughtful criticism. In a long preface he traces the development of American poetry from its beginnings to Whitman. The volume is well printed, and has ample indices and bibliographies. Altogether it is an extraordinarily good piece of work.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1931.

Edited by Thomas Moulton.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2.50 7½ x 4½; 106 pp. New York

Mr. Moulton has reached the tenth volume of his annual anthologies. He still searches the magazines, American and English, with diligence and discernment, but in the present low state of poetry it is not easy for him to find things worth reprinting. Of the pieces in this volume very few have any genuine distinction. Mr. Moulton, in his preface, lays chief stress upon a longish poem by Robert Nichols, "The Souls of the Righteous", but it never gets beyond somewhat obvious rhetoric. Ten poets represented were also in the first volume, published in 1922. Of them, four are Americans—John Gould Fletcher, Alfred Kreymborg, David Morton and Leonora Speyer.

FICTION

THESE 13.

By William Faulkner.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith

\$2.50 7½ x 5; 358 pp. New York

The thirteen stories in this volume are representative of the several aspects of Mr. Faulkner's work. Part I, which includes "Victory", "Ad Astra", "All the Dead Pilots" and "Crevasse", four tales dealing with the war, is reminiscent of "Soldiers' Pay". Part II, the most important section, contains stories which are mainly laid in the small Mississippi town which is the scene of "As I Lay Dying" and others of his novels. Of these "That Evening Sun", first published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, "Hair", also published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and "A Rose for Emily" are excellent examples of his highest achievement in that gruesome atmosphere. Part III contains three sketches rather than stories, all laid in Italy, but vaguely like "The Sound and Fury" in method. The book is uneven in quality but it nevertheless is very extraordinary stuff.

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PENHALLY.

By Caroline Gordon.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$2.50 7¼ x 5; 282 pp. New York

This chronicle of the Llewelyn-Crenfrew-Allard connection, over a period of a hundred years, begins with a rift in 1830 between two step-brothers, Nicholas and Ralph Llewelyn, over the division of the Penhally acres; it continues with the rivalry of Ralph's son Charles and Nicholas's heir John for the hand of beautiful Alice Blair; and ends with Chance, the grandson of John Llewelyn (who married his cousin Lucy) shooting his brother Nicholas, because Nicholas has sold Penhally to a wealthy descendant of Alice Blair for a country club. A good piece of work until the last scene: Miss Gordon has not prepared the ground for the easy-going Chance's desperate defiance of his elder brother. But this is a small matter in a book that depicts so faithfully and so effectively the changing South.

THE OLD CROWD.

By William F. Fitzgerald, Jr.

Longmans, Green & Company

\$2 7½ x 5; 299 pp. New York

One by one, the aging members of the old crowd in a New Hampshire town recall their relations with Colonel Harlan, long since dead, a loathsome old man, who masqueraded as a great beau in his day. Not one of them dares to tell the truth to Miss Bess, the curious old maid who is seeking to get at the bottom of the mystery, for it was the Colonel's way to incriminate whomsoever he reckoned with. In a final chapter the dead man speaks for himself, describing the mysterious accident of his death—he was fumbling drunkenly up to the room of Hannah Sprague, who cooked for his wife, when he missed a step and fell down the long narrow stairs. The story fully bears out the promise of Mr. Fitzgerald's "Gentlemen All."

HUNTING SHIRT.

By Mary Johnston.

Little, Brown & Company

\$2 7½ x 4½; 257 pp. Boston

Alastair Ross MacLeod is a beautiful young hunter, scout, and Indian fighter of Eighteenth Century Virginia, who sets out chivalrously to recover the ancestral garnet necklace of Myra Fontaine from Fire Tree, a Cherokee chief. He is gone two years. In that time he not only recovers the necklace but finds his true love, the girl Marian, brought up by the Indians since her capture as a child. Also he establishes a mystic kinship with Fire Tree and the Indians. A sentimental, undistinguished tale.

Continued on page xxviii



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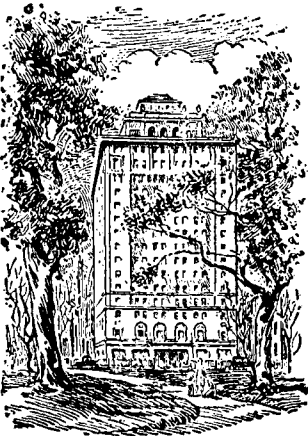
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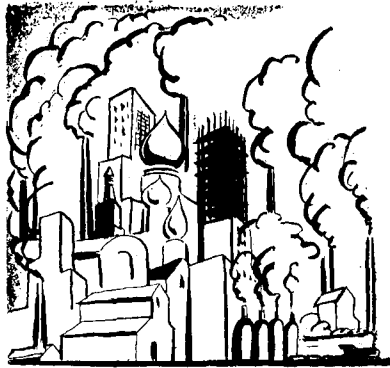
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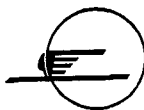
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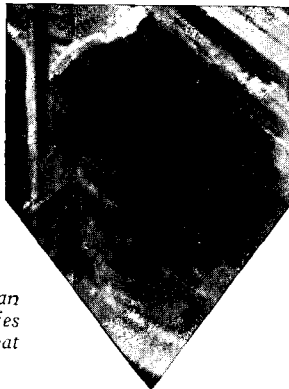




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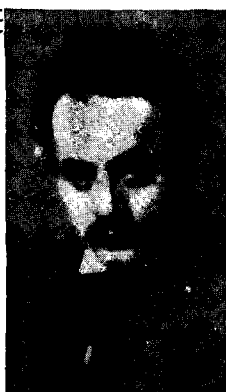
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Continued from page xxiv

PAN'S PARISH.

By Louise Redfield Peattie. The Century Company
\$2 7½ x 5; 233 pp. New York

Three marvelous events, all relating to the genius of the goat-god Pan, startle the good people of the Provençal village of Fantosque, in the mountains above the French Mediterranean: the disappearance of the lovely Englishwoman, Lady Amabel Perrish, on a bright Spring day; how Father Boniface regained his lost faith; and the miracle of a Heaven-sent baby. Mrs. Peattie has written a novel around them as logical as its plot allows: an interesting specimen of the light fantastic.

A WOMAN OF COURAGE.

By Emily Newell Blair. Farrar & Rinehart
\$2 7½ x 5; 314 pp. New York

The sentimental and often indignant story of Metta Bailey, a titian-haired, stout-hearted lady uplifter who triumphs over all—a ratty family, including a drunken and insane father, a sloppy mother, a loose sister, and a brother guilty of murder; the saloon; politics; crooked mining operators; the best people—to become economically independent and a famous committeewoman. A banal performance.

THE GOLOVLYOV FAMILY.

By M. E. Shchedrin (Saltykov). The Macmillan Company
\$2 7¼ x 4½; 336 pp. New York

An excellent translation, by Natalie Duddington, of Shchedrin's classic novel, picturing the life of a provincial family of moderate means in Russia in 1861 (the eve of the abolition of serfdom). The Russian original was first published in 1876. Edward Garnett has contributed a brief critical introduction.

THE BLACK MASS.

By Peter N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Green
\$2.50 8½ x 5½; 130 pp. New York

This story of the young Russian emigré girl, Svetlana, who becomes "betrothed of Satan" after losing her faith in her old religion, was originally one of the episodes in General Krassnoff's novel, "The White Coat." It is a morbid but sometimes dramatic tale.

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

By Violet Quirk. The Macmillan Company
\$2 7¼ x 4¼; 319 pp. New York

An idealized picture of a South German village of the 80's and 90's, wherein two sisters of widely different temperaments, the Misses Bettina and Trude Zobel, live their strangely tragic lives. Miss Quirk's characters are somewhat stiffly drawn.

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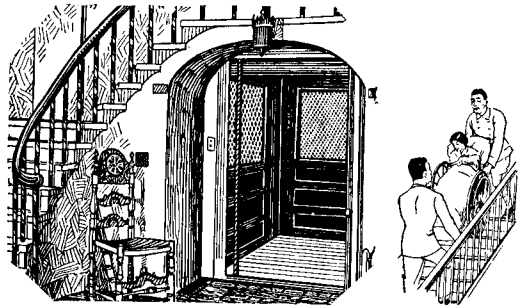
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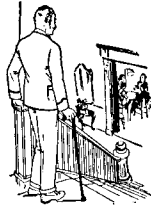
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